



THOMAS CAMPBELL

From the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence

OXFORD EDITION

THE COMPLETE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL

EDITED WITH NOTES

BY

J LOGIE ROBERTSON M A



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PREFACE

I RISE from a careful perusal of Campbell's poetry with a feeling of mingled surprise and indignation that he is at present so much neglected and with the conviction that a later generation will do more honour to his memory than we have done. It is not enough to say that he had his fame in his lifetime that he was well pensioned for what he did and that he lived to disappoint the hopes which he excited at the beginning of his career. One might reply that the services he rendered his country by his patriotic songs have not ceased or been superseded by any later master of the lyre and though he is by no means equal and his inequalities are far from microscopic yet the author little deserves neglect who has written such fine bold and varied poems as *Ye Mariners of England* *The Last Man* *Lines on Leaving a Scene in Bavaria* *Hohenlinden* *To the Rainbow* *Napoleon and the British Sailor* *Lord Ullin's Daughter* *Ode to Winter* *The Soldier's Dream* *Lochiel's Warning* *The Downfall of Poland* *Ode to the Evening Star* *The Battle of the Ballie* it would be easy to prolong and even to amend the list. These and other such pieces will never be forgotten so long as the national heart responds to manly sentiment or the imagination is capable of feeling the charm and magic influence of genuine poetry.

Campbell came before the public at the age of twenty one with a metrical essay on *The Pleasures of Hope*. It was the last notable utterance of the eigh,

teenth-century school in the well-worn heroic couplet. His model was Pope, and there were echoes from Goldsmith, Thomson, Cowper, and others. If it had appeared with the introduction of the original MS (reproduced for the curiosity of the critic at p. 41) it is safe to say the new poem would not have attracted the attention it did. There was, it is true, the graphic passage on the downfall of Poland, which was wonderfully effective when reached, and long continued to be a stock piece for the exercise of schoolboy eloquence—displacing even Norval on the Grampian Hills. But the bright and happy smile of the rainbow won admirers at once, and the poem became suddenly popular for merits of genuine and eloquent passion and description with which it is enriched. The text of Part I remains the same as it was when the poem was first printed, but Part II, which consisted originally of 326 lines, was enlarged in the fifth edition to 474. A few single lines from *The Pleasures of Hope* have become as proverbial as anything from Pope. For example —

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view
 Like angel-visits, few and far between
 It rolled not back when Canute gave command, &c.

But it is not my intention to go through Campbell's works *seriatim*. Enough here to make a few remarks on my presentation and arrangement of the text. In the present edition I have divided the whole body of his verse, for convenience of reference, under the following general heads: I His longer poems, viz *The Pleasures of Hope*, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, *Theodoric*, and the *Pilgrim of Glencoe*, II Poems historical and legendary, III Songs of Battle, IV Miscellaneous poems, V Songs chiefly amatory, VI Translations chiefly from the Greek, and VII Juvenilia. And

I have arranged the pieces under each head so far in the order of their production but with this deviation that I have given where necessary precedence to the best known—which on the whole means the most deserving to be known

I have not printed everything metrical that Campbell wrote having a better regard for his reputation than to do that But this edition will be found to contain considerably more than any previous edition contains and at least nothing that deserved to be included has been omitted It may even be charged against me that I should have debarred much that I have admitted—such pieces for example as the punning epistle from Algiers and certain verses of the poet's boyhood These were at last suffered a place as showing (to no great advantage it is true) his versatility or the rate and measurement of his development or decay I could not refuse admittance to *The Pilgrim of Glencoe* which opens so disastrously—

The sunset sheds a horizontal smile
O'er Highland frith and Hebridean isle

its very length precluded the idea and when all is said it is not utterly destitute of passages that are worth preservation It marks however with melancholy emphasis the decay unacknowledged by himself of his poetical powers I have not however admitted the long drawn out doggerel of *The Friars of Dijon* which the curious in these matters—the shortcomings of a man of taste and genius—will find in the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1821 and much good may its perusal do them A very few other pieces I have not collected for one good reason or another—either they were written when the poet was off his guard or when he attempted a style which nature denied him At all events whether written impromptu

or with deliberation, they are unworthy of his genius and his reputation, and I have left them in their oblivion. I have, however, put under *Juvenilia* some short pieces of his early work but only to show the dawn of a sun that was soon to dazzle and delight his countrymen. To portions of the fragmentary *Mobiade* I have also with some reluctance permitted a place they have a small biographical value, and they serve to show how unfitted he was for other than sublime and serious poetry.

I have been able to date the production of the great majority of Campbell's poems. Much the best of his work was done when he was young, and the worst when he was past middle age. But in youth, too, he wrote some indifferent verse. His precarious position and incessant pecuniary difficulties explain, and partly excuse, a good deal of hasty slipshod work from which his naturally fastidious taste would have saved him had he been of independent means.

The text of the present edition was, so far as known, the last to receive the author's revision but I have not hesitated to restore a reading from an earlier text where I have thought it desirable to do so. The text is, therefore, of course, in all cases Campbell's. The author's alterations, when not accepted for the text and their rejection is rare—are placed at the foot of the page to which they belong, where also the reader will find all important variations. I have retained in *Gertrude of Wyoming*, which is cast in the Spenserian measure, certain spellings which appeared in the earlier editions, recommended partly by their archaic form, suitable to the measure, and partly as being the form in fashion when Campbell wrote. I have kept 'Michagan', 'mocazin' or 'mocasın', 'Allegany', and one or two other early forms. but I have not

retained gulphs groupes controul' and other similar spellings just as I have not retained the long s which was still in use when Campbell began to write. The few notes which I have thought it necessary to add to Campbell's own by way of supplement are enclosed in square brackets.

An editorial difficulty in dealing with Campbell's text is the punctuation. His construction in *Gertrude of Wyoming* especially is frequently so involved or so closely connected as to render his meaning obscure and the art of punctuation is sometimes taxed to its utmost limits to make his text intelligible to the reader. There is for example a passage in Stanza XIV of Part II which no device of punctuation perhaps can altogether make clear. Campbell himself never practised punctuation or only in a perfunctory or misleading fashion—with the result that his lines were sometimes senseless or even contradictory of his meaning. For instance in *The Wounded Hussar* the first two lines of the penultimate stanza were repeatedly printed—

Thou shalt live she replied Heaven's mercy relieving
Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn

A similar mistake is to be found in most versions of *Napoleon and the British Sailor* the fourth stanza being usually printed with the semicolon again in the wrong place—

His eye methinks pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half way over
With envy they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover

But the art of punctuation as Dr Beattie remarks was one of those mysteries which the Poet could never comprehend

The book from which I have derived most help in compiling the Chronology is Dr William Beattie's *Life and Letters of Campbell*, which must always remain the principal source of our knowledge of the poet's personality and history

J L R.

EDINBURGH,

October 5, 1907

A CHRONOLOGY TO ELUCIDATE AND ILLUSTRATE THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CAMPBELL

- 1744 Allen's *Pleasures of the Imagination* published
- 1756 Marriage of Alexander Campbell and Margaret Campbell
the poet's parent
- 1759 Birth of Burns
- 1763 Birth of Rogers author of *The Pleasures of Memory*
- 1770 Wordsworth born
- 1771 Scott born
- 1772 Coleridge born
- 1774 Death of Goldsmith
- 1776 Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*
published American War of Independence begin
- 1776 July 24 birth of Thomas Campbell in his father's house
in the High Street of Glasgow His father then sixty-seven
years of age had been a prosperous Virginia trader from 1754
to 1775 but in the latter year on the outbreak of the American
War had lost the bulk of his fortune about £20,000 his
mother at the time of the poet's birth was forty-one years of
age He was the youngest of a family of eleven children
eight sons and three daughters of whom the eldest of all
Mary was born in 1750 and predeceased him by only one
year The poet died at Boulogne on June 16 1844 near
the close of his sixty-seventh year
- 1779 Birth of Moore author of *Irish Melodies*
- 1780 In Oct Campbell entered the Grammar (now the High)
School of Glasgow taught by Mr David Allison Read the
Greek and Latin classics and practised verse translation in
1780 is described as *examine superiorem actum spiritum et*
handicraft and well liked by his companions in 1788 was
already writing very passable couplets.
- Birth of John Wilson (Christopher North)
- 1788 Birth of Byron
- 1791-6 Campbell a student at the University of Glasgow for
five continuous sessions of six months each beginning Nov 1
1791 and finishing on Prize Day May 1 1796 Gained
distinction above his fellows for translations in verse from

Aeschylus, Aristophanes, and Euripides, wrote also original prize poems—notably (while in the Moral Philosophy Class) ‘On the Origin of Evil’, over 200 lines, in the Papan couplet. His non-academic verse of this period includes a hymn beginning—

When Jordan hushed his waters still
the first genuine fruit of his poetical genius. At Sumpol, in the Island of Mull, in the summer vacation of 1795 as a domestic tutor here he made acquaintance with sea and mountain, Highland legends and the Highland character.

1796 On leaving the University went as domestic tutor to Downie, on the Argyleshire coast, near Lochgilphead. Here for one year. Read but wrote little, began *The Pleasures of Hope*—Death of Burns.

1797 At Edinburgh, employed in various lawyer’s offices and reading with a view to the legal profession. Here he was introduced to Dr. Anderson, author of *Life of the British Poets* who introduced him to Mundell the publisher for whom he did some hack-work. He now abandoned the study of law, and turned to chemistry and anatomy with a view to the medical profession. Supporting himself by private tuition. Thinks of emigrating to Virginia on the invitation of his brother—settled there.

1798 Idea of emigrating given up. ‘And now,’ he says, ‘I lived in the Scottish metropolis by instructing pupils in Greek and Latin. But the Pleasures of Hope came over me. I took long walks about Arthur’s Seat and, as my Pleasures of Hope got on my pupils fell off.’ His acquaintance at this time, in Edinburgh, included Jeffrey, Cockburn, Bronghiu, Leyden, and Scott. In November his parents came to live in Edinburgh. In the same month he sold the copyright of *The Pleasures of Hope* ‘out and out for sixty pounds’ to Mundell, on the advice of Dr. Anderson—*Lyrical Ballads*, by Coleridge and Wordsworth published.

1799 April 27, announcement of publication of *The Pleasures of Hope with Other Poems*—the dedication to Dr. Robert Anderson. The ‘Other Poems’ consisted of Specimens of a New Translation of the Medea of Euripides, an Elegy on Love and Madness, and three Songs—*The Wounded Hussar*, *Gilderoy*, and *The Harper*. The author was then ‘exactly twenty-one years and nine months old’. The new poet became famous at once, he had now ‘a general acquaintance in Edinburgh’. Among his new friends and patrons were Henry Mackenzie (who had ‘discovered’ Burns) Dugald Stewart,

Archibald Alison (The Man of Taste) and Telford the Engineer Dined with Scott

1800 Before the end of spring several large editions of *The Pleasures of Hope* were already sold and the demand was growing On June 1 Campbell embarked at Leith in a Hamburg trader on a literary pilgrimage to Germany Was introduced to Klopstock at Hamburg Thence to Ratisbon in Bavaria where he witnessed some of the horrors of war I stood with the good monks of St James to overlook a charge of Kleinau's cavalry upon the French This formed the most important epoch in my life in point of impressions but the impressions [of dead and dying] are so horrible to my memory that I study to banish them Charmed with the natural scenery of Bavaria writes the lines— Adieu the woods and waters side &c Left Ratisbon late in October and returned by Leipzig to Hamburg and Altona reaching Altona November 4 (The Battle of Hohenlinden fought December 3—six months after he had left Bavaria) I remained at Altona throughout the winter studying the language and filled with the idea of a poem he had planned under the title of *Queen of the North* (see Edinburgh)—to include descriptions of the views from the Castle-height Queen Street Arthur's Seat and historical episodes connected with Holyrood House the hall of the Scottish Kings and the College

1801 Writes *Ye Mariners of England*—published in *The Morning Chronicle*—March 6 Campbell hastily left Altona (on the Danish shore of the Elbe) on the alarm of war (About a month later was fought the Battle of the Baltic) Passed the Danish batteries at Cielstadt but the ship was chased out of it course for Leith into Yarmouth Roads by a Danish privateer From Yarmouth he went by the mail to London arriving April 7 where he was received by Perry editor of *The Morning Chronicle* to which he contributed verses Dined with Lord Holland at the King of Clubs where he met in all their glory and feather Mackintosh Rogers the Smiths Sydney and others Battl of Copenhagen News of his father's death communicated by Dr Anderson Returns to Edinburgh by sea—his heart throbbing at the sight of the old Castle Postpones *The Queen of the North* Prospects gloomy borrows money at high interest 20 per cent Engages in literary hack work During the meal months (not owing to the scarcity of food) amused himself by writing a mock heroic *The Mobaide* Introduced to Lord Minto by whose invitation he set out by land for London On the way at Liverpool meets

CHRONOLOGY

Roseoe and Currie (author of the first *Life of Burns*) Acts as secretary to Lord Minto—duties nominal Writes *Lochiel* and *Hohenlinden*

1802 Returns to Scotland as travelling companion to Lord Minto Most of the summer in Edinburgh At Minto in August, Scott also a visitor at the Castle Revising proof-sheets of new edition of his poems at Edinburgh in Nov and Dec, and compiling *Annals of Great Britain*, 3 vols, at £100 per vol—hack-work (a continuation of Smollett's *History*)

1803 Feb 6, takes a long leave of Scotland At Liverpool, on the way to London, again meets Roseoe, Currie, &c Visits the Potteries of Staffordshire Telford's guest in London, where still busy with the *Annals* and the New Edition of his Poems This Quarto, handsomely printed, and with engravings by Masquerier, the 7th ed of *The Pleasures of Hope*, printed by Bensley for the author, and containing some new pieces (*Verses on a Scene in Argyleshire*, *Ode to Winter*, *the Beech-tree's Petition*, *The Soldier's Dream*, *Stanzas to Painting*, *The Exile of Erin*, *German Drinking-Song*, *Lochiel's Warning*, and *Hohenlinden*), paged to 131, appeared early in June, and 'for the first time his Poems became a profitable concern for the author', and 'enabled him to shake off all his pecuniary difficulties' This summer falls in love with his cousin, Matilda Sinclair—'a beautiful, lively, and ladylike woman' Marriage Sept 10, settles in rooms in Fimlico Becomes a volunteer—but, oh! what fagging work this volunteering is!

1804 Appheant for a professorship at Wilna University—but withdraws on reflecting that he had written a certain passage on Poland in *The Pleasures of Hope* which might 'bring him to the knout or send him in a sledge to Kamsehatka' Birth of a son, July 1 Scheme of settling in a cottage near Edinburgh scheme abandoned Connexion with the *Star* newspaper—four guineas a week At Michaelmas removes to a house on Sydenham Common, Kent, where he was to reside for the next seventeen years First poetical work here *Lord Ullin's Daughter* and *Battle of the Baltic*—the former sketched years before in Mull, the latter sent to Scott (in March, 1805) in its original form of twenty-seven stanzas entitled the *Battle of Copenhagen* Working at *The Annals*

1805 Proposals to 'the trade' of an edition, conjointly with Scott, of the *British Poets*, ancient and modern—terms £1,000 Scott to undertake the poets before Cowley, and he 'the moderns since Johnson', beginning with Allan Ramsay de-

clined on the difference of terms *Specimens of English Poetry* by Campbell alone grew out of this larger proposal Birth of his second son Ill health In the autumn gladdened by a pension from the Government (Fox's administration) of £ 00 a year (enjoyed for nearly forty years) A new Quarto edition of his Poems to subscribers proposed and warmly supported by Sydney Smith Horner &c — to place the poet and his family beyond the reach of future embarrassment — Pitt among the subscribers Hopes of a political appointment — defeated by the death of Fox in Sept 1806 — *Lady of the Last Minstrel* published — Battle of Trafalgar

1806 Death of Pitt in January Campbell dines at Holland House where he meets Fox (Lord Holland's uncle) What a proud day for me to shake hands with the Demosthenes of his time Attempts to revive joint work with Scott on an edition of the *British Poets* — declined by Scott

1807 Entertains at dinner a descendant of John Sobieski Visits for the sake of his health the Isle of Wight where he is invigorated by the sight of the sea and the British Navy Planning *Gertrude of Wyoming* busy with *Specimens* — Moore's *Irish Melodies* Part I published

1808 Dines at Holland House along with Sydney Smith — Scott's *Marmion* published also his Dryden *Life and Works*

1809 Busy with *Specimens from the British Poets* Battle of Coruña — reference to Sir John Moore's death in the lines written for the Highland Society it was the future hero of Coruña that introduced Campbell to Rogers in 1801 Publication of *Gertrude of Wyoming or the Pennsylvanian Cottage* in 4to with dedication to Lord Holland along with *Holc Linden* *The Mariners of England* — a *Vatol Ode Glenara* *Battle of the Baltic* and *Lord Ullin's Daughter* The new poems were well received everywhere Apologizes for one mistake in *Gertrude of Wyoming* — the branding of one of the characters as a monster who had in reality served the cause of honour and humanity the apology was made to the son of the injured man and the character of Brandt is now to be regarded as a pure fiction In the autumn writes *O'Connor's Child* — Tennyson born — Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* published

1810 Visits Mrs Siddons Busy with literary drudgery — *The Specimens* preparation of Lecture occasional articles for the periodicals &c Death of his younger son — severely felt — Scott's *Lady of the Lake* published

1811 Campbell's portrait by Lawrence Preparing Lectures

- on Poetry —Death of James Grahame—an Edinburgh friend, author of *The Sabbath*
- 1812 Death of his mother on Feb 21, aged seventy-six. Elder son seriously ill. Gives his first Lecture on Poetry at the Royal Institution, April 21—a great success. Introduced to the Princess of Wales, with whom he dances Scotch reels — Retreat of the French from Moscow — Byron's *Childe Harold* (Cantos I and II) published
- 1813 Meets Madame D'Arblay. Praise from Madame de Staël—speaking of his poem, *The Pleasures of Hope*—‘Je pourrais le relire vingt fois sans en affaiblir l'impression’ Lecturing at the Royal Institution. Southey made Poet Laureate. Campbell recruiting at Brighton in Sept, where he meets Disraeli, Mrs Siddons, and Herschel the astronomer
- 1814 In Aug departs for France, visiting Dieppe, Rouen, Paris (where he meets Mrs Siddons, Madame de Staël, Cuvier, Schlegel, Humboldt, and is much impressed with the Louvre statuary and the paintings, especially the Apollo Belvidere two months in Paris) Working at Sydenham on his return at Lectures and the *Specimens* — *Haverley* published
- 1815 Left a legacy, &c, of £5,000 by a Highland cousin, to himself in life-rent and to his children in fee. Visits Edinburgh. Distressed about his son. At Kinnel, near Bo'ness, visits Dugald Stewart in Glasgow in May. Returns to Sydenham in June — Battle of Waterloo — Busy at the *Specimens*
- 1816 Tutoring his son in Greek and Latin ‘some hours a day’ Scott's proposal of a professorship for Campbell at Edinburgh University (It is not known how Campbell received the proposal) Revising the *Specimens*
- 1817 Washington Irving visits Campbell, who gives him a letter of introduction to Scott. Festival in honour of Kemble, June 27—for which Campbell writes an Ode. Entertains at Sydenham Crabbe, Rogers, and Moore, in July. In Nov death of the Princess Charlotte—writes a ‘Monody’
- 1818 In Oct begins a course of twelve Lectures on the Poets at the Liverpool Institution, for which he received over £340
- 1819 In Feb lectures in Birmingham. meets James Watt. *Specimens of the British Poets* published—very successful. Receives invitation to repeat his lectures at Glasgow—declined. On his return to Sydenham, visited in the early part of the summer by Byron. Writes *Lines to the Rainbow*
- 1820 In May lectures at the Royal Institution, and under-

take the Editorship of *The New Monthly Magazine* Same month sets out with his wife and son, on a visit to Germany from Rotterdam, through Delft the Hague Leyden to Haarlem (where he heard the organ played by Summach— it was transporting!)—thence to Amsterdam at Bonn on June 8 where he discovers Schlegel and boards his son with a professor. Writes *Song of Roland* Arrives at Frankfurt July 1, at Ratisbon August 1—my spirits rallied at sight of the Danube in Vienna where he forgot all his worldly sorrows in listening to the organ of St. Stephen's Back in London Nov. 21 Begins his editorial duties—the salary £500 and the services of a sub-editor

1821 Leaves Sydenham for a residence in London His son returns home from Bonn having run away Writes for the magazine on almost every variety of subject Distressed on his covering that his son is the victim of melancholia—unmanageable and incapable of prosecuting his studies the youth was accordingly placed in a private asylum near Salisbury (in 1822)

1822 Removes to a small house in Seymour Street West Editorial work—says of Flax in *The London Magazine* Reviews *Italy* published

1823 Visits Cheltenham for his health Chief poem this year *The Last Man*—Lockhart's *Spanish Bards* published

1824 Finishes *Theodric*—a domestic tale in heroic rime published in Nov To this year also belong *Peullura The Ister Bann* and *I Dream*—Byron died

1825 Feb 9 Campbell's letter to Brougham projecting a University in London appears in the *Times*—the idea suggested by his recent visit to Germany Brougham and Hum co-operated and the project was realized (The honour of originating the scheme was entirely Campbell's its accomplishment he said was the only important event in his life's little history) Sept. 10 embarks for Germany mainly to inspect the Berlin University system meets his old friend Anthony MacCann the Exile of Erin at Hamburg arrives in Berlin Sept 19 returns to England Oct. 28 Speaks at public meetings on Education Editorial work studying the Greek drama

1826 Ill health and ill news of his son pecuniary difficulties Nov 15 elected by the students of Glasgow Lord Rector of the University by an immense majority and against the wishes of the Professors—a sunburst of popular favour and the crowning honour of his life

- 1827 April 12, delivers Inaugural Address as Lord Rector
Revisits old scenes in the neighbourhood of Glasgow Begins
a series of Letters to the Students Offers medals for the
best composition in English verse Battle of Navarino on
Oct 20—writes poem on the victory Re-elected Lord Rector
of Glasgow University Nov 14 Visits Dugald Stewart at
Kinnel, and his sisters in Edinburgh On return journey to
London loses 'a considerable sum of money' Ill-health —
Poems by Two Brothers (the Tennysons) published
- 1828 Reversion of copyright of his *Poems* (after the lapse of
28 years) to their author arranges for a new edition May 9,
death of his wife In Nov elected for the third time Rector
of Glasgow University—a rare honour, Scott, nominated,
withdrew
- 1829 Foundation of a Students Campbell Club Leaves house
in Seymour St West for a more central and larger one in
Middle Scotland Yard, Whitehall Ill-health now chronic
Forms the Literary Union—of which president till 1843
Termination of Rectorship
- 1830 Collecting material for a Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence
the painter In seclusion at Ashford, near Staines Enters
Baron Cuvier Gives up Editorship of *The New Monthly*,
abandons Life of Lawrence for want of material and being
hurried by the publisher Embarrassed finances—ill-health—
parts with his house in Whitehall—Moore's *Life of Byron*
published
- 1831 In Jan letter of reconciliation to Moore Retires to
his marine villa at St Leonards, near Hastings, in June,
much benefited—'I have written more verses since I came here
than I have written for many years in the same time' Visits
Lord Dillon at Ditchley, Oxfordshire Collects material for
a Life of Mrs Siddons Visits Derbyshire—Death of Henry
Mackenzie, 'the Man of Feeling,' his old friend
- 1832 Dines with the Polish Prince Czartoryski In March
the Polish Literary Association projected—Campbell perma-
nent chairman Loosens his connexion with *The Metropolitan
Magazine* to write the Life of Mrs Siddons Returns to
London from Hastings Declines nomination for the repre-
sentation of Glasgow in Parliament Meets the ex-King of
Spain, Joseph Buonaparte—Passing of the Reform Bill
- 1833 Retires, for his health, to Dr Beattie's villa at Hampstead
- 1834 Declines to become a candidate for the chair of English
Literature at Edinburgh University His *Life of Mrs Siddons*
published in June On July 1 sets out for Paris public

dinner in his honour given by the Poles in Paris Leaves Paris Sept. 2 embarks at Toulon and arrives on the 18th in Algiers News from home of a legacy of £1 000 left to him —Death of Coleridge and Lamb —Sketches by Boz (Dickens) appear in *The Old Monthly Magazine*

1835 In May embarks for Europe passing through Paris is presented at the Tuileries to the citizen king Back in London in temporary good health and quarters himself in chambers in St. James's Street prepares his *Letters from the South* for *The New Monthly*

1836 Voyage in steamer to Scotland arriving at Leith on May 31 visits his sister Mary in Edinburgh At Glasgow and (near it) Blairbeth—his cousin Gray's residence In July a Highland tour—collecting materials for a new poem (*The Pilgrim of Glencoe*) Visit from John Wilson followed by a public dinner and the freedom of the city of Edinburgh At Paisley with Wilson Brougham Hall on his way south Returns to London after an absence of over three months—the happiest of his life

1837 In May writing his own *Life*—to oblige Dr Beattie (his future biographer) In early June at Richmond end of June in Edinburgh Living in chambers in Lincoln's-Inn Fields in Sept edits *The Scenic Annual*—containing his *Lines to Cora Linn* Declines to lecture at Brighton —Lockhart's *Life of Scott* published

1838 Undertakes an edition of *Shakespeare*. Presents a copy of his Poems to Queen Victoria—as a token of his loyalty and nothing more Visits his son—whose mental affection is still as decided as ever In June is presented to the Queen at her first levée by the Duke of Argyll In Scotland in July Back in London in Aug Charmed with Purcell's music in *The Tempest*

1839 Death of his old Edinburgh friend the Rev A Alison At Ramsgate in June Busy with *Petrarch* and *Shakespeare* Goes to Chatham Preparing the smaller illustrated edition of his Poems—expected to be the financial prop of his age 1 days

1840 Studying Spanish Witnesses a battle-ship launched at Chatham speaks at the ceremony and afterwards writes the *Lines to a First Rate*. Towards winter leases a house at Victoria Square Pimlico to be near Rogers and his club Finishes *Life of Petrarch*

1841 Flying visit to Glasgow to arrange about his niece coming as his housekeeper to Pimlico His love for beautiful children

almost a mania (advertises for one he had seen in the Park) In May enters his new house—his last residence in England Revising *The Pilgrim of Glencoe* Ill-health Runs off, without his purse, to the German baths knocked up at Aix-la-Chapelle, at Wiesbaden in Aug., meets Hallam on the Rhine Benefited by the waters of Wiesbaden, writes *The Child and Hind* His rheumatism returns on his way home arrives Sept 6

1842 *The Pilgrim of Glencoe and Other Poems* published, with dedication to Dr Beattie, but 'far from cordially received Finds his monetary affairs in a critical position—'sale of his poems at its lowest ebb' Entertains at breakfast Rogers, Moore, and Milman forced gaiety—feeble and feeling cold Chief business education of his niece (housekeeper) July 19, at Dinan, back in London, to 'get this unlucky house off my hands', ill—in Dr Beattie's cottage at Hampstead Proposes a subscription edition of his Poems

1843 In April death of his sister Mary, aged 86 years In Edinburgh to attend her funeral, very ill Receives legacy of £800 Wordsworth made Laureate in April New issue of Campbell's poems successful up to his wish Visits Cheltenham in June and July, in July goes to Boulogne for health and economy Buys in London an annuity for £500—'nothing could have been more injudicious' In August returns to London to get rid of his lease, books and furniture sent to Boulogne Takes, in Oct., an old mansion-house in the upper town of Boulogne, 5 Rue St Jean, busy at a work on ancient Geography Health declining, affects a cheerfulness, but really home-sick Shuts himself up, sees no one, increasing debility

1844 May 8, by a codicil to his will, leaves to his niece 'all his moneys and personal effects', his son having been already competently provided for His death on Saturday, June 15, at 4 15 p.m., buried, on July 3, in Westminster Abbey, in the centre of Poets' Corner—Macaulay, Lockhart, Brougham, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Argyll, among others, present, also a guard of Polish nobles, one of whom sprinkled on the coffin a handful of earth from the grave of Kosciuszko

1849 *Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell*, by William Beattie, M.D., published.

GENEALOGY OF THOMAS CAMPBELL

Cillespie-le-Camille first Norman lord of Lochawe

Circa 1360 Died Archibald Campbell lord and knight of Lochawe From Iver the youngest of his three sons sprang the Campbells of Kirnane in the vale of Glasgairg Argyllshire from whom the poet was descended on his father's side

Archibald Campbell the poet's grandfather lived in the House of Kirnane was bred to the law he married late in life Margaret Stuart of the Stuarts of Ascog an Bute widow of John MacArthur of Milton near Kirnane had issue three sons and died in Edinburgh

Robert the eldest son author of a life of the Duke of Argyll died in London *circa* 1614

Archibald the second son became a Presbyterian minister (D.D. of Edin. Univ.) settled first in Jamaica and finally in Virginia U.S. (It was his grandson Frederick Campbell who became heir of entail in 1815 to Ascog and Kirnane and other Scottish estates)

1610 Birth of Alexander the third and youngest son of the aforeaid Archibald Campbell of Kirnane was trained to a mercantile life resident in Virginia when his clerical brother came there to settle returned to Glasgow where he became partner with a clansman Daniel Campbell and traded with Virginia

1600 Jan 1 married Margaret Campbell his partner's sister she being then in her twenty-first year Their children were eleven in number of whom the poet was the youngest viz. —

Mary	born in Glasgow Jan 19 1615
Isabella	in 1608
Archibald	160
Alexander	161
John	163
Elizabeth	165
Daniel	167 (died in infancy)
Robert	168
James	160
Daniel	173
Thomas	July 27 1717

- 1801 In March death of the poet's father, aged 91 years
- 1803 Sept 10, marriage of Thomas Campbell, the poet, and Matilda Sinclair, youngest daughter of Robert Sinclair, the poet's maternal cousin, at some time before this date provost of Greenock Their children were two in number, viz —
Thomas Telford, born July 1, 1804, who became insane,
and Alison (also a son), born June, 1805, who died of scarlet fever, July, 1810
- 1812 In Feb death of the poet's mother, aged 76
- 1828 May 9, death of Mrs Campbell, the poet's wife
- 1844 June 15, death of the Poet, at Boulogne July 3, his interment in Westminster Abbey

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THE PLEASURES OF HOPE

(First published in 1899)

ANALYSIS OF PART I

THE Poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate. The influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated. An allusion is made to the well known fiction in pagan tradition that when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world Hope alone was left behind. The consolations of this passion in situations of distress—the seaman on his midnight watch—the soldier marching into battle—allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope as it actuates the efforts of genius whether in the department of science or of taste—Domestic felicity how intimately connected with views of future happiness—Picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep—Pictures of the prisoner the maniac and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society. The wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations. From these views of amelioration of society and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conspicuous in the struggles for independence. Description of the capture of Warsaw of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague. Apostrophe to the self interested enemies of human improvement. The wrongs of Africa—The barbarous policy of Europeans in India—Prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of their race and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.

[The foregoing Analysis did not appear in the first edition.]

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE¹

PART I

AT summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to you mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbought summit mingles with the sky ?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near ?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue

Thus, with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way,
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there

What potent spirit guides the raptur'd eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity ?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour ?
Ah, no ! she darkly sees the fate of man —
Her dim horizon bounded to a span,
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true

¹ [The original title-page read —

'THE PLEASURES OF HOPE, in two Parts with Other Poems by
Thomas Campbell Edinburgh, printed for Mundell and Son,
and for Longman and Rees, and J Wright, London 1799']

The 'Other Poems' were Specimens of a New Translation of
the Medea, Love and Madness—an Elegy, The Wounded Hussar,
Gilderoy, and Tho Harper]

(1 ethereal] aerial *first edition*

With thee sweet HOPE¹ resides the heavenly light
 That pours remotest rapture on the sight
 Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way
 That calls each slumbering passion into play
 Waked by thy touch I see the sister band
 On tiptoe watching start at thy command
 And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer
 To Pleasures path or Glory's bright career 30

Primeval HOPE the Aonian Muses say
 When Man and Nature mourned their first decay
 When every form of death and every woe,
 Shot from malignant stars to earth below
 When Murder hared his arm and rampant War
 Yoked the red dragons of her iron car
 When Peace and Mercy banished from the plain
 Sprung on the viewless winds to heaven again
 All all forsook the friendless guilty mind
 But HOPE the charmer lingered still behind 40

Thus while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
 From Carmel's height to sweep the fields of air
 The prophet's mantle ere his flight began
 Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man

Auspicious HOPE¹ in thy sweet garden grow
 Wreaths for each toil a charm for every woe
 Won by their sweets in Nature's languid hour
 The way worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower
 There as the wild bee murmurs on the wing
 What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring¹ 50
 What viewless forms the Aeolian organ play
 And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought
 away¹

Angel of life¹ thy glittering wings explore
 Earth's loneliest bounds and Ocean's wildest shore,

Lo ! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields ,
Now on the Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurled
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world 60

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer
smiles
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow,
And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore

Poor child of danger, nursing of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form !
Rocks, waves, and winds the shattered bark delay ,
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away 70

But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul ,
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossomed vale,
Rush on his thought , he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind , 80
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace ,
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear !
While, long neglected, but at length caressed,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,

Points to his master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face and whines a welcome home

Friend of the brave ! in perils darkest hour
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power 90
To thee the heart its trembling homago yields
On stormy floods and carnage covered fields
When front to front the bannered hosts combine
Halt ere they close and form the dreadful line
When all is still on Death's devoted soil
The march worn soldier mingles for the toil
As rings his glittering tube he lifts on high
The dauntless brow and spirit speaking eye
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come
And hears thy stormy music in the drum ! 100

And such thy strength inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore
In horrid climes where Chlooe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep
Twas his to mourn misfortune's rudest shock
Scourged by the winds and cradled on the roel
To wake each joyless morn and search again
The famished haunts of solitary men
Whose race unyielding as their native storm
Know not a trace of Nature but the form 110
Yet at thy call the hardy tar pursued
Pale but intrepid sad but unsubdued
Pierced the deep woods and hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet and the northern star
Paused at each dreary cry unheard before
Hyenas in the wild and mermaids on the shore
Till led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime
He found a warmer world a milder clime
A home to rest a shelter to defend
Peace and repose a Briton and a friend ! 120

Congential HOPE ' thy passion-kindling power,
 How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour '
 On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
 I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand
 ' Go, child of Heaven ' thy winged words proclaim,
 ' 'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame '
 Lo ' Newton, priest of nature, shines afar,
 Seans the wide world, and numbers every star '
 Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply
 And watch the shine with wonder-beaming eye ? 130
 Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
 The speed of light, the circling march of sound ,
 With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
 Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string

' The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bowers,
 His wingèd insects, and his rosy flowers ,
 Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train
 With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain
 So once, at Heaven's command, the wanderers came
 To Eden's shade, and heard their various name 140

' Far from the world, in yon sequestered clime '
 Slow pass the sons of Wisdom more sublime ,
 Calm as the fields of Heaven his sapient eye
 The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high ,
 Admiring Plato, on his spotless page,
 Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage
 " Shall nature bound to earth's diurnal span
 The fire of God, the immortal soul of man ? "

' Turn, child of Heaven, thy rapture-lightened eye
 To Wisdom's walks , the sacred Nine are nigh 150
 Hark ' from bright spires that gild the Delphian height
 From streams that wander in eternal light,
 Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
 The mingling tones of horn, and harp and shell

Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow
And Pythia's awful organ peals below

Beloved of Heaven ! the smiling Muse shall shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind 160
I see thee roam her guardian power beneath
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath
Inquire of guilty wanderers whence they came
And ask each blood stained form his earthly name
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell
And read the trembling world the tales of hell

When Venus throned in clouds of rosy hue
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ
Sacred to love and walks of tender joy 170
A milder mood the goddess shall recall
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall
While Beauty's deeply pictured smiles impart
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain
And plead in Beauty's ear nor plead in vain

Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile 180
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief
And teach impassioned souls the joy of grief ?

Yes to thy tongue shall seraph words be given
And power on earth to plead the cause of Heaven
The proud the cold untroubled heart of stone
That never mused on sorrow but its own

Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
 Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand
 The living lumber of his kindred earth,
 Charmed into soul, receives a second birth, 160
 Feels thy dread power another heart afford,
 Whose passion-touched harmonious strings accord
 True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan,
 And man, the brother, lives the friend of man

' Brought as the pillar rose at Heaven's command
 When Israel marched along the desert land,
 Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
 And told the path,—a never-setting star,
 So, heavenly Genius, in thy course divine,
 HOPE is thy star, her light is ever thine ' 200

Propitious Power ! when rankling cares annoy
 The sacred home of Hymenean joy,
 When, doomed to Poverty's sequestered dell
 The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell
 Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
 Their woes, then wishes, and then hearts the same—
 Oh, there, prophetic HOPE ! thy smile bestow,
 And chase the pangs that worth should never know
 There, as the parent deals his scanty store
 To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more, 210
 Tell that his manly race shall yet assuage
 Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age
 What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
 Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill ?
 Tell that when silent years have passed away,
 That when his eye grows dim his tresses grey
 These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
 And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
 And call from Heaven propitious dews to breathe
 Arcadian beauty on the barren heath, 220

Till that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace the sabbath of his years
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower

Lo ! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps
She while the lovely babe unconscious lies
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—

Sleep image of thy father sleep my boy 30
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul but ah ! more blest than he !
Thy fame thy worth thy filial love at last
Shall sootho his aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude reply
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away

And say when summoned from the world and thee
I lay my head beneath the willow tree 40
Wilt thou sweet mourner ! at my stone appear
And sootho my parted spirit lingering near ?
Oh wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed
With aching temples on thy hand reclined
Mute on the last farewell I leave behind
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low
And think on all my love and all my woe ?

So speaks affection ere the infant eye
Can look regard or brighten in reply 50
But when the cherub hp hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name

Soon as the playful innocent can prove
 A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
 O' eons his murmuring task beneath her care,
 Or hsp's with holy look his evening prayer,
 Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
 The mournful ballad warbled in his ear,
 How fondly looks admiring Hope the while
 At every artless tear, and every smile ' 260
 How glows the joyous parent to descry
 A guileless bosom, true to sympathy '

Where is the troubled heart consigned to share
 Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
 Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
 To count the joys of Fortune's better day?
 Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
 The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
 A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored
 Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board 270
 Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow
 And virtue triumphs o'er remembered woe

Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor destroy
 The shadowy forms of uncreated joy
 That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
 Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour

Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
 That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail
 She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore
 Watched the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
 Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze, 280
 Clasped her cold hands, and fixed her maddening gaze
 Poor widowed wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,
 Till memory fled her agonizing brain,

But Mercy gave to charm the sense of woe
Ideal peace that truth could ne'er bestow
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam
And aimless HOPE delights her darkest dream

Oft when yon moon has climbed the midnight sky
And the lone sea bird wakes its wildest cry 90
Piled on the steep her blazing faggots burn
To hail the bark that never can return
And still she waits but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep

And mark the wretch whose wanderings never
knew
The world's regard that soothes though half untrue
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore
But found not pity when it erred no more
Yon friendless man at whose dejected eye
The unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by 300
Condemned on Penury's barren path to roam
Scorned by the world and left without a home—
Even he at evening should no chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-seented way
Where round the eot's romantic glade are seen
The blossomed bean field and the sloping green
Leans o'er its humble gate and thinks the while—

Oh! that for no sorrowing homo like this would smile
Some hamlet shade to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze and shelter in the storm! 310
There should my kind no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine!
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care
And HOPE half mingles with the poor man's prayer

HOPE! when I mourn with sympathizing mind
The wrongs of fate the woes of human kind

Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
 The boundless fields of rapture yet to be,
 I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
 And learn the future by the past of man 320

Come, bright Improvement! on the ear of Time,
 And rule the spacious world from clime to clime,
 Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
 Trace every wave, and culture every shore
 On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
 And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
 Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
 And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk
 There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
 And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day, 330
 Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
 Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
 And Silence watch, on woodland heights around,
 The village curfew as it tolls profound

In Libyan groves, where dammed rites are done,
 That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
 Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane,
 Wild Obi flies—the veil is rent in twain

Where barbarous hordes on Seythian mountains
 roam,
 Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home 340
 Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
 From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
 Truth shall pervade the unfathomed darkness there
 And light the dreadful features of despair
 Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
 And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed
 Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
 And, as the slave departs, the man returns

Oh ! sacred Truth ! thy triumph ceased awhile
And HOPE thy sister ceased with thee to smile 350
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn
Pealed her loud drum and twanged her trumpet
horn

Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man !

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed
Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid

Oh ! Heaven ! he cried ' my bleeding country save !
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ? ' 360
Yet though destruction sweep these lovely plains
Rise fellow men ! our country yet remains !
By that dread name we wave the sword on high
And swear for her to live !—with her to die !

He said and on the rampart heights arrayed
His trusty warriors few but undismayed
Firm paced and slow a horrid front they form
Still as the breeze but dreadful as the storm
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly
Revenge or death—the watch word and reply 30
Then pealed the notes omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm !

In vain alas ! in vain ye gallant few !
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew
Oh bloodiest picture in the book of Time
Sarmatia fell unwept without a crime
Found not a generous friend a pitying foe
Strength in her arms nor mercy in her woe !
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear
Closed her bright eye and curbed her high career —

HOPE, for a season, bade the world farewell, 381
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciuszko fell !

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air ,
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below ,
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way ,
Bursts the wide cry of horror and dismay !
Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call ! 390
Earth shook , red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry !

Oh ! righteous Heaven ! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword omnipotent to save ?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance ! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God,
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar ?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast,
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow, 401
And heaved an ocean on their march below ?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead !
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !
Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own !
Oh ! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn ! 410

Yes ! thy proud lords, unpitied land ! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free !

A little while along thy saddening plains
 The starless night of desolation reigns
 Truth shall restore the light by Nature given
 And like Prometheus bring the fire of Heaven
 Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled
 Her name her nature withered from the world

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark
 And hate the light—because your deeds are dark 40
 Ye that expanding truth invidious view
 And think or wish the song of HOPE untrue—
 Perhaps your little hands presume to span
 The march of Genius and the powers of man
 Perhaps ye watch at Pride's unhallowed shrine
 Her victims newly slain and thus divine—
 Here shall thy triumph Genius cease and here
 Truth Science Virtue close your short career

Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring
 In vain ye limit Minds unwearied spring 430
 What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep
 Arrest the rolling world or chain the deep?
 No!—the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand
 It rolled not back when Canute gave command

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?
 Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow?
 Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furled?
 Shall crimes and tyrants cease hut with the world?
 What! are thy triumphs sacred Truth belied?
 Why then hath Plato lived—or Sydney died? 440

Ye fond adorers of departed fame
 Who warm at Scipio's worth or Tully's name
 Ye that in fancied vision can admire
 The sword of Brutus and the Theban lyre

Rapt in historic ardour, who adore
 Each classic haunt, and well-remembered shore,
 Where Valour tuned, amid her chosen throng,
 The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song,
 Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms
 Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms ' 450
 See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
 And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell '
 Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
 Hath Valour left the world—to live no more ?
 No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
 And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye ?
 Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
 Encounter Fate, and triumph as he falls ?
 Nor Tell dislose, through peril and alarm,
 The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm ? 460

Yes ' in that generous cause for ever strong,
 The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
 Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
 Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay '

Yes ' there are hearts, prophetic HOPE may trust,
 That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
 Ordained to fire the adoring sons of earth
 With every charm of wisdom and of worth ,
 Ordained to light, with intellectual day,
 The mazy wheels of Nature as they play, 470
 Or, warm with Faney's energy, to glow,
 And rival all but Shakespeare's name below '

And say, supernal Powers ' who deeply sear
 Heaven's dark decrees, unfathomed yet by man,
 When shall the world call down, to cleanse her
 shame,
 That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—

That friend of Nature whose avenging hands
Shall burst the Libyan & adamantine bands ?
Who sternly marking on his native soil
The blood the tears the anguish and the toil 480
Shall bid each righteous heart exult to see
Peace to the slave and vengeance on the free !

Yet yet degraded men ! the expected day
That breaks your bitter cup is far away
Trade wealth and fashion ask you still to bleed
And holy men give Scripture for the deed
Scourged and debased no Briton stoops to save
A wretch a coward yes because a slave !

Eternal Nature ! when thy giant hand
Had heaved the floods and fixed the trembling
land 490

When life sprung startling at thy plastic call
Endless her forms and man the lord of all !
Say was that lordly form inspired by thee
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee ?
Was man ordained the slave of man to toil
Yoked with the brutes and fettered to the soil
Weighed in a tyrant's balance with his gold ?
No !—Nature stamped us in a heavenly mould !
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge
Nor trembling take the pittance and the scourge ! 500
No homeless Libyan on the stormy deep
To call upon his country's name and weep !

Lo ! once in triumph on his boundless plain
The quivered chief of Congo loved to reign
With fires proportioned to his native sky
Strength in his arm and lightning in his eye
Scoured with wild feet his sun illumined zone
The spear the lion and the woods his own

On led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man !

310

The plunderer came !—alas ! no glory smiles
For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles ,
For ever fallen ! no son of Nature now,
With Freedom chartered on his manly brow !
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away
And, when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day
Starts, with a bursting heart, for evermore
To curse the sun that lights then guilty shore !

The shrill horn blew , at that alarm knell
His guardian angel took a last farewell !
'That funeral dirge to darkness hath resigned
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind !
Poor fettered man ! I hear thee whispering low
Unhallowed vows to Guilt, the child of Woe !
Friendless thy heart , and canst thou harbour there
A wish but death—a passion but despair ?

The widowed Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires !
So falls the heart at Thralldom's bitter sigh !
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty !

320

But not to Libya's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh !
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run !
Prolific fields ! dominions of the sun !
How long your tribes have trembled and obeyed !
How long was Timour's iron sceptre swayed !
Whose marshalled hosts, the lions of the plain,
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main

340

Raged o'er your plundered shrines and altars bare
 With blazing torch and gory sinular —
 Stunned with the cries of death each gentle gale
 And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale
 Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame
 When Brahma's children perished for his name
 The martyr smiled beneath avenging power
 And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain
 And stretched her giant sceptre o'er the main
 Taught her proud barks their winding way to
 hape

And braved the stormy spirit of the Cape
 Children of Brahma! then was mercy nigh
 To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye
 Did Peace descend to triumph and to save
 When freeborn Britons crossed the Indian wave
 Ah no! — to more than Rome's ambition true
 The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you
 She the bold route of Europe's guilt began
 And in the march of nations led the van

5(x)

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone
 And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own
 Degenerate Trade! thy minions could despise
 The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries
 Could lock with impious hands their teeming store
 While famished nations died along the shore
 Could mock the groans of fellow men and bear
 The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair
 Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name
 And barter with their gold eternal shame

, o

But hark! as bowed to earth the Bramin knelt
 From heavenly climes propitious thunder peal

,

Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
 Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
 And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind,
 Roll on the azure paths of every wind

'Foes of mankind' her guardian spirits say,
 'Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
 When Heaven's uncaring arm shall fall on you,
 And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew , 580
 Nine times have Brahma's wheels of lightning hurled
 His awful presence o'er the alarm'd world ,
 Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,
 Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came ,
 Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain
 But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again '
 He comes ' dread Brahma shakes the sunless sky
 With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high ,
 Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
 Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm ' 590
 Wide waves his flickering sword , his bright arms glow
 Like summer suns, and light the world below '
 Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,
 Are shook, and Nature rocks beneath his tread '

'To pour redress on India's injured realm,
 The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm ,
 To chase destruction from her plundered shore
 With arts and arms that triumphed once before,
 The tenth Avatai comes ' at Heaven's command
 Shall Senuwattee wave her hallowed wand ' 600
 And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime
 Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime '
 Come, Heavenly Powers ' primeval peace restore '
 Love '—Mercy '—Wisdom '—rule for evermore '

ANALYSIS OF PART II

As-trophe to the power of Love—Its intimate connexion with generous and social Sensibility — Allusion to that beautiful passage in the beginning of the book of *Genesis* which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete till love was superadded to it other blessings—The dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish when Hope is animated by refined attachment—This disposition to combine in one imaginary scene of residence all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness compared to the skill of the great artist who personified perfect beauty in the picture of *Venus* by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find—A summer and winter evening described as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and imagination inseparable agents—Even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world our minds are not unattended with an impression that we shall some day have a wider and distinct prospect of the universe instead of the partial glimpses we now enjoy

The last and most sublime influence of Hope is the concluding topic of the poem—The predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution—The baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts—Allusion to the fate of a suicide—Episode of *Conrad* and *Ellenore*—Conclusion

[The foregoing Analysis did not appear in the first edition published in 1793]

PART II

In joyous youth what soul hath never known
 Thought feeling taste harmonious to its own?
 Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye
 Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh?
 Who hath not owned with rapture smitten frame
 The power of grace the magic of a name?

There be perhaps who barren hearts avow
 Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow

There be, whose loveless wisdom never failed,
 In self-adoring pride securely mailed,— 10
 But, triumph not, ye peace-enamoured few !
 Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you !
 For you no fancy consecrates the scene
 Where rapture uttered vows and wept between,
 'Tis yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet,
 No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet !

Who that would ask a heart to dullness wed,
 The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead !
 No the wild bliss of Nature needs allow
 And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy ! 20
 And say, without our hopes, without our fears
 Without the home that plighted love endears
 Without the smile from partial beauty won,
 Oh ! what were man ?—a world without a sun !

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour
 There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower !
 In vain the viewless seraph, lingering there
 At starry midnight charmed the silent air
 In vain the wild bird carolled on the steep
 To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep 30
 In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
 Aerial notes in mingling measure played—
 The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
 The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee,
 Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
 And still the stranger wist not where to stray,
 The world was sad ! the garden was a wild !
 And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled !

True, the sad power to generous hearts may bring
 Dehrous anguish on his fiery wing, 40
 Barred from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
 By wealthless lot, or pitiless command,

Or doomed to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph or the frown of scorn
While Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew
Peace may depart and life and nature seem
A barren path a wildness and a dream'

But can the noble mind for ever brood
The willing victim of a weary mood 50
On heartless eyes that squander life away
And cloud young Genius brightening into day ?
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betrayed
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade '
If HOPE's creative spirit cannot raise
One trophy sacred to thy future days
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine '
But should a sigh of milder mood express
Thy heart warm wishes true to happiness 60
Should Heaven's fair harbinger delight to pour
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour
No tear to blot thy memory's pictured page
No fears but such as fancy can assuage
Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss
The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss
(For love pursues an ever devious race
True to the winding lineaments of grace) —
Yet still may HOPE her talisman employ
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy 70
And all her kindred energies impart
That burn the brightest in the purest heart

When first the Rhodians mimic art arrayed
The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade
The happy master mingled on his piece
Each look that charmed him in the fair of Greece ,

To faultless nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face,
And, as he sojourned on the Aegean isles,
Woo'd all their love, and treasured all their smiles, so
Then glowed the tints, pure, precious, and refined,
And mortal charms seemed heavenly when combined '—
Love on the picture smiled '—Expression poured
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece adored '—

So thy fair hand, enamoured Fancy '—gleans
The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers '— 90
Remote from busy life's bewildered way,
O'er all his heart shall taste and beauty sway '—
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore,
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye '—
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds asleep',
When fairy harps the Hesperian planet hail, 101
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green,—
No circling hills his ravished eye to bound,
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns, 110

But pauses oft as winding rocks convey
 The still sweet fall of music far away
 And oft he lingers from his home awhile
 To watch the dying notes '—and start and smile '

Let Winter come ' let polar spirits sweep
 The darkening world and tempest troubled deep '
 Though boundless snows the withered heath deform
 And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm
 Yet shall the smile of social love repay
 With mental light the melancholy day ' 10
 And when its short and sullen noon is o'er
 The ice chained waters slumbering on the shore
 How bright tho faggots in his little hall
 Blaze on the hearth and warm the pictured wall '

How blest he names in love's familiar tone
 Tho kind fair friend by nature marked his own
 And in the waveless mirror of his mind
 Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind
 Since Anna's empire o'er his heart began '
 Since first he called her his before the holy man ' 150

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
 And light the wintry paradise of home '
 And let the half uncurtained window hail
 Some way worn man benighted in the vale '
 Now while the moaning night wind rages high
 As sweep the shot stars down the troubled sky
 While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play
 And bathe in lurid light the milky way
 Safe from the storm tho meteor and the shower
 Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour— 140
 With pathos shall command and wit beguile
 A generous tear of anguish or a smile

Thy woes, Arion ! and thy simple tale,
 O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail '
 Charmed as they read the verse too sadly true
 How gallant Albert, and his weary crew
 Heaved all their guns, their foundering bark to save,
 And toiled—and shrieked—and perished on the wave '

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
 The seaman's cry was heard along the deep , 150
 There, on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
 The dying father blessed his darling child '
 ' Oh ! Mercy, shield her innocence,' he cried,
 Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died '

Or they will learn how generous worth sublimed
 The robber Moor, and pleads for all his crimes '
 How poor Amelia kissed, with many a tear,
 His hand blood-stained, but ever, ever dear '
 Hung on the tortured bosom of her lord,
 And wept, and prayed perdition from his sword ' 160
 Nor sought in vain ' at that heart-piercing cry
 The strings of Nature cracked with agony '
 He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurled,
 And burst the ties that bound him to the world '

Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel
 The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the wheel—
 Turn to the gentler melodies that suit
 Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute ,
 Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page
 From clime to clime descend, from age to age ' 170

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude
 Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood
 There shall he pause with horrent brow to rate
 What millions died—that Caesar might be great '

Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore
 Marched by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore
 Faint in his wounds and shivering in the blast
 The Swedish soldier sunk—and groaned his last
 File after file the stormy showers benumb
 Freeze every standard sheet and hush the drum¹ 180
 Horseman and horse confessed the bitter pang
 And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang
 Yet ere he sunk in Nature's last repose
 Fre life's warm torrent to the fountain froze
 The dying man to Sweden turned his eye
 Thought of his home and closed it with a sigh
 Imperial Pride looked sullen on his plight
 And Charles beheld—nor shuddered at the sight

¹ Above below in Ocean Earth and Sky
 Thy fairy worlds Imagination he 190
 And Hope attends companion of the way
 Thy dream by night thy visions of the day
 In yonder pensile orb and every sphere
 That gems the starry girdle of the year
 In those unmeasured worlds she bids thee tell
 Pure from their God created millions dwell
 Whose names and natures unrevealed below
 We yet shall learn and wonder as we know
 For as Iona's saint a giant form
 Throned on her towers conversing with the storm 200
 (When o'er each Runic altar weed entwined
 The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind)
 Counts every wave worn isle and mountain hoar
 From Kilda to the green Ierna's shore
 So when thy pure and renovated mind
 Thus perishable dust hath left behind
 Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train
 Like distant isles embosomed in the main —

¹ [Lines 189-212 did not appear in the first edition]

Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,
And light and life in mingling torrents ran, 210
From whence each bright rotundity was hurled
The throne of God,—the centre of the world '

Oh ' vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung
That suasive HOPE hath but a Syren tongue '
True , she may sport with life's untutored day,
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,
And part like Ajut—never to return '

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuage
The griefs and passions of our greener age, 220
Though dull the close of life, and far away
Each flower that hailed the dawning of the day ,
Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
With milder griefs her agèd eye shall fill,
And weep their falsehood, though she love them
still '

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconciled,
The king of Judah mourned his rebel child '
Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy
Smiled on his sire, and filled his heart with joy ' 230
' My Absalom ' ' the voice of Nature cried
' Oh ' that for thee thy father could have died '
For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,
That slew my Absalom '—my son '—my son ' '

Unfading HOPE ' when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return '
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour '
Oh ' then thy kingdom comes, immortal Power '
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye ' 240

Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
 The morning dream of life's eternal day—
 Then then the triumph and the trance begun
 And all the phoenix spirit burns within¹

¹ Oh! deep enchanting prelude to repose
 The dawn of bliss the twilight of our woes¹
 Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh
 It is a dread and awful thing to die¹
 Mysterious worlds untravelled by the sun¹
 Where Time's far wandering tide has never run 30
 From your unfathomed shades and viewless spheres
 A warning comes unheard by other ears
 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet long and loud
 Like Sinai's thunder pealing from the cloud¹
 While Nature hears with terror mingled trust
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust
 And hko the trembling Hebrew when he trod
 The roaring waves and call'd upon his God
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss
 And shrinks and hovers o'er the dark abyss¹ 60

Daughter of Faith awake arise illumine
 The dread unknown the chaos of the tomb¹
 Melt and dispel y^e spectre doubts that roll
 Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul¹
 Fly hko the moon-eyed herald of dismay
 Chased on his night steed by the star of day¹
 The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes
 Hark¹ as the spirit eyes with eagle gaze
 The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze 0
 On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky
 Float the sweet tones of star-born melody

¹ [Lines 24–374 did not appear in the first edition.]

Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
 When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
 Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill !

Soul of the just ! companion of the dead !
 Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled ?
 Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
 Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose , 280
 Doomed on his airy path awhile to burn,
 And doomed, like thee, to travel, and return
 Hark ! from the world's exploding centre driven,
 With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
 Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
 On bickering wheels, and adamantine car ,
 From planet whirled to planet more remote,
 He visits realms beyond the reach of thought,
 But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
 Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun ! 290
 So hath the traveller of earth unfurled
 Her trembling wings, emerging from the world ,
 And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
 Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God !

Oh ! lives there, Heaven ! beneath thy dread
 expanse,
 One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
 Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined
 The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ,
 Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
 In joyless union wedded to the dust, 300
 Could all his parting energy dismiss,
 And call this barren world sufficient bliss ?
 There live, alas ! of heaven-directed men,
 Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,

Who hail thee Man ! the pilgrim of a day
 Spouse of the worm and brother of the clay
 Frail as a leaf in Autumn's yellow bower
 Dust in the wind or dew upon the flower
 A friendless slave a child without a sire
 Who o mortal life and momentary fire
 Lights to the grave his chance created form
 As ocean wrecks illuminate the storm
 And when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er
 To night and silence sink for evermore !

31

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim
 Lights of the world and demi gods of Fame ?
 Is this your triumph—this your proud applau-
 Children of Truth and champions of her cause ?
 For thus hath Science scathed on weary wing
 By shore and sea each mute and living thing !
 Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep
 To worlds unknown and isles beyond the deep
 Or round the cope her living chariot driven
 And wheeled in triumph through the signs of Heaven !
 Oh ! star-eyed Science hast thou wandered there
 To waft us home the message of despair ?
 Then bind the palm thy sage's brow to suit
 Of blasted leaf and death distilling fruit !
 Ah me ! the laurelled wreath that Murder rears
 Blood nursed and watered by the widow's tears
 Scenis not so foul so tainted and so dread
 As waves the night shade round the sceptic's head
 What is the bigot's torch the tyrant's chain ?
 I smile on death if heavenward HOPE remain
 But if the warring winds of Nature's strife
 Be all the faithless charter of my life
 If Chance awaked inexorable power
 This frail and feverish being of an hour

•

Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep
 Swift as the tempest travels on the deep, 31
 To know Delight but by her parting smile,
 And toil, and wish, and weep a little while,
 Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
 This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
 Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
 And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!
 Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began
 The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,
 How can thy words from balmy slumber start
 Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart? 35
 Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,
 And that were true which Nature never told,
 Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field,
 No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed!
 Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
 The doom that bars us from a better fate,
 But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
 Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay
 Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay 36
 Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale
 It darkly hints a melancholy tale!
 There, as the homeless madman sits alone,
 In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!
 And there, they say, a wizard o'gic crowds,
 When the moon lights her watch-tower in the clouds
 Poor lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!
 Mild be the doom of Heaven—as thou wert mild!
 For oh! thy heart in holy mould was cast,
 And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last 37
 Poor lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear
 The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier!

When Friendship paid in speechless sorrow drowned
Thy midnight rites but not on hallowed ground !

Chase every joy to glimmer on my mind
But leave oh ! leave the light of Hope behind !
What though my winged hours of bliss have been
Like angel visits few and far between !
Her musing mood shall every pang appease
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please !
Yes ! let each rapture dear to Nature flee
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—
With Music Friendship Love's propitious smile
Chase every care and charm a little while
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ
And all her strings are harmonized to joy !
But why so short is Love's delighted hour !
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower !
Why e'en no hymned charm of music heal
The sleepless woes impassioned spirits feel !
Can fancy's fairy hands no veil create
To hide the sad realities of fate !

No ! not the quaint remark the sapient rule
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school
Have power to soothe unaided and alone
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone !
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls
When 'telt of all yon widowed sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years
Say can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship weeping at the couch of Woe !
No ! but a brighter soothes the last adieu —
Souls of impassioned mould she speaks to you !
We part she says at Nature's transient pain
Congenial spirits part to meet again !

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu,
Daughter of Conrad ! when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell ! 410
Doomed the long isles of Sydney Cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice returned, to bless thee, and to part ,
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmured low
The plaint that owned unutterable woe ,
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathomed gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time ! 420

' And weep not thus,' he cried, ' young Ellenore ,
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more !
Short shall this half-extinguished spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return !
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
The immortal ties of Nature shall expire ,
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away !
Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once shall never die ! 430
That spark unburned in its mortal frame,
' With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveiled by darkness, unassuaged by tears !

' Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doomed to weep ,
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherished in my heart,
' Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part , 440

Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh
And hush the groan of life's last agony !

Farewell ! when strangers lift thy father's bier
And place my nameless stone without a tear
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled
And when the dream of troubled fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze
Who then will soothe thy grief when mine is o'er ?
Who will protect thee helpless Ellenore ? 450
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide
Scorned by the world to factious guilt allied ?
Ah ! no methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude !
O'er friendless grief compassion shall awake
And smile on innocence for mercy's sake !

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be
The tears of love were hopeless but for thee !
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell
If that faint murmur be the last farewell 460
If fate unite the faithful but to part
Why is their memory sacred to the heart ?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored awhile in every pleasing dream ?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view
By artless friendship blessed when life was new ?

Eternal Hope ! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade
When all the sister planets have decayed 470
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below
Thou undismayed shalt o'er the ruin smile
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile !

NOTES TO THE PLEASURES OF HOPE

[For Original Introduction to this Poem see end of the (Notes)]

PART I

NOTE TO LINE 101

*And such thy strength-inspiring and that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore*

The following picture of his own distress given by Byron in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description on page 5

After relating the barbarity of the Indian cacique to his child, he proceeds thus — 'A day or two after we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of when we first hauled away to the westward. The land here was very low and sandy, and something like the mouth of a river which discharged itself into the sea, and which had been taken no notice of by us before, as it was so shallow that the Indians were obliged to take everything out of their canoes and carry them over land. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran first to the eastward, and then to the northward. Here it became much narrower, and the stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a most uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect swamp, and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained excessively. The Indians were little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwams, so that all they could do was to prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom of their canoes, and shelter themselves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themselves with some seal, but we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We laboured all next day against the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for sustenance. We passed this night as we had frequently done, under a tree, but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar without any kind of nourishment except the wretched root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted

of a short girdle (something like a bear skin) a piece of red cloth which had once been a waistcoat and a ragged pair of trousers without shoes or stockings

NOTE TO LINE 100

A Briton and a friend Don Patricio Gedd a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the Commodore speaks in the warmest term of gratitude

NOTE TO LINE 131

Another string The seven strings of Apollo's larp were the symbolical representations of the seven planet Herschel by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

NOTE TO LINE 13.

The Swedish sage Linnaeus

NOTE TO LINE 140

Father Sage Socrates

NOTE TO LINE 1

The Loxian murmurs Loxias is a name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers it is met with more than once in the Choephoraë of Aeschylus.

NOTE TO LINE 189

See Exodus chap xvii 3 & 6

NOTE TO LINE 339

If Id Obi flies Among the negroes of the West Indies Obi or Obiah is the name of a magical power which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa I have therefore personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African although the history of the African tribes mention the evil spirits of their religious creed by a different appellation

NOTE TO LINE 340

Siber's dreary mists Mr Bell of Antermory in his *Travels through Siberia* informs us that the name of the country universally pronounced Sibir by the Russians

NOTE TO LINE 356

Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man !

The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw, and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

[In the first edition there appears here a long quotation of several pages from the *New Annual Register*, 1794.]

NOTE TO LINE 519

The shrill horn blew

The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn.

NOTE TO LINE 538

How long was Timour's iron sceptre swayed ?

To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the preface to *Letters from a Hindoo Rajah* a work of elegance and celebrity —

‘The impostor of Mecca had established, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it either by persuasion, or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history.

‘The same overwhelming torrent which had inundated the greater part of Africa, burst its way into the very heart of Europe and covering many kingdoms of Asia, with unbounded desolation, directed its baneful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conquest opposed by objects which neither the ardour of their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood in the vain hope, that by the destruction of a part, the remainder might be persuaded, or terrified, into the profession of Mahomedism. But all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual, and at length, being fully convinced, that though they might extirpate, they could never

hope to convert any number of the Hindoos they relinquished the impracticable idea with which they had entered upon their career of conquest and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan —(*Letters from a Hindoo Rajah* by Eliza Hamilton)

NOTE TO LINE 552

The stormy spirit of the Cape See the description of the Cape of Good Hope translated from Camoens by Mickle

NOTE TO LINE 566

While famished nations died along the shore

The following account of British conduct and its consequences in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage

After describing the monopoly of salt betel nut and tobacco the historian proceeds thus — Money in this current came but by drops it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it An expedient such as it was remained to quicken its pace The natives could live with little salt but could not want food Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores they did so They knew the Gentooes would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had or dying The inhabitants sunk —they that cultivated the land and saw the harvest at the disposal of others planted in doubt scarcity ensued Then the monopoly was easier managed—sickness ensued In some districts the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unhuried —*Short History of the English Transactions in the East Indies* p 145

NOTE TO LINE 581

*Nine times have Brahma's wheels of lightning hurled
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world*

Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology it is one article of belief that the Deity Brahma has descended nine times upon the world in various forms and that he is yet to appear a tenth time in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse to cut off all incorrigible offenders Avatar is the word used to express his descent.

NOTE TO LINE 601

Camdeo bright, &c Camdeo is the God of Love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Sriswattie correspond to the pagan deities Janus and Minerva.

PART II

NOTE TO LINE 51

The noon of manhood, &c 'Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade'—Dryden

NOTE TO LINE 143

Thy woes, Arion! Falconer in his poem, *The Shipwreck*, speaks of himself by the name of Arion. See Falconer's *Shipwreck* Canto III. [In the first edition of his poem Campbell gives a long quotation here from Falconer.]

NOTE TO LINE 156

The robber Moor See Schiller's tragedy of *The Robbers*, Scene v. [Here in the first edition Campbell gives a long quotation from Schiller.]

NOTE TO LINE 174

What millions died, &c The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Caesar has been usually estimated at two millions of men.

NOTE TO LINE 175

*Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
Marched by their Charles to Dnieper's swampy shore*

'In this extremity', says the biographer of Charles XII of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa, 'the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops, for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that two thousand men fell down dead with cold before his eyes.'

NOTE TO LINE 199

As Iona's saint The natives of the island of St. Iona have an opinion that on certain evenings every year the tutelary saint Columba is seen on the top of the church spires, counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft. [This note is not in the first edition.]

NOTE TO LINE 218

Part like Ajut See the history of Ajut and Auninga t in *The Pambler*

ORIGINAL MS INTRODUCTION TO THE
PLEASURES OF HOPE

[First printed soon after the author's death in *The Edinburgh Advertiser*]

SEVEN lingering moons have crossed the starry line
Since Beauty's form or Nature's face divine
Had power the sombre of my soul to turn
Had power to wake my strings and bid them burn

The charm dissolves ! What Genius made me go
To search the unfathomed mine of human woe
The wrongs of man to man of crime to crime
Since Nature yoked the fiery steeds of time
The tales of death since told on Eden's plain
The beauteous mother clasped her Abel slain
Ambition's guilt since Carthage wept her doom
The Patriot's fate since Brutus fell with Rome

The charm dissolves ! My Lindling fancy dream
Of brighter forms inspired by gentler themes
Joy and her rosy flowers attract my view
And Mirth can please and Musement charm anew
And Hope the harbinger of golden hours
The light of life the fire of Fancy's powers
Returns ! Again I lift my trembling gaze
And bless the smiling guest of other days

So when the Northern in the lonely gloom
Where Hekla's fires the polar night illumine
Hails the glad summer to his Lulean shores
And bowed to earth his circling suns adore

So when Cimmerian darkness wakes the dead
And hideous Nightmare haunts the curtained bed
And scowls her wild eye on the maddening brain,
What speechless horrors thrill the slumbering swain
When shapeless fiends inhale his tortured breath
Immure him living in the vaults of death
Or lead him lonely through the charnelled aisles
The roaring floods the dark and swampy vales

When rocked by winds he wanders on the deep,
Climbs the tall spire, or scales the breching steep,
His life-blood freezing to the central urn,
No voice can call for aid, no limb can turn,
Till eastern shoot the harbinger of day,
And Night and all her spectres fade away

If then some wandering huntsman of the morn
Wind from the hill his murmuring bugle-horn,
The shrill sweet music wakes the slumberer's ear,
And melts his blood, and bursts the bands of fear,
The vision fades—the shepherd lifts his eye
And views the lark that carols to the sky

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING
OR
THE PENNSYLVANIAN COTTAGE

(First published in 1809)

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING

PART I

I

ON Susquehanna's side fair Wyoming '
Although the wild flower on thy ruined wall
And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore
Sweet land ' may I thy lost delights recall
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore '

II

Delightful Wyoming ' beneath thy skies
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew
With timbrel when beneath the forests brown
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew
And aye those sunny mountains half way down
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town

i 1 Susquehanna s] *Susquehanna's first edition*

ii 9 flageolet] *flageolet first to seventh edition*

III

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
 His leave, how might you the flamingo see
 Disporting like a meteor on the lakes,
 And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree
 And every sound of life was full of glee,
 From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men ,
 While hearkening, fearing nought their revelry,
 The wild-deer arched his neck from glades, and then
 Unhunted sought his woods and wilderness again

IV

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
 Heard, but in transatlantic story rung,
 For here the exile met from every clime,
 And spoke in friendship every distant tongue
 Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung
 Were but divided by the running brook ,
 And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
 On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
 The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-
 hook

V

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
 Would sound to many a native roundelay ,
 But who is he that yet a dearer land
 Remembers, over hills and far away ?
 Green Albin ' what though he no more survey
 Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
 Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay,
 Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
 And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar ?

v, 2 roundelay] rondelay *first edition*

VI

Alas ! poor Caledonia's mountaineer
That wants stern edict e'er and feudal grief
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear !
Yet found he here a home and glad relief
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf
That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee
And England sent her men of men the chief
Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be
To plant the tree of life —to plant fair Freedom's tree

VII

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom
Judgement awoke not here her dismal tromp
Nor sealed in blood a fellow creature's doom
Nor mourned the captive in a living tomb
One venerable man beloved of all
Sufficed where innocence was yet in bloom
To sway the strife that seldom might befall
And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall

VIII

How reverend was the look serenely aged
He bore this gentle Pennsylvanian sire
Where all but kindly fervours were assuaged
Undimmed by weakness shade or turbid ire !
And though amidst the calm of thought entire
Some high and baughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once 'twas earthly fire
That fled composure's intellectual ray
As Etna's fires grow dim before the rising day ,

IX

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,
 But yet, O Nature ' is there nought to prize,
 Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life ?
 And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious skies
 No form with which the soul may sympathize ?—
 Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
 The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
 An inmate in the home of Albert smiled,
 Or blest his noonday walk, she was his only child

X

The rose of England bloomed on Gertrude's cheek
 What though these shades had seen her birth² her sire
 A Briton's independence taught to seek
 Far western worlds, and there his household fire
 The light of social love did long inspire,
 And many a halcyon day he lived to see
 Unbroken but by one misfortune dire,
 When fate had reft his mutual heart but she
 Was gone, and Gertrude climbed a widowed father's
 knee—

XI

A loved bequest¹ and I may half impart
 To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
 How like a new existence to his heart
 That living flower uprose beneath his eye,
 Dear as she was, from cherub infancy,
 From hours when she would round his garden play,
 To time when, as the ripening years went by,
 Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
 And more engaging grew from pleasing day to day

1, 2, 3 in the *first edition*—

But yet, familiar is there nought to prize,

O Nature ' in thy bosom scenes of life?

(21, 4 Uprose that living flower *first edition*

VII

I may not paint those thousand infant charms
(Unconscious fascination undesigned)
The orison repeated in his arms
For God to bless her sire and all mankind
Tho' book the bosom on his knee reclined
Or how sweet fairy lore he heard her con
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind)
All unaccompanied else her heart had gone
Till now in Gertrude's eyes their ninth blue summer
shone

VIII

And summer was the tide and sweet the hour
When sire and daughter saw with fleet descent
An Indian from his bark approach their bower
Of buskined limb and swarthy lineament
The red wild feathers on his brow were blent
And bracelets bound the arm that helped to light
A boy who seemed as he beside him went
Of Christian vesture and complexion bright
Led by his dusky guide like morning brought by
night

IX

Yet pensive seemed the boy for one so young—
The dimple from his polished cheek had fled
When leaning on his forest bow unstrung
The Oneyda warrior to the planter said
And laid his hand upon the stripling's head
Peace be to thee ' my words this belt approve
The paths of peace my steps have hither led
This little nursing take him to thy love
And shield the bird unfledged since gone the parent
dove

XII 8 heart] years fir t edition

XV

' Christian ' I am the foeman of thy foe ,
Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace
Upon the Michagan, three moons ago,
We launched our pirogues for the bison chase,
And with the Hurons planted for a space,
With true and faithful hands, the olive-stalk ,
But snakes are in the bosoms of their race,
And though they held with us a friendly talk
The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their tomahawk

XVI

' It was encamping on the lake's fair port
A cry of Areouski broke our sleep,
Where stormed an ambushed foe thy nation's fort,
And rapid, rapid whoops came o'er the deep ,
But long thy country's war-sign on the steep
Appeared through ghastly intervals of light,
And deathfully their thunders seemed to sweep,
Till utter darkness swallowed up the sight,
As if a shower of blood had quenched the fiery fight

XVII

' It slept it rose again—on high their tower
Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies ,
Then down again it rained an ember shower,
And louder lamentations heard we rise
As, when the evil Mamtoui that dies
The Ohio woods consumes them in his ire,
In vain the desolated panther flies,
And howls amidst his wilderness of fire
Alas ! too late, we reached and smote those Hurons
dire !

xv, 4 pirogues] quivers *first edition*

9 tomahawk] tomohawk *first edition* , Webster gives 'tamorhecan' as the Delaware form

XVIII

But as the fox beneath the nobler hound
So died their warriors by our battle brand
And from the tree we with her child unbound
A lonely mother of the Christian land —
Her lord—the captain of the British band—
Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay
Scarcely knew the widow our delivering hand
Upon her child she sobbed and swooned away
Or shrieked unto the God to whom the Christians
 pray

XIX

Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
Of fover balm and sweet saganute
But she was journeying to the land of souls
And lifted up her dying head to pray
That we should bid an ancient friend convey
Her orphan to his home of England's shore
And take she said this token far away
To one that will remember us of yore
When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's Julia
 wore

XX

And I the eagle of my tribe have rushed
With this lorn dove —A sage's self command
Had quelled the tears from Albert's heart that gushed
But yet his cheek—his agitated hand
That showered upon the stranger of the land
No common boon—in grief but ill beguiled
A soul that was not wont to be unmanned
And stay he cried dear pilgrim of the wild
Preserver of my old my boon companion's child!—

XXI

' Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,
On earth's remotest bounds how welcome here !
Whose mother oft, a child, has filled these arms
Young as thyself, and innocently dear ,
Whose grandsire was my early life's compeer
Ah, happiest home of England's happy clime !
How beautiful e'en now thy scenes appear,
As in the noon and sunshine of my prime !
How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years of
time !

XXII

' And, Julia ' when thou wert like Gertrude now,
Can I forget thee, favourite child of yore ?
O! thought I, in thy father's house when thou
Wert lightest-hearted on his festive floor,
And first of all his hospitable door
To meet and kiss me at my journey's end—
But where was I when Waldegrave was no more ?
And thou didst, pale, thy gentle head extend
In woes, that e'en the tribe of deserts was thy friend ' '

XXIII

He said—and strained unto his heart the boy
Far differently the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace and cup of joy ,
As monumental bronze unchanged his look ,
A soul that pity touched, but never shook ,
Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear

XXX

Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
 Of Outalissi's heart disdained to grow
 As lives the oak unwithered on the rock
 By storms above and barrenness below
 He scorned his own who felt another's woe
 And ere the wolf skin on his back he slung
 Or laced his moccasins in act to go
 A song of parting to the boy he sung
 Who slept on Albert's couch nor heard his friendly
 tongue

XXXI

Sleep wearied one ' and in the dreaming land
 Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet
 Oh ' tell her spirit that the white man's hand
 Hath plucked the thorns of sorrow from thy feet
 While I in lonely wilderness shall greet
 Thy little foot-prints—or by traces know
 The fountain where at noon I thought it sweet
 To feed thee with the quarry of my bow
 And poured the lotus horn or slew the mountain roe

XXXII

Adieu ' sweet seion of the rising sun '
 But should affliction's storms thy blossom mock
 Then come again my own adopted one '
 And I will graft thee on a noble stock
 The crocodile the condor of the rock
 Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars
 And I will teach thee in the battle's shock
 To pay with Huron blood thy father's scars
 And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars '

xxv 2 to-morrow with meet] the spirit of greet fir t
 ed tion

3 tell her spirit] say to-morrow *first edition*

o greet] meet *first edition*

XXVII

So finished he the rhyme (howe'er uneouth)
That true to nature's fervid feelings ran
(And song is but the eloquence of truth)
Then forth uprose that lone wayfaring man,
But, dauntless, he nor chart nor journey's plan
In woods required, whose trained eye was keen
As eagle of the wilderness to scan
His path by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green

XXVIII

Old Albert saw him from the valley's side—
His pirogue launched, his pilgrimage begun,
Far like the red-bird's wing he seemed to glide;
Then dived, and vanished in the woodlands dun
Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,
If but a dim sail glimmered in the sun,
But never more, to bless his longing sight,
Was Outalissi hailed, with bark and plumage bright

PART II

I

A VALLEY from the river shore withdrawn
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlooked his lawn,
And waters to their resting-place serene
Came freshening, and reflecting all the scene
(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves)
So sweet a spot of earth, you might (I ween)
Have guessed some congregation of the elves,
To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for them-
selves

XXVIII, 9 with] his *first edition*

II

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse
Nor vistas opened by the wandering stream
Both where at evening Allegany views
Through ridges burning in her western beam
Lake after lake interminably gleam
And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome
Or buffalo remote loved far from human home

III

But silent not that adverse eastern path
Which saw Aurora's hills the horizon crown
There was the river heard in bed of wrath
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown)
Like tumults heard from some far distant town
But softening in approach he left his gloom
And murmured pleasantly and laid him down
To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume

IV

It seemed as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul and kindness like their own
Inspired those eyes affectionate and glad
That seemed to love whatever they looked upon—
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast
(As if for heavenly musing meant alone)
Yet so becomingly the expression passed
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last

V

Nor, guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that looked from such a face '
Enthusiast of the woods ' when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunnse path at morn I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breathe the groves, romantie and alone

VI

The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,
That thus apostrophized its viewless seene
' Land of my father's love, my mother's birth '
The home of kindred I have never seen '
We know not other—oceans are between
Yet say, far friendly hearts ' from whence we came,
Of us does oft remembrance intervene ?
My mother sure—my sire a thought may claim ,
But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name

VII

' And yet, loved England ' when thy name I trace
In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,
How can I choose but wish for one embrace
Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong
My mother's looks, perhaps her likeness strong ?
Oh, parent ' with what reverential awe
From features of thine own related throng
An image of thy face my soul could draw,
And see thee once again whom I too shortly saw ' '

VIII

Yet deem not Gertrude sighed for foreign joy
 To soothe n father's couch her only care
 And keep his reverend head from all annoy —
 For thus methinks her homeward steps repair
 Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair
 While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew
 While boatman carolled to the fresh blown air
 And woods a horizontal shadow threw
 And early fox appeared in momentary view

IX

Apart there was n deep untrodden grot
 Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore
 Tradition had not named its lonely spot
 But here methinks might India's sons explore
 Their fathers' dust or lift perchance of yore
 Their voice to the great Spirit — rocks sublime
 To human art a sportive semblance bore
 And yellow heliæns coloured all the clime
 Like moonlight battlements and towers decayed by
 time

X

But high in amphitheatre above
 His arms the everlasting aloes threw
 Breathed but an air of heaven and all the grove
 As if instinct with living spirit grew
 Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue
 And now suspended was the pleasing din
 Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew
 Like the first note of organ heard within
 Cathedral aisles — ere yet its symphony began

ix 1 Apart] At times *first ed t on*

x 2 So in the first edition altered to the more general and
 therefore less effective Gay tinted woods their massy foliage
 threw Aloes is used as a singular noun

4 in tinet with] with instinct *first ed t on*

XI

It was in this lone valley she would charm
 The lingering noon, where flowers a couch had strown,
 Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm,
 On hillock by the palm-tree half o'ergrown
 And aye that volume on her lap is thrown
 Which every heart of human mould endears,
 With Shakespeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,
 And no intruding visitation fears
 To shame the unconseious laugh or stop her sweetest
 tears

XII

And nought within the grove was seen or heard
 But stock-doves 'plaining through its gloom profound
 Or winglet of the fairy humming-bird,
 Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round,
 When, lo! there entered to its inmost ground
 A youth, the stranger of a distant land,
 He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound,
 But late the equator suns his cheek had tanned,
 And California's gales his roving bosom fanned

XIII

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
 He led dismounted, ere his leisure pace,
 Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
 Close he had come, and worshipped for a space
 Those downcast features —she her lovely face
 Uplift on one whose lineaments and frame
 Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace
 Iberian seemed his boot his robe the same,
 And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became

XII, 1, 2 For, save her presence, scarce an ear had heard
 The stock-dove—*first edition*

5 When lo! there entered] Till chance had ushered *first edition*

6 The stranger guest of many a distant clime *first edition*

XIV

For Albert's home he sought—her finger fair
 Has pointed where the father's mansion stood
 Returning from the copse he soon was there
 And soon has Gertrude lured from dark green wood
 Nor joyless by the converse understood
 Between the man of age and pilgrim young
 That gay congeniality of mood
 And early liking from acquaintance sprung
 Full fluently conversed their guest in England's
 tongue

XV

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste
 Unfold and much they loved his fervid strain
 While he each fair variety retraced
 Of climes and manners o'er the eastern main—
 Now happy Switzer's hills romantic Spain
 Gay lured fields of France or more refined
 The soft Ausonia's monumental reign
 Nor less each rural image he designed
 Than all the city's pomp and home of human kind

XVI

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws
 Of Nature's savage glories he would speak
 The loneliness of earth that overawes
 Where resting by some tomb of old Cacique
 The lama driver on Peruvia's peak
 Nor living voice nor motion marks around—
 But storks that to the boundless forest shriek
 Or wild canoe arch high flung o'er gulf profound
 That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound

XVI a lama driver] so in the first and subsequent edition. The modern form is llama. Peruvian for flock. The Tibetan word lama means high priest.

(living voice nor motion] voice nor living motion *first edition.*

XVII

Pleased with his guest, the good man still would ply
 Each earnest question, and his converse court,
 But Gertrude, as she eyed him, knew not why
 A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short
 ‘In England thou hast been,—and, by report,
 An orphan’s name,’ quoth Albert, ‘mayst have
 known

Sad tale !—When latest fell our frontier fort,
 ‘One innocent one soldier’s child—alone
 Was spared, and brought to me, who loved him as my
 own —

XVIII

‘Young Henry Waldegrave’ Three delightful years
 These very walls his infant sports did see.
 But most I loved him when his parting tears
 Alternately bedewed my child and me
 His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee,
 Nor half its grief his little heart could hold
 By kindred he was sent for o’er the sea,
 They tore him from us when but twelve years old,
 And scarcely for his loss have I been yet consoled !’

XIX

His face the wanderer hid—but could not hide
 A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell,
 And ‘Speak’ mysterious stranger !’ Gertrude cried,
 ‘It is !—it is !—I knew I knew him well !’
 ‘Tis Waldegrave’s self, of Waldegrave come to tell !’
 A burst of joy the father’s lips declare,
 But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell
 At once his open arms embraced the pair
 Was never group more blest in this wide world of care

XX

And will ye pardon then replied the youth
Your Waldegrave's feigned name and false attire ?
I durst not in the neighbourhood in truth
The very fortunes of your house inquire
Lest one that knew no might some tidings due
Impart and I my weakness all betray
For had I lost my Gertrude and my sire
I meant but o'er your tombs to weep a day —
Unknown I meant to weep unknown to pass away

XXI

But here ye live — ye bloom in each dear face
The changing hand of time I may not blame
For there it hath but shed more reverend grace
And here of beauty perfected the frame
And well I know your hearts are still the same —
They could not change — ye look the very way
As when an orphan first to you I came
And have ye heard of my poor guide I pray ?
Nay wherefore weep ye friends on such a joyous
day ?

XXII

And art thou here ? or is it but a dream ?
And wilt thou Waldegrave wilt thou leave us
more ? —

No never ! thou that yet dost lover seem
Than aught on earth — than e'en thyself of yore —
I will not part thee from thy father's shore
But we shall cherish him with mutual arms
And hand in hand again the path explore
Which every ray of young remembrance warms
While thou shalt be my own with all thy truth and
charms !

XXIII

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy
Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,
Where all was odorous scent and harmony
And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight
There, if, O gentle love ! I read aught
The utterance that sealed thy sacred bond,
'Twas, listening to these accents of delight
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
Expression's power to paint all languishingly fond

XXIV

' Flower of my life, so lovely, and so lone !
Whom I would rather in this desert meet,
Scorning and scorned by fortune's power, than own
Her pomp and splendours lavished at my feet '
Turn not from me thy breath, more exquisite
Than odours east on heaven's own shrine to please ,
Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,
And more than all the wealth that loads the breeze
When Coromandel's ships return from Indian seas '

XXV

Then would that home admit them—happier far
Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon,
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flushed in the darkening firmament of June ,
And silence brought the soul-felt hour full soon,
Ineffable, which I may not portray ,
For never did the hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway
'In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray

PART III

I

O LOVE ' in such a wilderne s as this
Where transport and security entwine
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss
And here thou art a god indeed divine
Here shall no forms abridge no hours confine
Tho views the walks that boundless joy inspire '
Roll on ye days of raptured influence shine '
Nor blind with ecstasy s celestial fire
Shall love behold the spark of earth born time expire

II

Three little moons how short ' amidst the grove
And pastoral savannas they consume '
While she beside her buskined youth to rove
Delights in fancifully wild costume
Her lovely brow to shado with Indian plume
And forth in hunter seeming vest they fare
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom
Tis but the breath of heaven—the blessed air—
And interchange of hearts unknown unseen to share

III

What though the sportive dog oft round them note
Or fawn or wild bird bursting on the wing
Yet who in love s own presence would devote
To death those gentle throats that wake the spring
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring ?
No '—nor let fear one little warbler rouso
But fed by Gertrude s hand still let them sing
Aequitancee of her path amidst the boughs
That shade een now her love and witnessed first
her vows

IV

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,
 Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,
 Where welcome hills shut out the universe,
 And pines their lawny walk enclose round,
 There, if a pause delicious converse found,
 'Twas but when o'er each heart the idea stole
 (Perchance awhile in joy's oblivion drowned)
 That come what may, while life's glad pulses roll,
 Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul

V

And, in the visions of romantic youth,
 What years of endless bliss are yet to flow !
 But, mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth ?
 The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below !
 And must I change my song ? and must I show,
 Sweet Wyoming ! the day when thou wert doomed,
 Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bowers laid low !
 When, where of yesterday a garden bloomed,
 Death overspread his pall, and blackening ashes
 gloomed

VI

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driven,
 When Transatlantic Liberty arose,
 Not in the sunshine and the smile of heaven,
 But wrapt in whirlwinds and begirt with woes,
 Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes,
 Her birth star was the light of burning plains,
 Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
 From kindred hearts—the blood of British veins,
 And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains

VII

Yet ere the storm of death had raged remote
Or siege unseen in heaven reflects its beams
Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note
That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts and nightly
dreams ?

Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams
Portentous light ! and music's voice is dumb
Save where the fife its shrill reveille screams
Or midnight streets re-echo to the drum
That speaks of maddening strife and bloodstained
fields to come

VIII

It was in truth a momentary pang
Yet how comprising myriad shapes of woe
First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang
A husband to the battle doomed to go !
Nay meet not thou she cries thy kindred foe !
But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand !
Ah Gertrude ! thy beloved heart I know
Would feel like mine the stigmatising brand
Could I forsake the cause of Freedom's holy band !

IX

But shame but flight a recreant's name to prove
To hide in exile ignominious fears—
Say even if thus I brooked the public love
Thy father's bosom to his home endears
And how could I his few remaining years
My Gertrude sever from so dear a child ?
So day by day her boding heart he cheers
At last that heart to hope is half beguiled
And pale through tears suppressed the mournful
beauty smiled

X

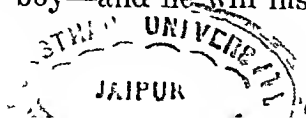
Night came, and in their lighted bower full late
 The joy of converse had endured—when, hark !
 Abrupt and loud a summons shook their gate ,
 And, heedless of the dog's obstreperous bark,
 A form has rushed amidst them from the dark.
 And spread his arms,—and fell upon the floor
 Of aged strength his limbs retained the mark ,
 But desolate he looked, and famished poor,
 As ever shipwrecked wretch lone left on desert shore

XI

Uprisen, each wondering brow is knit and arched
 A spirit from the dead they deem him first
 To speak he tries , but quivering, pale, and parched,
 From lips, as by some powerless dream accursed,
 Emotions unintelligible burst ,
 And long his filmèd eye is red and dim ,
 At length the pity-proffered cup his thirst
 Had half assuaged, and nerved his shuddering limb
 When Albert's hand he grasped,—but Albert knew
 not him !

XII

' And hast thou then forgot,' he cried forlorn,
 And eyed the group with half indignant air,
 ' Oh ' hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn
 When I with thee the cup of peace did share ?
 Then stately was this head, and dark this hair
 That now is white as Appalacha's snow ,
 But, if the weight of fifteen years' despan
 And age hath bowed me, and the torturing foe,
 Bring me my boy—and he will his deliverer know ! '



XIII

It was not long with eyes and heart of flame
Ere Henry to his loved Oneida flew

Bless thee my guide ! —but backward as he came
The chief his old bewildered head withdrew
And grasped his arm and looked and looked him
through

'Twas strange—nor could the group a smile control—
The long the doubtful scrutiny to view
At last debight o'er all his features stole

It is—my own he cried and clasped him to his soul

XIV

Yes ! thou recall'st my pride of years for thou
The bowstring of my spirit was not slack
When spite of woods and floods and ambushed men
I bore thee like the quiver on my back
Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack
Nor foeman then nor cougar's crouch I feared
For I was strong as mountain cataract
And dost thou not remember how we cheered
Upon the last hill top when white men's huts
appeared ?

XV

Then welcome be my death song and my death !
Since I have seen thee and again embraced
And longer had he spent his toil worn breath
But with affectionate and eager haste
Was every arm outstretched around their guest
To welcome and to bless his aged head
Soon was the hospitable banquet placed
And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds with fevered joy that more profusely bled

XVI

‘ But this is not a time,’—he started up,
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand—
‘ This is no time to fill the joyous cup—
The Mammoth comes ! the foe ! the Monster Brandt,
With all his howling, desolating band !
These eyes have seen their blade and burning pine
Awake at once, and silence half your land
Red is the cup they drink, but not with wine
Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine !’

XVII

‘ Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
‘Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth
Accursèd Brandt ! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth
No ! not the dog that watched my household hearth
Escaped that night of blood upon our plains !
All perished ! I alone am left on earth !
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No !—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins !’

XVIII

‘ But go !—and rouse your warriors, for, if right
These old bewildered eyes could guess, by signs
Of striped and starred banners, on yon height
Of eastern cedars, o’er the creek of pines,
Some fort embattled by your country shines
Deep roars the innavigable gulf below
Its squared rock, and palisaded lines
Go ! seek the light its warlike beacons show,
Whilst I in ambush wait for vengeance and the foe !’

XIX

Scarce had he uttered when Heaven's verge extreme
Reverberates the bomb's descending star
And sounds that mingled laugh and shout and
scream

To freeze the blood in one discordant jar
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed —
And woe as if for death some lonely trumpet wailed

XX

Then looked they to the hills where fire o'erhung
The bandit groups in one Vesuvian glare
Or swept far seen the tower whose clock unring
Told legible that midnight of despair
She faints—she falters not—the heroic fair!
As he the sword and plume in hasty arrayed
One short embrace he clasped his dearest care—
But hark! what nearer war drum shakes the glade?
Joy joy! Columbia's friends are trampling through
the shade!

XXI

Then came of every race the mingled swarm
Far rung the groves and gleamed the midnight grass
With flambeau javelin and naked arm
As warriors wheeled their culverins of brass
Sprung from the woods a bold athletic mass
Whom virtue fires and liberty combines
And first the wild Moravian yagers pass
His plumed host the dark Iberian joins
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle
shines

XXII

And in the buskined hunters of the deer
To Albert's home with shout and cymbal throng
Roused by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle-song,
And, beating with his war-elub cadence strong,
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts,
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile avenged ere yet his eagle spirit parts

XXIII

Calm opposite the Christian father rose
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr-light the conflagration throws,
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
And one the uncovered crowd to silence sways,
While, though the battle flash is faster driven,
Unawed, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
He for his bleeding country prays to Heaven,
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be
forgiven

XXIV

Short time is now for gratulating speech
And yet, belovèd Gertrude, ere began
Thy country's flight, yon distant towers to reach,
Looked not on thee the rudest partisan
With brow relaxed to love? And murmurs ran,
As round and round their willing ranks they drew
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van
Grateful, on them a placid look she threw,
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu!

XXX

Past was the flight and welcome seemed the tower
 That like a giant standard bearer frowned
 Defiance on the roving Indian power
 Beneath each bold and promontory mound
 With embrasure embossed and armour crowned
 And arrow frise and wedged ravelin
 Wove like a diadem its tracery round
 The lofty summit of that mountain green
 Here stood secure the group and eyed a distant
 scene—

XXXI

A scene of death ! where fires beneath the sun
 And blended arms and white pavilions glow
 And for the business of destruction done
 Its requiem the war horn seemed to blow
 There sad spectators of her country's woe
 The lovely Gertrude safe from present harm
 Had laid her cheek and clasped her hands of snow
 On Waldegrave's shoulder half within his arm
 Enclosed that felt her heart and hushed its wild
 alarm

XXXII

But short that contemplation—sad and short
 The pause to bid each much loved scene adieu !
 Beneath the very shadow of the fort
 Where friendly swords were drawn and banners flew
 Ah ! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
 Was near ?—yet there with lust of murderous deeds
 Gleamed like a basilisk from woods in view
 The ambushed foeman's eye ! his volley speeds
 And Albert—Albert—falls ! the dear old father
 bleeds !

[XXXI : arrowy frise—*de mur de Frise*]

XXVIII

And traneced in giddy horror Gertrude swooned ,
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,
These drops ?—Oh, God ! the life-blood is her own !
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
' Weep not, O Love ! ' she cries, ' to see me bleed—
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate , for scarce I heed
These wounds , yet thee to leave is death, is death
indeed !

XXIX

' Clasp me a little longer on the bunk
Of fate ! while I can feel thy dear caress
And when this heart hath ceased to beat oh ! think
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just
Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust !

XXX

' Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstacy to love
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heaven , for ours was not like earthly love
And must this parting be our very last ?
No ! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past

XXVI

Half could I bear methinks to leave this earth —
And thee more loved than aught beneath the sun
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge —but shall there then be none
In future times—no gentle little one
To clasp thy neck and look resembling me?
Yet seems it even while life's last pulses run
A sweetness in the cup of death to be
Lord of my bosom's love ' to die beholding thee '

XXVII

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips ' but still their bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die ' and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt
Ah heart ' where once each fond affection dwelt
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair
Mute gazing agonizing as he knelt —
Of them that stood encircling his despair
He heard some friendly words but knew not what
they were

XXVIII

For now to mourn their judge and child arrives
A faithful band With solemn rites between
Twas sung how they were lovely in their lives
And in their deaths had not divided been
Touched by the music and the melting scene
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd
Stern warriors resting on their swords were seen
To veil their eyes as passed each much loved shroud
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud

XXXIV

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth,
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave bid
His face on earth,—him watched in gloomy ruth
His woodland guide, but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that
came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame '

XXXV

' And I could weep '—the Oneyda chieft
His descent wildly thus begun,
' But that I may not stain with grief
'The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in woe '
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath '
'To-morrow Arcouski's breath
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death)
Shall light us to the foe
And we shall share, my Christian boy,
'The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy '

XXXVI

' But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder gem o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep —
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,

To see thee on the battle's eve
 Lamenting take a mournful leave
 Of her who loved thee most
 She was the rainbow to thy sight '
 Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight '

XXXVII

To morrow let us do or die '
 But when the bolt of death is hurled
 Ah ! whither then with thee to fly
 Shall Outalissi roam the world ?
 Seek we thy once loved home ?
 The hard is gone that eropt its flowers
 Unheard their clock repeats its hours '
 Cold is the hearth within their bowers '
 And should we thither roam
 Its echoes and its empty tread
 Would sound like voices from the dead '

XXXVIII

Or shall we cross yon mountains blue
 Whose streams my kirdred nation quaffed ?
 And by my side in battle true
 A thousand warriors drew the shaft ?
 Ah ! there in desolation cold
 The desert serpent dwells alone
 Where grass o ergrows each mouldering bone
 And stones themselves to ruin grown
 Like me are death like old
 Then seek we not their camp—for there
 The silence dwells of my despair '

[XXXVIII 3 And in all ed ion t Her Where]

XXXIX

' But hark, the tramp '—to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears
Amidst the clouds that round us roll,
He bids my soul for battle thirst - -
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Ontahssi's soul,
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief ' '

NOTES TO GERTRUDE OF WYOMING

NOTE TO STANZA II PART I

[The text of this stanza in the first edition was as follows —

It was beneath thy skies that hut to prune
His Autumn fruits or skim the light canoe
Perchance along that river calm at noon
The happy shepherd swain had nought to do
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew
Their tambrel in the dance of forests brown
When lovely maidens pranked in floweret new
And aye those sunny mountains half way down
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town.]

NOTE TO STANZA III PART I

From merry mocking bird's song

The mocking bird is of the form but larger than the thrush and the colours are a mixture of black white and grey. What is said of the nightingale by its greatest admirers is what may with more propriety apply to this bird who in a natural state sings with very superior taste. Toward evening I have heard one begin softly reserving its breath to swell certain notes which by this means had a most astonishing effect. A gentleman in London had one of these birds for six years. During the space of a minute he was heard to imitate the woodlark, haffinch, blackbird, thrush and sparrow. In this country (America) I have frequently known the mocking birds so enaged in this mimicry that it was with much difficulty I could ever obtain an opportunity of hearing their own natural notes. Some go so far as to say that they have neither peculiar note nor favourite imitation. This may be denied. Their few natural notes resemble those of the (European) nightingale. Their song however has a greater compass and volume than the nightingale and they have the faculty of varying all intermediate notes in a manner which is truly delightful. —Ashe's *Traels in America* vol II p. 3

NOTES TO STANZA V, PART I

And distant isles that hear the loud Corbreehtan roar'

The Corbreehtan, or Corbreehtan, is a whirlpool on the western coast of Scotland, near the island of Jura, which is heard at a prodigious distance. Its name signifies the whirlpool of the Prince of Denmark, and there is a tradition that a Danish prince once undertook, for a wager, to cast anchor in it. He is said to have used woollen, instead of hempen ropes, for greater strength, but perished in the attempt. On the shores of Argyleshire I have often listened with great delight to the sound of this vortex at the distance of many leagues. When the weather is calm, and the adjacent sea is scarcely heard on these picturesque shores, its sound, which is like the sound of innumerable chariots, creates a magnificent and fine effect.

Albin Scotland

Pellochs The Gaelic appellation for the porpoise. [Not noted in first edition.]

NOTE TO STANZA XIII, PART I

Of buskined limb, and swarthy lineament

'In the Indian tribes there is a great similarity in their colour, stature, &c. They are all, except the Snake Indians, tall in stature, straight, and robust. It is very seldom they are deformed, which has given rise to the supposition that they put to death their deformed children. Their skin is of a copper colour, their eyes large, bright, black, and sparkling, indicative of a subtle and discerning mind, their hair is of the same colour, and prone to be long, seldom or never curled. Their teeth are large and white. I never observed any decayed among them, which makes their breath as sweet as the air they inhale'—*Travels through America by Capts. Lewis and Clarke, in 1804-5-6*

[This note is not in the first edition.]

NOTES TO STANZA XIV, PART I

Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve

'The Indians of North America accompany every formal address to strangers, with whom they form or recognize a treaty of amity, with a present of a string, or belt, of wampum. "Wampum," says Cadwalladar Colden, "is made of the large whelk shell, *Buccinum*, and shaped like long beads. It is the current money of the Indians"'—*History of the five Indian Nations*, p. 34. New York edition.

The paths of peace my steps have I ther led

In relating an interview of Mohawk Indians with the Governor of New York Colden quotes the following passage as a specimen of their metaphorical manner — Where shall I seek the chair of peace? where shall I find it but upon our path and whither doth our path lead us but unto this house?

NOTES TO STANZA XVI PART I

Our wampum league thy brethren d d embrace

When they solicit the alliance offensive or defensive of a whole nation they send an embassy with a large belt of wampum and a bloody hatchet inviting them to come and drink the blood of their enemies. The wampum made use of on the e and other occasion before their acquaintance with the Europeans was nothing but small shells which they picked up by the sea-coasts and on the banks of the lakes and now it is nothing but a kind of cylindrical beads made of shells white and black which are esteemed among them as silver and gold are among us. The black they call the most valuable and both together are their greatest riches and ornaments the e among them answering all the end that money does amongst us. They have the art of stringing twisting and interweaving them into their belts collars blankets and mocazins &c in ten thousand different sizes forms and figures so as to be ornaments for every part of dress and expressive to them of all their important transactions. They dye the wampum of various colours and shades and mix and dispose them with great ingenuity and order and so as to be significant among them else of almost everything they please so that by these their words are kept and the r thoughts communicated to one another s ours are by writing. The belts that pass from one nation to another in all treaties declarations and important transactions are very carefully preserved in the cabins of the r chiefs and serve not only as a kind of record or history but as a public treasure — Major Rogers's *Account of North America*

[This note is not in the first edition]

NOTE TO STANZA XVI PART I

Areouski The Indian god of war

NOTE TO STANZA XVII PART I

As when the evil Manitou It is certain the Indian acknowledge one Supreme Being or Giver of Life who presides over all

things, that is, the Great Spirit, and they look up to him as the source of good, from whence no evil can proceed. They also believe in a bad Spirit, to whom they ascribe great power, and suppose that through his power all the evils which befall mankind are inflicted. To him, therefore, they pray in their distresses, begging that he would either avert their troubles, or moderate them when they are no longer avoidable.

‘They hold, also, that there are good Spirits of a lower degree, who have their particular departments, in which they are constantly contributing to the happiness of mortals. These they suppose to preside over all the extraordinary productions of Nature, such as those lakes, rivers, and mountains that are of an uncommon magnitude, and likewise the beasts, birds, fishes, and even vegetables or stones, that exceed the rest of their species in size or singularity’—Clarke’s *Travels among the Indians*

[The foregoing note is not in the first edition.]

Everything which they cannot comprehend the cause of is called by them Spirit. There are two orders of spirits, the good and the bad. The good is the spirit of dreams, and of all things innocent and inconceivable. The bad is the thunder, the hail, the tempest, and conflagration. The Supreme Spirit of good is called by the Indians ‘Kitchi Manitou’, and the Spirit of evil ‘Metchi Manitou’.

NOTE TO STANZA XIX, Part I

Fever-balm and sweet sagamité

The fever-balm is a medicine used by these tribes, it is a decoction of a bush called the Fever Tree. Sagamite is a kind of soup administered to their sick.

NOTES TO STANZA XX, PART I

And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rushed with this torn dove

The testimony of all travellers among the American Indians who mention their hieroglyphics authorises me in putting this figurative language in the mouth of Outalissi. The dove is among them, as elsewhere, an emblem of meekness, and the eagle that of a bold, noble, and liberal mind. When the Indians speak of a warrior who soars above the multitude in person and endowments, they say, ‘he is like the eagle, who destroys his enemies, and gives protection and abundance to the weak of his own tribe’—

The Indians are distinguished both personally and by tribes by the name of particular animals whose qualities they affect to resemble either for cunning strength swiftness or other qualities as the eagle the serpent the fox or bear [Footnote in first edition]

NOTES TO STANZA XXIII PART I

Far differently the mute Oneida took &c

They are extremely circumspect and deliberate in every word and action nothing hurries them into any intemperate wrath but that inveteracy to their enemies which is rooted in every Indian's breast. In all other instances they are cool and deliberate taking care to suppress the emotions of the heart. If an Indian has discovered that a friend of his is in danger of being cut off by a lurking enemy he does not tell him of his danger in direct terms as though he were in fear but he first coolly asks him which way he is going that day and having his answer with the same indifference tells him that he has been informed that a noxious beast lies on the route he is going. This hint proves sufficient and his friend avoids the danger with as much caution as though every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him.

If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase and by accident continued long without food when he arrives at the hut of a friend where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied he takes care not to show the least symptoms of impatience or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with but on being invited sits contentedly down and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed and he was perfectly at ease. He does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe as they esteem it a proof of fortitude and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.

If you tell an Indian that his children have greatly signified themselves against an enemy have taken many scalps and brought home many prisoners he does not appear to feel any strong emotions of pleasure on the occasion his answer generally is—they have done well and he makes but very little inquiry about the matter on the contrary if you inform him that his children are slain or taken prisoners he makes no complaints he only replies It is unfortunate—and for some time asks no questions about how it happened.—Lewis and Clarke's *Travels*

[This note is not in the first edition.]

His calumet of peace, &c

'Nor is the calumet of less importance or less revered than the wampum in many transactions relative both to peace and war. The bowl of this pipe is made of a kind of soft red stone, which is easily wrought and hollowed out, the stem is of cane, alder, or some kind of light wood, painted with different colours, and decorated with the heads, tails, and feathers of the most beautiful birds. The use of the calumet is to smoke either tobacco or some bark, leaf, or herb, which they often use instead of it, when they enter into an alliance or any serious occasion or solemn engagements, this being among them the most sacred oath that can be taken, the violation of which is esteemed most infamous, and deserving of severe punishment from Heaven. When they treat of war, the whole pipe and all its ornaments are red—sometimes it is red only on one side, and by the disposition of the feathers, &c, one acquainted with their customs will know at first sight what the nation who presents it intends or desires. Smoking the calumet is also a religious ceremony on some occasions, and in all treaties is considered as a witness between the parties, or rather as an instrument by which they invoke the sun and moon to witness their sincerity, and to be as it were a guarantee of the treaty between them. This custom of the Indians, though to appearance somewhat ridiculous, is not without its reasons, for as they find that smoking tends to disperse the vapours of the brain, to raise the spirits, and to qualify them for thinking and judging properly, they introduced it into their councils, where, after their resolves, the pipe was considered as a seal of their decrees, and, as a pledge of their performance thereof, it was sent to those they were consulting, in alliance or treaty with,—so that smoking among them at the same pipe is equivalent to our drinking together and out of the same cup'—Major Rogers's *Account of North America*, 1766

[The foregoing note is not in the first edition.]

'To smoke the calumet or pipe of peace with any person is a sacred token of amity among the Indians. The lighted calumet is also used among them for a purpose still more interesting than the expression of social friendship. The austere manners of the Indians forbid any appearance of gallantry between the sexes in day-time, but at night the young lover goes a calumetting, as his courtship is called. As these people live in a state of equality, and without fear of internal violence or theft in their own tribes, they leave their doors open by night as well as by day. The lover takes advantage of this liberty, lights his calumet, enters the

calm of his mistress and gently presents it to her. If she extinguishes it she admits his addresses but if she suffer it to burn unnoticed he retires with a disappointed and throbbing heart —Ashe's *Travels*

Trained from his tree rocked cradle to his bier

An Indian child, as soon as he is born is swathed with clothes or skins and being laid on his back, is bound down on a piece of thick board spread over with soft moss. The board is somewhat larger and broader than the child and bent pieces of wood like pieces of hoops are placed over its face to protect it so that if the machine were suffered to fall the child probably would not be injured. When the women have any business to transact at home they hang the board on a tree if there be one at hand and set them a swinging from side to side like a pendulum in order to exercise the children —Weld vol. ii p. 246

*The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—*

Of the active as well as passive fortitude of the Indian character the following is an instance related by Adair in his *Travels* —

A party of the Senekah Indians came to war against the Katakha little enemies to each other. In the woods the former discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the latter hunting in their usual light dress on his perceiving them he sprang off for a hollow rock four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift and skilful with the gun as to kill seven of them in the running fight before they were able to surround and take him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph but though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him during their long journey with a great deal more civility than if he had acted the part of a coward. The women and children when they met him at their several towns beat him and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required according to their law of justice and at last he was formally condemned to die by the fiery torture. It might reasonably be imagined that what he had for some time gone through by being fed with a scanty hand a tedious march lying at night on the bare ground exposed to the changes of the weather with his arms and legs extended in a pair of rough stocks and suffering such punishment on his entering into their hostile towns as a prelude to those sharp torment for

which he was destined, would have so impaired his health and affected his imagination as to have sent him to his long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings. Probably this would have been the case with the major part of white people under similar circumstances, but I never knew this with any of the Indians and this cool-headed, brave warrior, did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies for when they were taking him, unpinioned, in their wild parade, to the place of torture, which lay near to a river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprung off, and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, only rising to take breath, till he reached the opposite shore. He now ascended the steep bank, but though he had good reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others running, very like bloodhounds, in pursuit of him, and the bullets flying round him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to leave them abruptly, without taking leave in a formal manner, in return for the extraordinary favors they had done, and intended to do him. After slapping a part of his body, in defiance to them,' continues the author, 'he put up the shrill war-whoop, as his last salute, till some more convenient opportunity offered, and darted off in the manner of a beast broke loose from its torturing enemies. He continued his speed, so as to run by about midnight of the same day as far as his eager pursuers were two days in reaching. There he rested till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him—he lay hid a little way off their camp, till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired him with heroism. He was naked, torn, and hungry, and his enraged enemies were come up with him,—but there was now everything to relieve his wants and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honour and sweet revenge by cutting them off. Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise, would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes. He accordingly crept, took one of their tomohawks, and killed them all on the spot,—clothed himself, took a choice gun, and as much ammunition and provisions as he could well carry in a running march. He set off afresh with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, only when he reclined, as usual, a little before day, with his back to a tree. As it were by instinct, when he found he was free from the pursuing enemy, he made directly to the very place where he had killed seven of his enemies and was taken by them for the fiery torture. He digged them up, burnt their bodies to ashes, and went home in safety with

singular triumph. Other pursuing enemies came on the evening of the second day to the camp of their dead people when the sight gave them a greater shock than they had ever known before. In their chilled war council they concluded that as he had done such surprising things in his defence before he was captured and since that in his naked condition and now was well armed if they continued the pursuit he would spoil them all for he surely was an enemy wizard—and therefore they returned home.—Adair *General Observations on the American Indians* p. 394

It is surprising says the same author to see the long continued speed of the Indian. Though some of us have often run the swiftest of them out of sight for about the distance of twelve miles yet afterwards without any seeming toil they would stretch on leave us out of sight and outwind any horse.—*Ibid* p. 318

If an Indian were driven out into the extensive woods with only a knife and a tomahawk or a small hatchet it is not to be doubted but he would fatten even where a wolf would starve. He would soon collect fire by rubbing two dry pieces of wood together make a bark hut earthen vessel and a bow and arrow then kill wild game & fresh water tortoises gather a plentiful variety of vegetable and live in affluence.—*Ibid* p. 410

[The foregoing quotation from Adair are not in the first edition.]

NOTE TO STANZA XXIV PART I

Or laced /is moccasins Moccasins are a sort of Indian buskins

[The modern form of the word is mocca in or mocasin from the Algonquin *mashin* a shoo of deerskin.]

NOTE TO STANZA XXV PART I

*Sleep wearied one! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet*

There is nothing says Charlevoix in which these barbarians carry their superstitions farther than in what regards dream. But they vary greatly in their manner of explaining themselves on this point. Sometimes it is the reasonable soul which ranges abroad while the sensitive continues to animate the body. Sometimes it is the familiar genius who gives salutary counsel with

respect to what is going to happen. Sometimes it is a visit made by the soul of the object of which he dreams. But in whatever manner the dream is conceived, it is always looked upon as a thing sacred, and as the most ordinary way in which the gods make known their will to men. Filled with this idea, they cannot conceive how we should pay no regard to them. For the most part they look upon them either as a desire of the soul, inspired by some genius, or an order from him, and in consequence of this principle they hold it a religious duty to obey them. An Indian having dreamt of having a finger cut off, had it really cut off as soon as he awoke, having first prepared himself for this important action by a feast. Another having dreamt of being a prisoner, and in the hands of his enemies, was much at a loss what to do. He consulted the jugglers, and by their advice caused himself to be tied to a post, and burnt in several parts of the body. — Charlevoix's *Journal of a Voyage to North America*

[The foregoing note is not in the first edition.]

The lotus-horn From a flower shaped like a horn which Chateaubriant presumes to be of the lotus kind, the Indians in their travels through the desert often find a draught of dew purer than any other water. [Footnote in first edition.]

NOTE TO STANZA XXVI, PART I

The crocodile, the condor of the rock

'The alligator, or American crocodile, when full grown,' says Bertram, 'is a very large and terrible creature, and of prodigious strength, activity, and swiftness in the water. I have seen them twenty feet in length, and some are supposed to be twenty-two or twenty-three feet in length. Their body is as large as that of a horse, their shape usually resembles that of a lizard, which is flat, or euneiform, being compressed on each side, and gradually diminishing from the abdomen to the extremity, which, with the whole body, is covered with horny plates, of squamæ, impenetrable when on the body of the live animal, even to a rifle-ball, except about their head, and just behind their fore-legs or arms, where, it is said, they are only vulnerable. The head of a full-grown one is about three feet, and the mouth opens nearly the same length. Their eyes are small in proportion, and seem sunk in the head, by means of the prominency of the brows, the nostrils are large, inflated, and prominent on the top, so that the head on the water resembles, at a distance, a great chunk of wood floating about. Only the upper jaw moves, which they raise almost perpen-

dicular so as to form a right angle with the lower one. In the fore part of the upper jaw on each side just under the nostrils are two very large thick strong teeth or tusks not very sharp but rather the shape of a cone these are as white as the finest polished ivory and are not covered by any skin or lips but always in sight which gives the creature a frightful appearance in the lower jaw are holes opposite to these teeth to receive them when they clap their jaws together it causes a surprising noise like that which is made by forcing a heavy plank with violence upon the ground and may be heard at a great distance — But what is yet more surprising to a stranger is the incredibly loud and terrifying roar which they are capable of making especially in breeding time. It most resembles very heavy distant thunder not only shaking the air and waters but causing the earth to tremble and when hundreds are roaring at the same time you can scarcely be persuaded but that the whole globe is violently and dangerously agitated. An old champion who perhaps absolute sovereign of a little lake or lagoon (when fifty less than himself are obliged to content themselves with swelling and roaring in little coves round about) darts forth from the reedy coverts all at once on the surface of the waters in a right line at first seemingly as rapid as lightning but gradually more slowly until he arrives at the centre of the lake where he stops. He now swells himself by drawing in wind and water through his mouth which causes a loud sonorous rattling in the throat for near a minute but it is immediately forced out again through his mouth and nostrils with a loud noise brandishing his tail in the air and the vapour running from his nostrils like smoke. At other times when swollen to an extent ready to burst his head and tail lifted up he spins or twirls round on the surface of the water. He acts his part like an Indian chief when rehearsing his feats of war — *Bertram's Travels in North America* [This note is not in the first edition.]

NOTE TO STANLEY XXVII PART I

Then forth uprose that lone wayfaring man

They discover an amazing sagacity and acquire with the greatest readiness sayth ag that depends upon the attention of the mind. By experience and an acute observation they attain many perfections to which Americans are strangers. For instance they will cross a forest or a plain which is two hundred miles in breadth so as to reach with great exactness the point at which they intend to arrive keeping during the whole of that space in

a direct line, without any material deviations, and this they will do with the same ease, let the weather be fair or cloudy. With equal acuteness they will point to that part of the heavens the sun is in, though it be intercepted by clouds or fogs. Besides this, they are able to pursue, with incredible facility, the traces of man or beast, either on leaves or grass, and on this account it is with great difficulty they escape discovery. They are indebted for these talents not only to nature, but to an extraordinary command of the intellectual qualities, which can only be acquired by an unremitted attention, and by long experience. They are, in general, very happy in a retentive memory. They can recapitulate every particular that has been treated of in council, and remember the exact time when they were held. Their belts of wampum preserve the substance of the treaties they have concluded with the neighbouring tribes for ages back, to which they will appeal and refer with as much perspicuity and readiness as Europeans can to their written records.

‘The Indians are totally unskilled in geography, as well as all the other sciences, and yet they draw on their birch-bark very exact charts or maps of the countries they are acquainted with. The latitude and longitude only are wanting to make them tolerably complete.

‘Their sole knowledge in astronomy consists in being able to point out the polar star, by which they regulate their course when they travel in the night.

‘They reckon the distance of places not by miles or leagues, but by a day’s journey, which, according to the best calculation I could make, appears to be about twenty English miles. These they also divide into halves and quarters, and will demonstrate them in their maps with great exactness by the hieroglyphes just mentioned, when they regulate in council their war-parties, or their most distant hunting excursions’—Lewis and Clarke’s *Travels*.

‘Some of the French missionaries have supposed that the Indians are guided by instinct, and have pretended that Indian children can find their way through a forest as easily as a person of maturer years, but this is a most absurd notion. It is unquestionably by a close attention to the growth of the trees, and position of the sun, that they find their way. On the northern side of a tree there is generally the most moss, and the bark on that side, in general, differs from that on the opposite one. The branches towards the south are, for the most part, more luxuriant than those on the other sides of trees, and several other distinctions also subsist between the northern and southern sides, conspicuous to Indians, being taught from their infancy to attend to them.

which a common observer would perhaps never notice. Being accustomed from their infancy likewise to pay great attention to the position of the sun they learn to make the most accurate allowance for its apparent motion from one part of the heaven to another and in every part of the day they will point to the part of the heavens where it is although the sky be obscured by clouds or mists.

An instance of their dexterity in finding their way through an unknown country came under my observation when I was at Staunton situated behind the Blue Mountain Virginia. A number of the Creek nation had arrived at that town on their way to Philadelphia whither they were going upon some affairs of importance and had stopped there for the night. In the morning some circumstance or other which could not be learned induced one half of the Indians to set off without their companions who did not follow until some hours afterward. When these last were ready to pursue their journey several of the towns people mounted their horses to escort them part of the way. They proceeded along the high road for some miles but all at once hastily turning aside into the woods though there was no path the Indians advanced confidently forward. The people who accompanied them surprised at this movement informed them that they were quitting the road to Philadelphia and expressed their fear lest they should miss their companions who had gone on before. They answered that they knew better that the way through the woods was the shortest to Philadelphia and that they knew very well that their companions had entered the wood at the very place where they did. Curiosity led some of the horsemen to go on and to their astonishment for there was apparently no track they overtook the other Indians in the thickest part of the wood. But what appeared most singular was that the route which they took was found on examining a map to be as direct for Philadelphia as if they had taken the bearings by a mariner's compass. From others of their nation who had been at Philadelphia at a former period they had probably learned the exact direction of that city from their villages and had never lost sight of it although they had already travelled three hundred miles through the woods and had upwards of four hundred miles more to go before they could reach the place of their destination.—Of the exactness with which they can find out a strange place to which they have been once directed by their own people a striking example is furnished I think by Mr. Jefferson in his account of the Indian graves in Virginia. These graves are nothing more than large mounds of earth in the wood which on being opened are found to contain skeletons.

in an erect posture the Indian mode of sepulture has been too often described to remain unknown to you. But to come to my story. A party of Indians that were passing on to some of the sea-ports on the Atlantic, just as the Creeks, above mentioned, were going to Philadelphia, were observed, all on a sudden to quit the straight road by which they were proceeding, and without asking any questions, to strike through the woods in a direct line, to one of these graves, which lay at the distance of some miles from the road. Now very near a century must have passed over since the part of Virginia, in which this grave was situated, had been inhabited by Indians, and the Indian travellers who were to visit it by themselves had unquestionably never been in that part of the country before; they must have found their way to it simply from the description of its situation that had been handed down to them by tradition.—*Weld's Travels in North America*, Vol. II

NOTE TO STANZA IX, PART II

Their fathers' dust It is a custom of the Indian tribes to visit the tombs of their ancestors in the cultivated parts of America, who have been buried for upwards of a century. [Footnote in first edition]

NOTE TO STANZA XII, PART II

[The first line is sometimes misprinted, to the destruction of the rhyme — 'And nought within the grove was heard or seen']

NOTES TO STANZA XVI, PART II

Wild-cane arch high flung The bridges over narrow streams in many parts of Spanish America are said to be built of cane, which, however strong to support the passenger, are yet waved in the agitation of the storm, and frequently add to the effect of a mountainous and picturesque scenery. [Footnote in first edition]

The Mammoth comes That I am justified in making the Indian chief allude to the mammoth as an emblem of terror and destruction, will be seen by the authority quoted below. Speaking of the mammoth, or big buffalo, Mr Jefferson states that a tradition is preserved among the Indians of that animal still existing in the northern parts of America —

'A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the governor of Virginia during the revolution, on matters

of business the governor asked them some questions relative to their country and among others what they knew or had heard of the animal whose bones were found at the Saltlicks on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put him self into an attitude of oratory and with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject informed him that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Buck bone-lick and began an universal destruction of the bear deer elk buffalo and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians. That the Great Man above looking down and seeing this was so enraged that he seized his lightning descended on the earth seated him self on a neighbouring mountain on a rock of which he seat and the prints of his feet are still to be seen and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered except the big bull who presenting his forehead to the shaft shook them off as they fell but missing one at length it wounded him in the side whereon springing round he bounded over the Ohio over the Wabash the Illinois and finally over the great lake where he is living at this day —Jefferson's Notes on Virginia

NOTE TO STANZA VI PART III

Alluding to the miseries that attended the American Civil War
[Footnote in first edition]

NOTE TO STANZA XIV PART III

Cougar The American tyger [Footnote in first edition]

NOTES TO STANZA XVII PART III

*Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bride
Gadest Brandt himself I went to battle forth*

I took the character of Brandt in the poem of *Certrude* from the common Histories of England all of which represented him as a bloody and bad man (even among savages) and chief agent in the horrible desolation of Wyoming. Some years after this poem appeared the son of Brandt a most interesting and intelligent youth came over to England and I formed an acquaintance with him on which I still look back with pleasure. He appealed to my sense of honour and justice on his own part and on that of his sister to retract the unfair aspersions which unconscious of their unfairness I had cast on his father a memory

He then referred me to documents which completely satisfied me that the common accounts of Brandt's cruelties at Wyoming, which I had found in books of Travels and in Adolphus's and similar Histories of England, were gross errors, and that, in point of fact, Brandt was not even present at that scene of desolation.

It is, unhappily, to Britons and Anglo-Americans that we must refer the chief blame in this horrible business. I published a letter expressing this belief in the *New Monthly Magazine*, in the year 1822, to which I must refer the reader—if he has any curiosity on the subject—for an antidote to my fanciful description of Brandt. Among other expressions to young Brandt, I made use of the following words:—‘Had I learnt all this of your father when I was writing my poem, he should not have figured in it as the hero of mischief.’ It was but bare justice to say thus much of a Mohawk Indian, who spoke English eloquently, and was thought capable of having written a history of the Six Nations. I ascertained also that he often strove to mitigate the cruelty of Indian warfare. The name of Brandt, therefore, remains in my poem a pure and declared character of fiction.

[The foregoing note, needless to say, did not appear in the first edition. The note in the first edition, which it cancelled, was as follows:—]

This Brandt was a warrior of the Mohawk nation, who was engaged to allure by bribes, or to force by threats, many Indian tribes to the expedition against Pennsylvania. His blood, I believe, was not purely Indian, but half German. He disgraced, however, his European descent by more than savage ferocity. Among many anecdotes which are given of him, the following is extracted from a traveller in America already quoted: ‘With a considerable body of his troops he joined the troops under the command of Sir John Johnson. A skirmish took place with a body of American troops, the action was warm, and Brandt was shot by a musket-ball in his heel, but the Americans in the end were defeated, and an officer with sixty men were taken prisoners. The officer, after having delivered up his sword, had entered into conversation with Sir John Johnson, who commanded the British troops, and they were talking together in the most friendly manner, when Brandt, having stolen slyly behind them, laid the American officer low with a blow of his tomohawk. The indignation of Sir John Johnson, as may be readily supposed, was roused by such an act of treachery, and he resented it in the warmest terms. Brandt listened to him unconcernedly, and, when he had finished, told him that he was sorry for his displeasure, but that, indeed, his heel was extremely painful at the moment, and he could not help revenging himself

on the only chief of the party that he saw taken. Since he had killed the officer, he added, his heel was much less painful to him than it had been before. —Weld's *Travels*, vol. ii, p. 29

To whom nor relative nor blood remains

No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!

Every one who recollects the specimen of Indian eloquence given in the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, to the Governor of Virginia, will perceive that I have attempted to paraphrase its concluding and most striking expression—There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. The similar salutation of the fictitious personage in my story and the real Indian orator makes it surely allowable to borrow such an expression, and if it appears as it cannot but appear to be, an advantage than in the original. I beg the reader to reflect how difficult it is to transpose such exquisitely simple words without sacrificing a portion of their effect.

In the spring of 1764 a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia by two Indians of the Shawanec tribe. The neighbouring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary manner. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people, collected a party and proceeded down the Kanaway in quest of vengeance. Unfortunately a canoe with women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore unarmed and unsuspecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river and the moment the canoe reached the shore singled out their objects and at one fire killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as a friend to the white. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance. He accordingly signalled himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the great Kanaway in which the collected forces of the Shawanec, Mingo, and Delawares were defeated by a detachment of the Virginian militia. The Indians sued for peace. Logan however declined to be seen among the suppliants, but lest the sincerity of a treaty should be disturbed from which so distinguished a chief abstracted himself, he sent by a messenger the following speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore—

I appeal to any white man if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not to eat, if ever he came cold and

hungry, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, "Logan is the friend of white men." I have even thought to have lived with you but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, murdered all the relations of Logan, even my women and children.

'There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature —this called on me for revenge. I have fought for it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. —For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace, —but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. —Who is there to mourn for Logan? not one.' —*Jefferson's Notes on Virginia*

THEODRIC

A DOMESTIC TALL

(First published 1824)

TWAS sunset and the *Lan des Laches* was sung
And bghts were o'er the Helvetian mountains flung
That gave the glacier tops their richest glow
And tinged the lakes like molten gold below
Warmth flushed the wonted regions of the storm
Where phoenix like you saw the eagle's form
That hugh in heaven's vermilion wheeled and soared
Woods nearer frowned and cataracts dashed and
roared

From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin
Herds tinkling roamed the long drawn vales between
And hamlets glittered white and gardens flourished
green

11

Twas transport to inhale the bright sweet air !
The mountain bee was reveling in its glare
And roving with his minstrelsy across
The scented wild weeds and enamelled moss
Earth's features so harmoniously were linked
She seemed one great glad form with life instinct
That felt Heaven's ardent breath and smiled below
Its flush of love with consentaneous glow

A Gothic church was near the spot around
Was beautiful even though sepulchral ground
For there nor yew nor eypress spread their gloom
But roses blossomed by each rustie tomb

Amidst them one of spotless marble shone—
 A maiden's grave—and 'twas inscribed thereon
 That young and loved she died whose dust was there

' Yes,' said my comrade, ' young she died, and fair '
 Grace formed her, and the soul of gladness played
 Once in the blue eyes of that mountain-maid
 Her fingers witched the chords they passed along, 30
 And her lips seemed to kiss the soul in song
 Yet, wooed and worshipped as she was, till few
 Aspired to hope, 'twas sadly, strangely true,
 That heart, the martyr of its fondness, burned
 And died of love that could not be returned

Her father dwelt where yonder castle shines
 O'er clustering trees and terrace-mantling vines
 As gay as ever the laburnum's pride
 Waves o'er each walk where she was wont to glide ,
 And still the garden whence she gazed her brow 40
 As lovely blooms, though trod by strangers now
 How oft, from yonder window o'er the lake,
 Her song of wild Helvetian swell and shake
 Has made the rudest fisher bend his ear
 And rest enchanted on his oar to hear '
 Thus bright, accomplished, spirited, and bland,
 Well-born, and wealthy for that simple land,
 Why had no gallant native youth the art
 To win so warm, so exquisite a heart ?
 She, 'midst these rocks inspired with feelings strong 50
 By mountain-freedom—music—fancy—song,
 Herself descended from the brave in arms,
 And conscious of romance-inspiring charms,
 Dreamt of heroic beings , hoped to find
 Some extant spirit of chivalric kind ,
 And, scorning wealth, looked cold even on the claim
 Of manly worth that lacked the wreath of fame

Her younger brother sixteen summers old
 And much her likeness both in mind and mould
 Had gone poor boy ' in soldiership to shine 60
 And bore an Austrian banner on the Rhine
 'Twas when alas ' our Empire a evil star
 Shed all the plagues without the pride of war
 When patriots bled and bitterer anguish crossed
 Our brave to die in battles foully lost
 The youth wrote home the rout of many a day
 Yet still he said and still with truth could say
 One corps had ever made a valiant stand —
 The corps in which he served—Theodric's band
 His fame forgotten chief is now gone by 65
 Eclipsed by brighter orbs in glory's sky
 Yet once it shone and veterans when they show
 Our fields of battle twenty years ago
 Will tell you feats his small brigade performed
 In charges nobly faced and trenches stormed
 Time was when songs were chanted to his fame
 And soldiers loved the march that bore his name
 The zeal of martial hearts was at his call
 And that Helvetian Udolph a most of all
 'Twas touching when the storm of war blew wild 80
 To see a blooming boy almost a child
 Spur fearless at his leader's words and signs
 Brave death in reconnoitring hostile lines
 And speed each task and tell each message clear
 In scenes where war-trained men were stunned with
 fear

Theodric praised him and they wept for joy
 In yonder house when letters from the boy
 Thanked Heaven for life and more to use his
 phrase
 Than twenty lives—his own Commander's praise

Then followed glowing pages, blazoning forth 90
 The fancied image of his leader's worth,
 With such hyperboles of youthful style
 As made his parents dry their tears and smile
 But differently far his words impressed
 A wondering sister's well-believing breast,
 She caught the illusion, blessed Theodric's name,
 And wildly magnified his worth and fame.
 Rejoicing life's reality contained
 One, heretofore, her fancy had but feigned,
 Whose love could make her proud,—and time and
 chance 100
 To passion raised that day-dream of romance

Once, when with hasty charge of horse and man
 Our arrière-guard had checked the Gallic van,
 Theodric, visiting the outposts, found
 His Udolph, wounded, weltering on the ground
 Sore crushed, half-swooning, half-upraised he lay,
 And bent his brow, fair boy! and grasped the clay.
 His fate moved even the common soldiers' ruth
 Theodric succoured him, nor left the youth
 To vulgar hands, but brought him to his tent 110
 And lent what aid a brother would have lent

Meanwhile, to save his kindred half the smart
 The war-gazette's dread blood-roll might impart,
 He wrote the event to them, and soon could tell
 Of pains assuaged, and symptoms auguring well,
 And last of all, prognosticating cure,
 Enclosed the leech's vouching signature

Their answers, on whose pages you might note
 That tears had fallen, whilst trembling fingers wrote
 Gave boundless thanks for benefits conferred, 120
 (Of which the boy, in secret, sent them word)

Whose memory time they said would never blot
But which the giver had himself forgot

In time the stripling vigorous and healed
Resumed his barb and banner in the field
And bore himself right soldier like till now
The third campaign had manlier bronzed his brow
When peace though but a scanty pause for breath
A curtain drop between the nets of death
A check in frantic wars unfinished game 130
Yet dearly bought and direly welcome came
The camp broke up and Udolph left his chief
As with a son's or younger brother's grief
But journeying home how rapt his spirits rose !
How light his footsteps crushed St Gothard's snows !
How dear seemed even the waste and wild Shreck
horn

Though wrapt in clouds and frowning as in scorn
Upon a downward world of pastoral charms
Where by the very smell of dairy farms
And fragrance from the mountain herbage blown 140
Blindfold his native hills he could have known !

His coming down yon lake—his boat in view
Of windows where love's fluttering kerchief flew—
The arms spread out for him the tears that burst
(Twas Julia's twas his sister's met him first)—
Their pride to see war's medal at his breast
And all their raptures greeting—may be guessed

Ere long his bosom triumphed to unfold
A gift he meant their gayest room to hold—
The picture of a friend in warlike dress 150
And who it was he first bade Julia guess

Yes she replied twas he methought in sleep
When you were wounded told me not to weep

The painting long in that sweet mansion drew
 Regards its living semblance little knew

Meanwhile Theodric, who had years before
 Leant England's tongue, and loved her classic lore,
 A glad enthusiast, now explored the land,
 Where Nature, Freedom, Art smile hand in hand
 Her women fair, her men robust for toil, 160
 Her vigorous souls, high-cultured as her soil
 Her towns, where civic independence flings
 The gauntlet down to senates, courts, and kings
 Her works of art, resembling magic's powers,
 Her mighty fleets, and learning's beauteous bowers—
 These he had visited, with wonder's smile,
 And scarce endured to quit so fair an isle
 But how our fates from unmomentous things
 May rise, like rivers out of little springs '
 A trivial chance postponed his parting day, 170
 And public tidings caused, in that delay,
 An English jubilee 'Twas a glorious sight '
 At eve stupendous London, clad in light,
 Poured out triumphant multitudes to gaze,
 Youth, age, wealth, penury smiling in the blaze,
 The illumined atmosphere was warm and bland,
 And Beauty's groups, the fairest of the land,
 Conspeuous, as in some wide festive room,
 In open chariots passed with pearl and plume
 Amidst them he remarked a lovelier men 180
 Than e'en his thoughts had shaped, or eyes had seen,
 The throng detained her till he reined his steed,
 And, ere the beauty passed, had time to read
 The motto and the arms her carriage bore
 Led by that clue, he left not England's shore
 Till he had known her and to know her well
 Prolonged, exalted, bound enchantment's spell,

For with affections warm intense refined
 She mixed such calm and holy strength of mind
 That like Heaven's image in the smiling brook 190
 Celestial peace was pictured in her look
 Hers was the brow in trials unperplexed
 That cheered the sad and tranquillized the vexed
 She studied not the meanest to eclipse
 And yet the wisest listened to her lips
 She sang not knew not music's magic skill
 But yet her voice had tones that swayed the will
 He sought—he won her—and resolved to make
 His future home in England for her sake

Yet ere they wedded matters of concern 200
 To Caesar's court commanded his return
 A season's space—and on his Alpine way
 He reached those bowers that rang with joy that day
 The boy was half beside himself the sire
 All frankness honour and Helvetian fire
 Of speedy parting would not hear him speak
 And tears bedewed and brightened Julia's cheek

Thus loth to wound their hospitable pride
 A month he promised with them to abide
 As blithe he trod the mountain sward as they 210
 And felt his joy make even the young more gay
 How jocund was their breakfast parlour fanned
 By yon blue water's breath ' their walks how bland '
 Fair Julia seemed her brother's softened sprite
 A gem reflecting Nature's purest light
 And with her graceful wit there was inwrought
 A wildly sweet unworldliness of thought
 That almost childlike to his kindness drew
 And twin with Udolph in his friendship grew
 But did his thoughts to love one moment range ? 220
 No ! he who had loved Constance could not change ! 225

Besides, till grief betrayed her undesigned
The unlikely thought could scarcely reach his mind
That eyes so young on years like his should beam
Unwooded devotion back for pure esteem

True, she sang to his very soul, and brought
Those trains before him of luxuriant thought
Which only music's heaven-born art can bring,
To sweep across the mind with angel wing
Once, as he smiled amidst that waking trance, 230
She paused o'ercome he thought it might be chance,
And, when his first suspicions dimly stole,
Rebuked them back like phantoms from his soul
But, when he saw his caution gave her pain,
And kindness brought suspense's rack again,
Faith, honour, friendship bound him to unmask
Truths which her timid fondness feared to ask

And yet with gracefully ingenuous power
Her spirit met the explanatory hour,
Even conscious beauty brightened in her eyes, 240
That told she knew their love no vulgar prize,
And pride, like that of one more woman-grown,
Enlarged her mien, enriched her voice's tone
'Twas then she struck the keys, and music made
That mocked all skill her hand had e'er displayed
Inspired and warbling, rapt from things around,
She looked the very Muse of magic sound,
Painting in sound the forms of joy and woe,
Until the mind's eye saw them melt and glow
Her closing strain composed and calm she played 250
And sang no words to give its pathos and,
But grief seemed lingering in its lengthened swell,
And like so many tears the trickling touches fell
Of Constance then she heard Theodric speak,
And steadfast smoothness still possessed her cheek

But when he told her how he oft had planned
 Of old a journey to their mountain land
 That might have brought him hither years before
 Ah ! then she cried you knew not England's
 shore

And had you come—and wherefore did you not ? 60
 Yes he replied it would have changed our lot !
 Then burst her tears through pride's restraining
 bands

And with her handkerchief and both her hands
 She hid her face and wept Contrition stung
 Theodric for the tears his words had wrung

But no she cried unsay not what you've said
 Nor grudge one prop on which my pride is stayed
 To think I could have merited your faith
 Shall be my solace even unto death !

Juha Theodric said with purposed look 0
 Of firmness my reply deserved rebuke
 But by your pure and sacred peace of mind
 And by the dignity of womankind
 Swear that when I am gone you'll do your best
 To chase this dream of fondness from your breast {

The abrupt appeal electrified her thought
 She looked to Heaven as if its aid she sought
 Dried hastily the tear drops from her cheek
 And signified the vow she could not speak }

Ere long he communed with her mother mild 80
 Alas ! she said I warned—conjured my child
 And grieved for this affection from the first
 But like fatality it has been nursed
 For when her filled eyes on your picture fixed
 And when your name in all she spoke was mixed
 'Twas hard to elude an over grateful mind !
 Then each attempt a livelier choice to find

Made only fresh-rejected suitors grieve,
 And Udolph's pride—perhaps her own believe
 That, could she meet, she might enchant even you 290
 You came I augured the event, 'tis true,
 But how was Udolph's mother to exclude
 The guest that claimed our boundless gratitude?
 And that unconscious you had cast a spell
 On Julia's peace, my pride refused to tell
 Yet in my child's illusion I have seen,
 Believe me well, how blameless you have been
 Nor can it cancel, howsoever it end,
 Our debt of friendship to our boy's best friend
 At night he parted with the aged pair, 300
 At early morn rose Julia to prepare
 The last repast her hands for him should make,
 And Udolph to convoy him o'er the lake
 The parting was to her such bitter grief
 That of her own accord she made it brief
 But, lingering at her window, long surveyed
 His boat's last glimpses melting into shade

Theodric sped to Austria, and achieved
 His journey's object Much was he relieved
 When Udolph's letters told that Julia's mind 310
 Had born his loss firm, tranquil, and resigned
 He took the Rhenish route to England, high
 Elate with hopes, fulfilled their ecstasy,
 And interchanged with Constance's own breath
 The sweet eternal vows that bound their faith

To paint that being to a grovelling mind
 Were like portraying pictures to the blind
 'Twas needful even infectiously to feel
 Her temper's fond and firm and gladsome zeal,
 To share existence with her, and to gain 320
 Sparks from her love's electrifying chain

Of that pure pride which lessening to her breast
Life's ills gave all its joys a treble zest
Before the mind completely understood

That mighty truth—how happy are the good !

Then when her light forsook him it bequeathed
Ennobling sorrow and her memory breathed
A sweetness that survived her living days
As odorous scents outlast the censer's blaze

Or if a trouble dimmed their golden joy 330
Twas outward dross and not infused alloy
Their home knew but affection's looks and speech—
A little Heaven above dissension's reach
But midst her kindred there was strife and gall
Save one congenial sister they were ill
Such foils to her bright intellect and grace
As if she had engrossed the virtue of her race
Her nature strove the unnatural feuds to heal
Her wisdom made the weak to her appeal
And though the wounds she cured were soon unclosed
Unwearied still her kindness interposed 341

Oft on those errands though she went in vain
And home a blank without her gave him pain
He bore her absence for its pious end
But public grief his spirit came to bend
For war laid waste his native land once more
And German honour bled at every pore
Oh ! were he there he thought to rally back
One broken band or perish in the wrack !
Nor think that Constance sought to move or melt 350
His purpose like herself she spoke and felt—

Your fame is mine and I will bear all woe
Except its loss !—but with you let me go
To arm you for to embrace you from the fight
Harm will not reach me—hazards will delight !

He knew those hazards better one campaign
In England he conjured her to remain,
And she expressed assent, although her heart
In secret had resolved they should not part

How oft the wisest on misfortune's shelves 360
Are wrecked by errors most unlike themselves '
That little fault, that fraud of love's romance,
That plan's concealment, wrought their whole mis-
chance

He knew it not, preparing to embark
But felt extinct his comfort's latest spark
When, 'midst those numbered days, she made repair
Again to kindred worthless of her care
'Tis true she said the tidings she could write
Would make her absence on his heart sit light ,
But, haplessly, revealed not yet her plan, 370
And left him in his home a lonely man

Thus damped in thoughts he mused upon the
past

'Twas long since he had heard from Udolph last,
And deep misgivings on his spirit fell
That all with Udolph's household was not well
'Twas that too true prophetic mood of fear
That augurs griefs inevitably near,
Yet makes them not less startling to the mind
When come Least looked-for then of human kind,
His Udolph ('twas, he thought at first, his sprite) 380
With mournful joy that morn surprised his sight
How changed was Udolph ! Scarcely Theodric durst
Inquire his tidings , he revealed the worst
' At first,' he said, ' as Julia bade me tell,
She bore her fate high-mindedly and well,
Resolved from common eyes her grief to hide,
And from the world's compassion saved our pride ,

But still her health gave way to secret woe
And long she pined—for broken hearts die slow '
Her reason went but came returning like 390
The warning of her death hour—soon to strike
And all for which she now poor sufferer ' sighs
Is once to see Theodric ere she dies
Why should I come to tell you this caprice ?
Forgive me ' for my mind has lost its peace
I blame myself and neer shall cease to blame
That my insane ambition for the name
Of brother to Theodric founded all
Those high built hopes that crushed her by their fall
I made her slight her mother's counsel sage 400
But now my parents droop with grief and age
And though my sister's eyes mean no rebuke
They overwhelm me with their dying look
The journey's long but you are full of ruth
And she who shares your heart and knows its
truth
Has faith in your affection far above
The fear of a poor dying object's love
She has my Udolph he replied tis true
And oft we talk of Julia—oft of you
Their converse came abruptly to a close 410
For scarce could each his troubled looks compose
When visitants to Constance near akin
(In all but traits of soul) were ushered in
They brought not her nor midst their kindred band
The sister who alone like her was bland
But said—and smiled to see it gave him pain
That Constance would a fortnight yet remain
Vexed by their tidings and the haughty view
They cast on Udolph as the youth withdrew
Theodric blamed his Constance's intent 420
The demons went and left him as they went

To read, when they were gone beyond recall,
 A note from her loved hand explaining all
 She said that with their house she only stayed
 That parting peace might with them all be made ;
 But prayed for love to share his foreign life
 And shun all future chance of kindred strife
 He wrote with speed his soul's consent to say
 The letter missed her on her homeward way
 In six hours Constance was within his arms 430
 Moved, flushed, unlike her wonted calm of charms
 And breathless—with uplifted hands outspread—
 Burst into tears upon his neck, and said—
 ' I knew that those who brought your message laughed.
 With poison of their own to point the shaft ,
 And this my one kind sister thought, yet loth
 Confessed she feared 'twas true you had been wroth
 But here you are, and smile on me my pain
 Is gone, and Constance is herself again '
 His ecstasy, it may be guessed, was much, 440
 Yet pain's extreme and pleasure's seemed to touch
 What pride ! embracing beauty's perfect mould ,
 What terror ! lest his few rash words, untold
 Had agonized her pulse to fever's heat
 But, calmed again, so soon it healthful beat
 And such sweet tones were in her voice's sound
 Composed herself, she breathed composure round

Fair being ! with what sympathetic grace
 She heard, bewailed, and pleaded Julia's case
 Implored he would her dying wish attend, 450
 ' And go,' she said, ' to-morrow with your friend ,
 I'll wait for your return on England's shore
 And then we'll cross the deep, and part no more '

To-morrow both his soul's compassion drew
 To Julia's call, and Constance urged anew

That not to heed her now would be to bind
 A load of pain for life upon his mind
 He went with Udolph—from his Constance went—
 Stifling alas ! a dark presentiment
 Some ailment lurked even whilst she smiled to
 mock 460
 His fears of harm from yester morning's shock
 Meanwhile a faithful page he singled out
 To watch at home and follow straight his route
 If aught of threatened change her health should
 show
 With Udolph then he reached the house of woe

That winter's eve how darkly Nature's brow
 Scowled on the scenes it lights so lovely now !
 The tempest raging o'er the realms of ice
 Shook fragments from the rifted precipice
 And whilst their falling echoed to the wind 40
 The wolf's long howl in dismal discord joined
 While white yon waters foam was raised in clouds
 That whirled like spirits wailing in their shrouds
 Without was Nature's elemental din—
 And beauty died and friendship wept within !

Sweet Julia though her fate was finished half
 Still knew him—smiled on him with feeble laugh—
 And blessed him till she drew her latest sigh !
 But lo ! while Udolph's bursts of agony
 And age's tremulous wailings round him rose 480
 What accents pierced him deeper yet than those ?
 'Twas tidings by his English messenger
 Of Constance—brief and terrible they were
 She still was living when the page set out
 From home but whether now was left in doubt
 Poor Julia ! saw he then thy death's relief
 Stunned into stupor more than wrung with grief ?

It was not strange, for in the human breast
 Two master-passions cannot co-exist,
 And that alarm which now usurped his brain 490
 Shut out, not only peace, but other pain
 'Twas faneing Constance underneath the shroud
 That covered Julia made him first weep loud,
 And tear himself away from them that wept
 Fast hurrying homeward, night nor day he slept,
 Till, launched at sea, he dreamt that his soul's saint
 Clung to him on a bridge of ice, pale, faint.
 O'er cataacts of blood Awake, he blessed
 The shore, nor hope left utterly his breast,
 Till reaching home, terrific omen ' there 500
 The straw-laid street preluded his despair
 The servant's look—the table that revealed
 His letter sent to Constance last, still sealed—
 Though speech and hearing left him, told too clear
 That he had now to suffer—not to fear
 He felt as if he ne'er should cease to feel—
 A wretch live-broken on misfortune's wheel
 Her death's cause—he might make his peace with
 Heaven,
 Absolved from guilt, but never self-forgiven

The ocean has its ebbings—so has grief, 510
 'Twas vent to anguish, if 'twas not relief
 To lay his brow e'en on her death-cold cheek
 Then first he heard her one kind sister speak
 She bade him, in the name of Heaven, forbear
 With self-reproach to deepen his despair
 ' 'Twas blame,' she said, ' I shudder to relate
 But none of yours, that caused our darling's fate,
 Her mother (must I call her such ?) foresaw,
 Should Constance leave the land, she would with-
 draw

Our House's charm against the world's neglect— 50
 The only gem that drew it some respect
 Hence when you went she came and vainly spoke
 To change her purpose—grew incensed and broke
 With execrations from her kneeling child
 Start not! your angel from her knee rose mild
 Feared that she should not long the scene outlive
 Yet bade e'en you the unnatural one forgive
 Till then her ailment had been slight or none
 But fast she drooped and fatal pains came on
 Foreseeing their event she dictated 530
 And signed these words for you The letter said—

Theodric this is destiny above
 Our power to baffle bear it then my love!
 Rave not to learn the usage I have borne
 For one true sister left me not forlorn
 And though you're absent in another land
 Sent from me by my own well meant command
 Your soul I know as firm is knit to mine
 As these clasped hands in blessing you now join
 Shape not imagined horrors in my fate— 540
 E'en now my sufferings are not very great
 And when your grief's first transports shall subside
 I call upon your strength of soul and pride
 To pay my memory if 'tis worth the debt
 Love's glorying tribute—not forlorn regret
 I charge my name with power to conjure up
 Reflection's balmy not its bitter cup
 My pardoning angel at the gates of Heaven
 Shall look not more regard than you have given
 To me and our life's union has been clad 550
 In smiles of bliss as sweet as life e'er had
 Shall gloom be from such bright remembrance cast?
 Shall bitterness outflow from sweetness past?

No ' imaged in the sanctuary of your breast,
 There let me smile, amidst high thoughts at rest,
 And let contentment on your spirit shine,
 As if its peace were still a part of mine
 For if you war not proudly with your pain,
 For you I shall have worse than lived in vain
 But I conjure your manliness to bear 560
 My loss with noble spirit—not despair
 I ask you by our love to promise this,
 And kiss these words, where I have left a kiss,—
 The latest from my living lips for yours ' -

Words that will solace him while life endures
 For, though his spirit from affliction's surge
 Could ne'er to life, as life had been, emerge,
 Yet still that mind whose harmony elate
 Rang sweetness, even beneath the crush of fate,
 That mind in whose regard all things were placed 570
 In views that softened them, or lights that graced,
 That soul's example could not but dispense
 A portion of its own blessed influence,
 Invoking him to peace, and that self-sway
 Which Fortune cannot give, nor take away
 And, though he mourned her long, 'twas with such woe
 As if her spirit watched him still below

NOTES TO THEODRIC

NOTE TO LINE 3

That gave the glacier-tops their richest glow

The sight of the glaciers of Switzerland, I am told, has often disappointed travellers who had perused the accounts of their splendour and sublimity given by Bourrit and other describers of Swiss scenery. Possibly Bourrit, who had spent his life in an enamoured familiarity with the beauties of Nature in Switzerland,

may have leaned to the romantic side of description. One can pardon a man for a sort of idolatry of those imposing objects of Nature which lighten our ideas of the beauty of Nature or Providence when we reflect that the glaciers—those seas of ice—are not only sublime but useful—they are the inexhaustible reservoirs which supply the principal rivers of Europe—and their annual melting in proportion to the summer heat which dries up those rivers and makes them need that supply.

That the picturesque grandeur of the glaciers should sometimes disappoint the traveller will not seem surprising to any one who has been much in a mountainous country and recollect that the beauty of Nature in such countries is not only variable but capriciously dependent on the weather and season. There are about four hundred different glaciers according to the computation of M. Bourrit between Mont Blanc and the frontier of the Tyrol. The full effect of the most lofty and picturesque of them can of course only be produced by the richest and warmest light of the atmosphere—and the very least which illuminates them must have a changing influence on many of their appearances. I imagine it is owing to this circumstance namely the casualty and changeableness of the appearance of some of the glaciers that the impression made by them on the mind of other and more transient travellers have been less enchanting than those described by M. Bourrit. On one occasion M. Bourrit seemed even to speak of a past phenomenon and certainly one which no other pretator attests in the same terms when he says that there once existed between the Hannli Steig and Lauterbrunn a passage amidst singular glaciers, sometimes resembling magical towns of ice with pilasters, pyramidal columns and obelisks reflecting to the sun the most brilliant hues of the finest gem.

M. Bourrit's description of the Glacier of the Rhone is quite enchanting—To form an idea, he says, of this superb spectacle fix in your mind a scaffolding of transparent ice filling a space of two miles rising to the clouds and darting flashes of light like the sun. Nor were the several parts less magnificent and surprising. One might see as it were the streets and buildings of a city erected in the form of an amphitheatre and embellished with pieces of water cascades and torrents. The effects were as prodigious as the immensity and the height—the most beautiful azure the most splendid white the regular appearance of a thousand pyramids of ice—are more easy to be imagined than described.—Bourrit in 103

* Occupying if taken together a surface of 130 square leagues
CAMPBELL

NOTE TO LINE 9

From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin

Laboide, in his *Tableau de la Suisse*, gives a curious account of this animal, the wild sharp cry and elastic movements of which must heighten the picturesque appearance of its haunts — ‘Nature,’ says Laborde, ‘has destined it to mountains covered with snow if it is not exposed to keen cold it becomes blind Its agility in leaping much surpasses that of the chamois, and would appear incredible to those who have not seen it There is not a mountain so high or steep to which it will not trust itself provided it has room to place its feet, it can scramble along the highest wall, if its surface be rugged’

NOTE TO LINE 15

Enamelled moss

The moss of Switzerland, as well as that of the Tyrol, is remarkable for a bright smoothness approaching to the appearance of enamel

NOTE TO LINE 136

How dear seemed even the waste and wild Shreckhorn

The Shreckhorn means, in German, the Peak of Terror

NOTE TO LINE 141

Blindfold his native hills he would have known’

I have here availed myself of a striking expression of the Emperor Napoleon respecting his recollections of Corsica which is recorded in Las Cases’ *History of the Emperor’s Abode at St Helena*

THE PILGRIM OF GLENCOE

(First published in 1842)

THE sunset sheds a horizontal smile
O'er Highland frith and Hebridean isle
While gale with gambols of its finny shoals
The glancing wave rejoices as it rolls
With streamered busses that distinctly shine
All downward pictured in the glassy brine
Whose crews with faces brightening in the sun
Keep measure with their oars and all in one
Strike up the old Gaelic song Sweep rowers sweep !
The fisher's glorious spoils are in the deep 10

Day sinks but twilight owes the traveller soon
To reach his bourne a round unclouded moon
Bespeaking long undarkened hours of time
False hope ! the Scots are steadfast—not their clime
A war-worn soldier from the western land
Seeks Cona's vale by Ballihoula's strand —
The vale by eagle haunted cliffs o'erhung
Where Fingal fought and Ossian's harp was strung
Our veteran's forehead bronzed on sultry plains
Had stood the brunt of thirty fought campaigns 20
He well could vouch the sad romance of wars
And count the dates of battles by his scars
For he had served where o'er and o'er again
Britannia's oriflamme had lit the plain
Of glory—and victorious stamped her name
On Oudenarde's and Blenheim's fields of fame

Nine times in battle field his blood had streamed,
 Yet vivid still his veteran blue eye gleamed ,
 Full well he bore his knapsack—unoppressed—
 And marched with soldier-like erect crest 30
 Nor sign of even loquacious age he wore,
 Save when he told his life's adventures o'er
 Some tired of these , for terms to him were dear
 Too tactical by far for vulgar ear ,
 As when he talked of rampart and ravine,
 And trenches fenced with gabion and fascine
 But when his theme possessed him all and whole,
 He scorned proud puzzling words and warmed the
 soul ,

Hushed groups hung on his lips with fond surprise,
 That sketched old scenes like pictures to their eyes
 The wide war-plain, with banners glowing bright, 40
 And bayonets to the farthest stretch of sight
 The pause, more dreadful than the peal to come
 From volleys blazing at the beat of drum,
 Till all the fields of thundering lines became
 Two level and confronted sheets of flame
 Then to the charge, when Marlbro's hot pursuit
 Trod France's gilded lilies underfoot,
 He came and kindled—and with martial lung
 Would chant the very march their trumpets sung 50

The old soldier hoped, ere evening's light should fail,
 To reach a home south-east of Cona's vale ,
 But, looking at Ben Nevis, capped with snow,
 He saw its mists come curling down below
 And spread white darkness o'er the sunset glow
 Fast rolling like tempestuous Ocean's spray,
 Or clouds from troops in battle's fiery day,
 So dense, his quarry 'scaped the falcon's sight ,
 The owl alone exulted, hating light

Benighted thus our pilgrim groped his ground 60
Half twixt the river's and the cataract's sound
At last a sheep dog's bark informed his ear
Some human habitation might be near
Anon sheep bleatings rose from rock to rock —
Twas Luath hounding to their fold the flock
Ere long the cock's obstreperous clarion rang
And next a maid's sweet voice that spinning sang
At last amidst the greensward (gladsome sight ')
A cottage stood with straw roof golden bright

He knocked was welcomed in None asked his
name 0

Nor whither he was bound nor whence he came
But he was beckoned to the stranger's seat
Right side the chimney fire of blazing peat
Blest hospitality makes not her home
In walled parl's and castellated dome
She flies the city's needy greedy crowd
And shuns still more the mansions of the proud—
The balm of savage or of simple life
A wild flower cut by culture's polished knife '

The house no common sordid shivering cot 80
Spoke inmates of a comfortable lot
The Jacobite white rose festooned their door
The windows sashed and glazed the oaken floor
The chimney graced with antlers of the deer
The rafters hung with meat for winter cheer
And all the mansion indicated plain
Its master a superior shepherd swain

Their supper came the table soon was spread
With eggs and milk and cheese and barley bread
The family were three—a father hoar 90
Whose age you'd guess at seventy years or more

His son looked fifty , cheerful like her lord,
 His comely wife presided at the board
 All three had that peculiar courtcous grace
 Which marks the meanest of the Highland race—
 Warm hearts that burn alike in weal and woe,
 As if the north wind fanned their bosom's glow '

But wide unlike their souls old Norman's eye
 Was proudly savage even in courtesy
 His sinewy shoulders each, though aged and lean,
 Broad as the curled Herculean head between 101
 His scornful lip, his eyes of yellow fire,
 And nostrils that dilated quick with ire,
 With ever downward-slanting shaggy brows,
 Marked the old lion you would dread to rouse
 Norman, in truth, had led his earlier life
 In raids of red revenge and feudal strife
 Religious duty in revenge he saw
 Proud Honour's right and Nature's honest law ,
 First in the charge, and foremost in pursuit 110
 Long-breathed, deep-chested, and in speed of foot
 A match for stags—still fleetier when the prey
 Was man, in persecution's evil day
 Cheered to that chase by brutal bold Dundee
 No Highland hound had lapped more blood than he
 Oft had he changed the Covenanters' breath
 From strains of psalmody to howls of death ,
 And, though long bound to peace, it nked him still
 His dirk had ne'er one hated foe to kill

Yet Norman had fierce virtues that would mock 120
 Cold-blooded Tories of the modern stock
 Who starve the breadless poor with fraud and cant ,
 He slew, and saved them from the pangs of want
 Ncr was his solitary lawless charm
 Mere dauntlessness of soul and strength of arm ,

He had his moods of kindness now and then
And feasted even well mannered Lowland men
Who blew not up his Jacobitish flame
Nor prefaced with pretender Charles's name
Fierce but by sense and kindness not unwon 130
He loved respected even his wiser son
And brooked from him expostulations sage
When all advisers else were spurned with rage
For happier times had moulded Ronald's mind
By nature too of more sagacious kind
His breadth of brow and Poman shape of chin
Squared well with the firm man that reigned within
Contemning strife as childishness he stood
With neighbours on kind terms of neighbourhood
And whilst his father's anger nought availed 140
His rational remonstrance never failed
Till skilfully he managed farm and fold
Wrote ciphered profitably bought and sold
And blessed with pastoral leisure deeply took
Delight to be informed by speech or book
Of that wide world beyond his mountain home
Where oft his curious fancy loved to roam
Oft while his faithful dog ran round his flock
He read long hours when summer warmed the rock
Guests who could tell him aught were welcomed warm
Even pedlars' news had to his mind a charm 151
That like an intellectual magnet stone
Drew truth from judgements simpler than his own
His soul's proud instinct sought not to enjoy
Romantic fictions like a minstrel boy
Truth standing on her solid square from youth
He worshipped—stern uncompromising truth
His goddess kinder smiled on him to find
A votary of her light in land so blind

She bade majestic history unroll 165
 Broad views of public welfare to his soul,
 Until he looked on clannish feuds and foes
 With scorn, as on the wais of kites and crows,
 Whilst doubts assailed him, o'er and o'er again,
 If men were made for kings or kings for men
 At last, to Norman's horror and dismay,
 He flat denied the Stuarts' right to sway

No blow-pipe ever whitened furnace fire
 Quick as these words lit up his father's ire,
 Who envied even old Abraham for his faith, 170
 Ordained to put his only son to death
 He started up ' in such a mood of soul
 The white bear bites his showman's stirring pole,
 He danced too, and brought out, with snarl and howl,
 ' O Dia ' Dia ' and Dioul ' Dioul ' '

But sense foils fury as the blowing whale
 Spouts, bleeds, and dyes the waves without avail—
 Wears out the cable's length that makes him fast,
 But, worn himself, comes up harpooned at last
 E'en so, devoid of sense, succumbs at length 180
 Mere strength of zeal to intellectual strength

His son's close logic so perplexed his pate
 The old hero rather shunned than sought debate,
 Exhausting his vocabulary's store
 Of oaths and nicknames, he could say no more,
 But tapp'd his mull, rolled mutely in his chan,
 Or only whistled Killiecrankie's air

Witch legends Ronald scorned—ghost, kelpie, wraith.
 And all the trumpery of vulgar faith,
 Grave matrons even were shocked to hear him slight
 Authenticated facts of second-sight, 191

Yet never flinched his mockery to confound
The brutal superstition reigning round

Reserved himself still Ronald loved to scan
Men's natures—and he liked the old hearty man
So did the partner of his heart and life
Who pleased her Ronald ne'er displeased his wife
His sense his true compared with Norman's son
Was commonplace—his tales too long outspun
Yet Allan Campbell's sympathizing mind 00
Had held large intercourse with human kind
Seen much and gaily graphically drew
The men of every country clime and hue
Nor ever stooped though soldier like his strain
To ribaldry of mirth or oath profane

All went harmonious till the guest began
To talk about his kindred chief and clan
And with his own biography engrossed
Marked not the changed demeanour of each host
Nor how old choleric Norman's cheek became 10
Flushed at the Campbell and Breadalbane name
Assigning heedless of impending harm
Their steadfast silence to his story's charm
He touched a subject perilous to touch—
Saying Midst this well known vale I wondered
 much

To lose my way In boyhood long ago
I roamed and loved each pathway of Glencoe
Trapped leverets plucked wild berries on its braes
And fished along its banks long summer days

But times grew stormy bitter feuds arose 20
Our clan was merciless to prostrate foes
I never palliated my chieftain's blame
But mourned the sin and reddened for the same

Of that foul morn (Heaven blot it from the year !)
Whose shapes and shrieks still haunt my dreaming
ear

What could I do ? a serf—Glenlyon's page
A soldier sworn at nineteen years of age ,
To have breathed one grieved remonstrance to our
chief,

The pit or gallows would have eured my grief
Forced, passive as the musket in my hand, 230
I marched when, feigning royalty's command,
Against the clan Maedonald Stairs's lord
Sent forth exterminating fire and sword ,
And troops at midnight through the vale defiled,
Enjoined to slaughter woman, man, and child
My clansmen many a year had cause to dread
The curse that day entailed upon their head
Glenlyon's self confessed the avenging spell
I saw it light on him

It so befell —

A soldier from our ranks to death was brought 240
By sentence deemed too dreadful for his fault ,
All was prepared—the coffin and the cart
Stood near twelve muskets levelled at his heart
The chief, whose breast for ruth had still some room,
Obtained reprieve a day before his doom ,
But of the awarded boon surmised no breath
The sufferer knelt, blindfolded, waiting death,
And met it Though Glenlyon had desired
The musketeers to watch before they fired ,
If from his pocket they should see he drew 250
A handkerchief—their volley should ensue
But if he held a paper in its place,
It should be hailed the sign of pardoning grace
He, in a fatal moment's absent fit,
Drew forth the handkerchief, and not the writ ,

Wept o'er the corpse and wrung his hands in woe
Crying Here's thy curse again—Glencoe! Glencoe!

Though thus his guest spoke feelings just and clear
The cabin's patriarch lent impatient ear
Wroth that beneath his roof a living man 60
Should boast the swine blood of the Campbell clan
He hastened to the door—called out his son
To follow—waited a space and thus begun—

You have not Ronald at this day to learn
The oath I took beside my father's cairn
When you were but a babe a twelvemonth born
Sworn on my dirk—by all that's sacred sworn
To be revenged for blood that cries to Heaven—
Blood unforgiveable and unforgiven
But never power since then have I possessed 70

To plant my dagger in a Campbell's breast
Now here's a self-accusing partisan
Steeped in the slaughter of Macdonald's clan
I scorn his civil speech and sweet-lipped show
Of pity—he is still our house's foe
I'll perjure not myself—but sacrifice
The cut-throat ere to-morrow's sun arise
Stand! hear me—you're my son—the deed is just
And if I say it must be done it must

A debt of honour which my clansmen crave 80
Their very dead demand it from the grave
Conjuring then their ghosts he humbly prayed
Their patience till the blood debt should be paid

But Ronald stopped him—Sir Sir do not dim
Your honour for a moment's angry whim
Your soul's too just and generous were you cool
To act at once the assassin and the fool
Bring me the men on whom revenge is due
And I will dirk them willingly as you!

But all the real authors of that black 290
 Old deed are gone—you cannot bring them back
 And this poor guest, 'tis palpable to judge,
 In all his life ne'er bore our clan a grudge,
 Dragged when a boy against his will to share
 That massaere, he loathed the foul affair
 Think, if your hardened heart be conscience-proof;
 To stab a stranger underneath your roof '
 One who has broken bread within your gate '
 Reflect before reflection comes too late
 Such ugly consequences there may be 300
 As judge and jury, rope and gallows-tree
 The days of dirking snugly are gone by
 Where could you hide the body privily,
 When search is made for 't ? '

' Plunge it in yon flood,
 That Campbells crimsoned with our kindred blood '
 ' Ay, but the corpse may float '

' Pshaw ' dead men tell
 No tales—nor will it float if leaded well
 I am determined ' ' What could Ronald do ?
 No house within ear-reach of his halloo,
 Though that would have but published household
 shame 310
 He temporized with wrath he could not tame,
 And said, ' Come in, till night put off the deed,
 And ask a few more questions ere he bleed '

They entered, Norman with portentous air
 Strode to a nook behind the stranger's chair,
 And, speaking nought, sat grimly in the shade,
 With dagger in his clutch beneath his plaid
 His son's own plaid, should Norman pounce his
 prey,
 Was coiled thick round his arm, to turn away

Or blunt the dirk He purposed leaving free 30
The door and giving Allan time to flee
Whilst he should wrestle with (no safe emprise)
His father's maniac strength and giant size
Meanwhile he could nowise communicate
The impending peril to his anxious mate
But she convinced no trifling matter now
Disturbed the wonted calm of Ronald's brow
Divined too well the cause of gloom that lowered
And sat with speechless terror overpowered
Her face was pale so lately blithe and bland 310
The stocking knitting wire shook in her hand
But Ronald and the guest resumed their thread
Of converse still its theme that day of dread
Much said the veteran much as I bemoan
That deed when half a hundred years have flown
Still on one circumstance I can reflect
That mitigates the dreadful retrospect
A mother with her child before us flew
I had the hideous mandate to pursue
But swift of foot outspeeding bloodier men 340
I chased o'ertook her in the winding glen
And showed her palpitating where to save
Herself and infant in a secret cave
Nor left them till I saw that they could mock
Pursuit and search within that sheltering rock

Heavens ! Ronald cried in accents gladly wild
That woman was my mother—I the child !
Of you unknown by name she late and air
Spoke wept and ever blessed you in her prayer
Even to her death describing you withal 350
A well looked florid youth blue eyed and tall
They rose exchanged embrace the old lion then
Upstart metamorphosed from his den

Saying, 'Come and make thy home with us for life,
 Heaven-sent preserver of my child and wife
 I fear thou'rt poor that Hanoverian thing
 Rewards his soldiers ill' 'God save the king'
 With hand upon his heart, old Allan said,
 'I wear his uniform, I eat his bread,
 And, whilst I've tooth to bite a cartridge, all 360
 For him and Britain's fame I'll stand or fall'

'Bravo!' cried Ronald, 'I commend your zeal'
 Quoth Norman, 'and I see your heart is leal,
 But I have prayed my soul may never thrive
 If thou shouldst leave this house of ours alive,
 Nor shalt thou, in this home protract thy breath
 Of easy life, nor leave it till thy death'

The following morn arose serene as glass,
 And red Ben Nevis shone like molten brass
 While sunrise opened flowers with gentle force 370
 The guest and Ronald walked in long discourse
 'Words fail me,' Allan said, 'to thank aright
 Your father's kindness shown me yesternight,
 Yet scarce I'd wish my latest days to spend
 A fireside fixture with the dearest friend
 Besides, I've but a fortnight's furlough now
 To reach Macallin More, beyond Lochow
 I'd fain memorialize the powers that be
 To deign remembrance of my wounds and me,
 My life-long service never bore the brand 380
 Of sentence, lash, disgrace or reprimand
 And so I've written, though in meagre style
 A long petition to his Grace Argyle,
 I mean, on reaching Innerara's shore,
 To leave it safe within his castle door'
 'Nay,' Ronald said, 'the letter that you bear
 Entrust it to no lying varlet's care,



But say a soldier of King George demands
Access to leave it in the Duke's own hands
But show me first the epistle to your chief— 390
Tis nought unless succinctly clear and brief
Great men have no great patience when they read
And long petitions spoil the cause they plead

That day saw Ronald from the field full soon
Return and when they all had dined at noon
He conned the old man's memorial—lopped its length
And gave it style simplicity and strength
Twas finished in an hour—and in the next
Transcribed by Allan in perspicuous text

At evening he and Ronald shared once more 400
A long and pleasant walk by Cona's shore
I'd press you quoth his host—(I need not say
How warmly) ever more with us to stay
But Charles intends tis said in these same parts
To try the fealty of our Highland hearts
Tis my belief that he and all his line
Have—saving to be hanged—no right divine
From whose mad enterprise can only flow
To thousands slaughter and to myriads woe
Yet have they stured my father's spirit sore 410
He flints his pistols—whets his old claymore—
And longs as ardently to join the fray
As boy to dance who hears the bagpipe play
Though calm one day the next disdaining rule
He'd gore your red coat like an angry hull
I told him and he owned it might be so
Your tempers never could in concert flow
But Mark he added Ronald ' from our door
Let not this guest depart forlorn and poor
Let not your souls the niggardness evince 420
Of Lowland pedlar or of German prince

He gave you life—then feed him as you'd feed
 Your very father were he cast in need "
 He gave—you'll find it by your bed to-night,
 A leathern purse of crowns, all sterling bright
 You see I do you kindness not by stealth
 My wife—no advocate of squandering wealth
 Vows that it would be parricide, or worse,
 Should we neglect you—here 's a silken purse,
 Some golden pieces through the network shine, 430
 'Tis proffered to you from her heart and mine
 But come ' no foolish delicacy, no '
 We own, but cannot cancel what we owe—
 This sum shall duly reach you once a year '
 Poor Allan's furrowed face and flowing tear
 Confessed sensations which he could not speak ,
 Old Norman bade him farewell, kindly meek

At morn the smiling dame rejoiced to pack
 With viands full the old soldier's haversack
 He feared not hungry grass with such a load, 440
 And Ronald saw him miles upon his road

A march of three days brought him to Lochfyne.
 Argyle, struck with his manly look benign,
 And feeling interest in the veteran's lot,
 Created him a sergeant on the spot
 An invalid, to serve not but with pay
 (A mighty sum to him), twelve pence a day
 ' But have you heard not,' said Macallin More,
 ' Charles Stuart's landed on Eriska's shore,
 And Jacobites are arming ? ' ' What ' indeed ' 450
 Arrived ' then I'm no more an invalid ,
 My new-got halbert I must straight employ
 In battle ' ' As you please, old gallant boy

Your grey hairs well might plead excuse 'tis true
But now 's the time we want such men as you
In brief at Innerara Allan stayed
And joined the banners of Argyle's brigade

Meanwhile the old choleric shepherd of Glencoe
Spurned all advice and girt himself to go
What was 't to him that foes would pound their fold
Their lease their very beds beneath them sold ' 461
And firmly to his text he would have kept
Though Ronald argued and his daughter wept
But midst the impotence of tears and prayer
Chance snatched them from proscription and despair
Old Norman's blood was headward wont to mount
Too rapid from his heart's impetuous fount
And one day whilst the German rats he cursed
An artery in his wise sensorium burst
The lancet saved him but bow changed alas 470
From him who fought at Killiecrankie's pass '
Tame as a spaniel timid as a child
He muttered incoherent words and smiled
He wept at kindness rolled a vacant eye
And laughed full often when he meant to cry
Poor man ' whilst in this lamentable state
Came Allan back one morning to his gate
Hale and unburdened by the woes of child
And fresh with credit from Culloden a field
'Twas feared at first the sight of him might touch 480
The old Macdonald's morbid mind too much
But no ' though Norman knew him and disclosed
Even rallying memory he was still composed
Asked all particulars of the fatal fight
And only heaved a sigh for Charles's flight
Then said with but one moment's pride of air
It might not have been so had I been there '

Few days elapsed till he reposed beneath
 His grey cairn on the wild and lonely heath ,
 Son, friends, and kindred of his dust took leave, 490
 And Allan, with the crape bound round his sleeve
 Old Allan now hung up his sergeant's sword,
 And sat, a guest for life, at Ronald's board
 He waked no longer at the barrack's drum,
 Yet still you'd see, when peep of day was come,
 The erect tall red-coat, walking pastures round,
 Or delving with his spade the garden ground
 Of cheerful temper, habits strict and sage,
 He reached, enjoyed a patriarchal age—
 Loved to the last by the Macdonalds Near 500
 Their house his stone was placed with many a tear ,
 And Ronald's self, in stoic virtue brave,
 Scorned not to weep at Allan Campbell's grave

NOTES TO THE PILGRIM OF GLENCOE

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

I received the substance of the tradition on which this poem is founded, in the first instance, from a friend in London, who wrote to Matthew N Macdonald, Esq, of Edinburgh. He had the kindness to send me a circumstantial account of the tradition, and that gentleman's knowledge of the Highlands, as well as his particular acquaintance with the district of Glencoc, leave me no doubt of the incident having really happened. I have not departed from the main facts of the tradition as reported to me by Mr Macdonald, only I have endeavoured to colour the personages of the story, and to make them as distinctive as possible.

NOTE TO LINE 17

The vale by eagle-haunted cliffs o'erhung

The valley of Glencoe, unparalleled in its scenery for gloomy grandeur is to this day frequented by eagles. When I visited the spot within a year ago I saw several perch at a distance. Only one

of them came so near me that I did not wish him any nearer. He favoured me with a full and continued view of his noble person and with the exception of the African eagle which I saw wheeling and hovering over a corps of the French army that were marching from Oran and who seemed to linger over them with delight at the sound of their trumpets as if they were about to restore his image to the Gallic standard I never saw a prouder bird than *this black eagle of Glencoe*.

I was unable from a hurt in my foot to leave the carriage but the guide informed me that if I could go nearer the sides of the glen I should see the traces of houses and gardens once belonging to the unfortunate inhabitants. As it was I never saw a spot where I could less suppose human beings to have ever dwelt. I asked the guide how these eagles subsisted he replied on the lambs and the fawns of Lord Breadalbane — Lambs and fawns I said and how do *they* subsist for I cannot see verdure enough to graze a rabbit? I suspect I added that these birds make the cliffs only their country houses and that they go down to the Lowlands to find their provender — Ay ay replied the Highlander it is very possible for the eagle can gang far for his breakfast.

NOTE TO LINE 110

God and the Devil a favourite ejaculation of Highland saints

NOTE TO LINE 186

A mull is a snuff horn

NOTE TO LINE 188

Witch legends Ronald scorned—ghost kelpie wrath

The most dangerous and malignant creature of Highland superstition was the kelpie or water horse which was supposed to allure women and children to his subaqueous haunts and there devour them sometimes he would swell the lake or torrent beyond its usual limits and overwhelm the unguarded traveller in the flood. The shepherd as he sat on the brow of a rock on a summer's evening often fancied he saw this animal dashing along the surface of the lake or browsing on the pasture ground upon its verge — *Brown's History of the Highland Clans* vol. i. 106

In Scotland according to Dr John Brown it is yet a superstitious principle that the *wraith* the omen or messenger of death, appears in the resemblance of one in danger immediately preceding dissolution. This ominous form purely of a spiritual nature

seems to testify that the exaction (extinction) of life approaches. It was wont to be exhibited, also, as '*a little rough dog*,' when it could be pacified by the death of any other being 'if crossed and conjured in time'—*Brown's Superstitions of the Highlands*, p 182

It happened to me, early in life, to meet with an amusing instance of Highland superstition with regard to myself. I lived in a family of the Island of Mull, and a mile or two from their house there was a burial ground without any church attached to it, on the lonely moor. The cemetery was enclosed and guarded by an iron railing, so high that it was thought to be unscaleable. I was, however, commencing the study of botany at the time, and thinking there might be some nice flowers and curious epitaphs among the grave-stones, I contrived, by help of my handkerchief, to scale the railing, and was soon scampering over the tombs, some of the natives chanced to perceive me, not in the act of climbing over to—but skipping over—the burial ground. In a day or two I observed the family looking on me with unaccountable, though not angry, seriousness, at last the good old grandmother told me, with tears in her eyes, 'that I could not live long, for that my wrath had been seen'—'And, pray, where?'—'Leaping over the stones of the burial-ground.' The old lady was much relieved to hear that it was not my wrath, but myself.

Akin to other Highland superstitions, but differing from them in many essential respects, is the belief—for superstition it cannot well be called (quoth the wise author I am quoting)—in the second sight, by which, as Dr Johnson observes, 'seems to be meant a mode of seeing superadded to that which nature generally bestows, and consists of an impression made either by the mind upon the eye—or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant or future are perceived and seen, as if they were present. This receptive faculty is called *Traoshe*¹ in the Gaelic, which signifies a spectre or vision, and is neither voluntary nor constant, but consists in seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of anything else except the vision, as long as it continues, and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them.'

There are now few persons, if any (continues Dr Brown), who pretend to this faculty, and the belief in it is almost generally exploded. Yet it cannot be denied that apparent proofs of its existence have been adduced, which have staggered minds not

¹ *Tarsche*

prone to superstition. When the connexion between cause and effect can be recognized things which would otherwise have appeared wonderful and almost incredible are viewed as ordinary occurrences. The impossibility of accounting for such an extraordinary phenomenon as the alleged faculty on philosophical principles or from the laws of nature must ever leave the matter suspended between rational doubt and confirmed scepticism.

Strong reasons for incredulity says Dr Johnson will readily occur. This faculty of seeing things out of sight is local and commonly useless. It is a breach of the common order of things without any visible reason or perceptible benefit. It is ascribed only to a people very little enlightened and among them for the most part to the mean and ignorant.

In the whole history of Highland superstitions there is not a more curious fact than that Dr James Brown a gentleman of the Edinburgh bar in the nineteenth century should show himself a more ardent believer in the truth of second sight than Dr Samuel Johnson of London in the eighteenth century.

NOTE TO LINE 299

The pit or gallows would have cured my grief

Until the year 14 the Highland lairds had the right of punishing serfs even capitally in so far that they often hanged or imprisoned them in a pit or dungeon where they were starved to death. But the law of 146 for disarming the Highlanders and restraining the use of the Highland garb was followed up the following year by one of a more radical and permanent description. This was the act for abolishing the heritable jurisdictions which though necessary in a rude state of society were wholly incompatible with an advanced state of civilization. By depriving the Highland chiefs of their judicial powers it was thought that the sway which for centuries they had held over their people would be gradually impaired and that by investing certain judges who were amenable to the legislature for the proper discharge of their duties with the civil and criminal jurisdiction enjoyed by the proprietors of the soil, the cause of good government would be promoted and the facilities for suppressing any attempts to disturb the public tranquillity increased.

By this act (10 George II. c. 43) which was made to include the whole of Scotland all heritable jurisdictions of judiciary all regalties and heritable baileries and constabularies (excepting the office of high constable) and all tewartries and sheriffships of smaller districts which were only parts of counties, were dissolved.

and the powers formerly vested in them were ordained to be exercised by such of the king's courts as these powers would have belonged to if the jurisdictions had never been granted. All sheriffships and stewartries not dissolved by the statute, namely those which comprehended whole counties where they had been granted either heritably or for life, were resumed and annexed to the crown. With the exception of the hereditary justiciaryship of Scotland, which was transferred from the family of Argyle to the High Court of Justiciary, the other jurisdictions were ordained to be vested in sheriffs-depute or stewards-depute, to be appointed by the king in every shire or stewartry not dissolved by the act. As by the twentieth of Union all heritable offices and jurisdictions were reserved to the grantees as rights of property, compensation was ordained to be made to the holders, the amount of which was afterwards fixed by Parliament, in terms of the act of Sederunt of the Court of Session, at one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

NOTE TO LINES 231-3

*I marched—when, feigning royalty's command,
Against the clan Macdonald Stairs's lord
Sent forth exterminating fire and sword*

I cannot agree with Brown, the author of an able work, *The History of the Highland Clans*, that the affair of Glencoe has stamped indelible infamy on the Government of King William III, if by this expression it be meant that William's own memory is disgraced by that massacre. I see no proof that William gave more than general orders to subdue the remaining malcontents of the Macdonald clan, and these orders, the nearer we trace them to the Government, are the more express in enjoining that all those who would promise to swear allegiance should be spared. As these orders came down from the general Government to individuals, they became more and more severe, and at last merciless, so that they ultimately ceased to be the real orders of Government. Among these false agents of Government who appear with most disgrace is the 'Master of Stair,' who appears in the business more like a fiend than a man. When issuing his orders for the attack on the remainder of the Macdonalds in Glencoe, he expressed a hope in his letter 'that the soldiers would trouble the Government with no prisoners.'

It cannot be supposed that I would for a moment palliate this atrocious event by quoting the provocations not very long before offered by the Macdonalds in massacres of the Campbells. But they may be alluded to as causes, though not excuses. It is a

part of the melancholy instruction which history affords us that in the moral as well as in the physical world there is always a reaction equal to the action —The banishment of the Moors from Spain to Africa was the chief cause of African piracy and Christian slavery among the Moors for centuries —and since the reign of William III the Irish Orangemen have been the Algerines of Ireland

The affair of Glencoe was in fact only a lingering trait of horribly barbarous times though it was the more shocking that it came from that side of the political world which professed to be the more liberal &c and it occurred at a late time of the day when the minds of both parties had become comparatively civilized the Whigs by the triumph of free principles and the Tories by personal experience of the evils attending persecution Yet that barbarism still subsisted in too many minds professing to act on liberal principles is but too apparent from this disgusting tragedy

I once flattered myself that the Argyll Campbells from whom I am sprung had no share in this massacre and a direct share they certainly had not But on inquiry I find that they consented to shutting up the passes of Glencoe through which the Macdonalds might escape and perhaps relations of my great grandfather—I am afraid to count their distance or proximity—might be indirectly concerned in the cruelty

But children are not answerable for the crimes of their forefathers and I hope and trust that the descendants of Breadalbane and Glenlyon are as much and justly at their ease on this subject as I am

NOTE TO LINE 348

Late and air is Lowland Scots for late and early

NOTE TO LINE 377

Macallan More is the Duke of Argyle Lochow is the Gaelic pronunciation of Lochawe

NOTE TO LINE 384

Innerara or Inneraora is Inverary

NOTE TO LINE 440

When the hospitable Highlanders load a parting guest with provisions they tell him he will need them as he has to go over a great deal of hungry grass

NOTE TO LINE 465

Chance snatch'd them from proscription and despair

Many Highland families, at the outbreak of the rebellion in 1745, were saved from utter desolation by the contrivances of some of their more sensible members, principally the women, who foresaw the consequences of the insurrection. When I was a youth in the Highlands I remember an old gentleman being pointed out to me, who, finding all other arguments fail, had, in conjunction with his mother and sisters, bound the old laird hand and foot, and locked him up in his own cellar, until the news of the battle of Culloden had arrived.

A device pleasanter to the reader of the anecdote, though not to the sufferer, was practised by a shrewd Highland dame, whose husband was Charles Stuart mad, and was determined to join the insurgents. He told his wife at night that he should start early to-morrow morning on horseback. 'Well, but you will allow me to make your breakfast before you go?'—'Oh yes.' She accordingly prepared it, and, bringing in a full boiling kettle, poured it, by intentional accident, on his legs.

[This poem, 'The Pilgrim of Glencoe,' when first published in 1842, was dedicated to William Beattie, M.D., who afterwards wrote the Life of Campbell.]

POEMS

HISTORICAL AND LEGENDARY

O CONNOR S CHILD

OR ' THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING

(Written end of 1809)

I

OH ' once the harp of Innisfail
Was strung full high to notes of gladness
But yet it often told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness
Sad was the note and wild its fall
As winds that moan at night forlorn
Along the isles of Fion Gall
When for O Connor s child to mourn
The harper told how lone how far
From any mansion s twinkling star
From any path of social men
Or voice but from the fox s den
The lady in the desert dwelt
And yet no wrongs no fear she felt
Say why should dwell in place so wild
O Connor s pale and lovely child '

II

Sweet lady ' she no more inspires
 Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,
 As in the palace of her sires
 She bloomed a peerless flower
 Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,
 The royal brooch, the jewelled ring,
 That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone
 Like dew on lilies of the spring
 Yet why, though fallen her brothers' kerne,
 Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
 While yet in Leinster unexplored,
 Her friends survive the English sword,
 Why lingers she from Erin's host,
 So far on Galway's shipwrecked coast,
 Why wanders she a huntress wild
 O'Connor's pale and lovely child ?

III

And, fixed on empty space, why burn
 Her eyes with momentary wildness ?
 And wherefore do they then return
 To more than woman's mildness ?
 Dishevelled are her raven locks,
 On Connocht Moran's name she calls
 And oft amidst the lonely rocks
 She sings sweet madrigals
 Placed in the foxglove and the moss
 Behold a parted warrior's cross !
 That is the spot, where evermore,
 The lady, at her shieling door,
 Enjoys that, in communion sweet,
 The living and the dead can meet
 For, lo ! to love-lorn fantasy,
 The hero of her heart is nigh

IV

Bright as the bow that spans the storm
In Erin's yellow vesture clad
A son of light—a lovely form
He comes and makes her glad
Now on the grass green turf he sits
His tasselled horn beside him laid
Now o'er the bills in chase he flits
The hunter and the deer a shade!
Sweet mourner! those are shadows vain
That cross the twilight of her brain
Yet she will tell you she is blest
Of Connocht Moran's tomb possessed
More richly than in Aghrim's bower
When bards high praised her beauty's power
And kneeling pages offered up
The morat in a golden cup

V

A hero's bride! this desert bower
It ill befits thy gentle breeding
And wherefore dost thou love this flower
To call— my love lies bleeding?
This purple flower my tears have nursed
A hero's blood supplied its bloom
I love it for it was the first
That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb
Oh! hearken stranger to my voice!
This desert mansion is my choice
And blest though fatal be the star
That led me to the wilds afar
For here these pathless mountains free
Gave shelter to my love and me
And every rock and every stone
Bear witness that he was my own

VI

‘ O’Connor’s child, I was the bud
Of Ern’s royal tree of glory ,
But woe to them that wrapt in blood
The tissue of my story ‘
Still as I clasp my burning brain
A death-scene rushes on my sight ,
It rises o’er and o’er again,
The bloody feud, the fatal night,
When, chafing Connocht Moran’s scorn,
They called my hero basely born,
And bade him choose a meaner bride
Than from O’Connor’s house of pride
Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara’s psaltery
Witness their Eath’s victorious brand
And Cathal of the bloody hand ,
Glory (they said) and power and honour
Were in the mansion of O’Connor
But he, my loved one, bore in field
A meaner crest upon his shield

VII

‘ Ah, brothers ‘ what did it avail
That fiercely and triumphantly
Ye fought the English of the pale
And stemmed De Bourgo’s chivalry ?
And what was it to love and me
That barons by your standard rode ?
Or beal-fires for your jubilee
Upon a hundred mountains glowed ?

What though the lords of tower and dome
From Shannon to the North Sea foam '
Though ye your iron hands of pride
Could break the knot that love had tied '
No —let the eagle change his plume
The leaf its hue the flower its bloom
But ties around this heart were spun
That could not would not be undone '

VIII

At bleating of the wild watch fold
Thus sang my love— Oh come with me
Our bark is on the lake behold
Our steeds are fastened to the tree
Come far from Castle Connor's clans
Come with thy belted forester
And I beside the lake of swans
Shall hunt for thee the fallow deer
And build thy hut and bring thee home
The wild fowl and the honeycomb
And berries from the wood provide
And play my c arshech by thy side
Then come my love ' —How could I stay '
Our nimble staghounds tracked the way
And I pursued by moonless skies
The light of Connocht Moran's eyes

IX

And fast and far before the star
Of dayspring rushed we through the glade
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
Of Castle Connor fade

Sweet was to us the hermitage
 Of this unploughed, untrodden shore ,
 Like birds all joyous from the cage
 For man's neglect we loved it more
 And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
 To search the game with hawk and spear ,
 While I, his evening food to dress,
 Would sing to him in happiness
 But oh that midnight of despair
 When I was doomed to rend my hair '
 The night to me of shrieking sorrow '
 The night to him that had no morrow '

X

' When all was hushed, at eventide,
 I heard the baying of their beagle
 " Be hushed ' " my Connocht Moran cried,
 " 'Tis but the screaming of the eagle "
 Alas ! 'twas not the eyrie's sound ,
 Their bloody bands had tracked us out
 Up-listening starts our couchant hound,
 And, hark ! again, that nearer shout
 Brings faster on the murderers
 Spare—spare him ! Brazil ! Desmond fierce !
 In vain ! no voice the adder charms ,
 Their weapons crossed my sheltering arms
 Another's sword has laid him low
 Another's and another's ,
 And every hand that dealt the blow
 Ay me ! it was a brother's !
 Yes, when his meanings died away
 Their iron hands had dug the clay
 And o'er his burial turf they trod,
 And I beheld—oh God ! oh God !
 His life-blood oozing from the sod !

XI

Warm in his death wounds sepulchred
Alas ! my warrior s spirit brave
Nor mass nor ulla lulla heard
Lamenting soothe his grave
Dragged to their hated mansion back
How long in thraldom s grasp I lay
I knew not for my soul was black
And knew no change of night or day
One night of horror round me grew
Or if I saw or felt or knew
Twas but when those grim visages
The angry brothers of my race
Glared on each eye ball a aching throb
And checked my bosom a power to sob
Or when my heart with pulses drear
Beat like a death watch to my ear

XII

But Heaven at last my soul s eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire
I woke and felt upon my lips
A prophetess s fire
Thrice in the east a war drum beat
I heard the Saxon s trumpet sound
And ranged as to the judgement seat
My guilty trembling brothers round
Clad in the helm and shield they came
For now De Bourgo s sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster s boundaries
And lighted up the midnight skies
The standard of O Connor s sway
Was in the turret where I lay
That standard with so dire a look
As ghastly shone the moon and pale
I gave that every bosom shook
Beneath its iron mail

XIII

“ And go ! ” I cried, “ the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unappallèd bore
The anguish of a sister’s shuck,
Go ! and return no more !
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister’s curse unrolled ”
O stranger ! by my country’s loss !
And by my love ! and by the Cross !
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that severed nature’s yoke,
But that a spirit o’er me stood
And fired me with the wrathful mood,
And frenzy to my heart was given
To speak the malison of heaven

XIV

“ They would have crossed themselves, all mute ,
They would have prayed to burst the spell ,
But at the stamping of my foot
Each hand down powerless fell !
“ And go to Athunree ! ” I cried
“ High lift the banner of your pride !
But know that where its sheet unrolls
The weight of blood is on your souls !
Go where the havoc of your keene
Shall float as high as mountain fern !
Men shall no more your mansion know ,
The nettles on your hearth shall grow !
Dead as the green oblivious flood
That mantles by your walls shall be
The glory of O’Connor’s blood !
Away ! away to Athunree !

Where downward when the sun shall fall
The raven s wing shall be your pall '
And not a vassal shall unlace
The vizor from your dying face '

XV

A bolt that overhung our dome
Suspended till my curse was given
Soon as it passed these lips of foam
Pealed in the blood red heaven
Dire was the look that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw
But now behold ' like cataracts
Come down the hills in view
O Connor s plumed partisans
Thrice ten Kilmagorvian clans
Were marching to their doom
A sudden storm their plumage tossed
A flash of lightning o'er them crossed
And all again was gloom '

XVI

Stranger ' I fled the home of grief
At Connacht Moran s tomb to fall
I found the helmet of my chief
His bow still hanging on our wall
And took it down and vowed to rove
This desert place a huntress bold
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould
No ' for I am a hero s child
I ll hunt my quarry in the wild
And still my home this mansion make
Of all unheeded and unheeding
And cherish for my warrior s sake
The flower of love hes bleeding

NOTES TO O CONNOR'S CHILD

[This poem was first published along with an edition of 'Gertrude of Wyoming' in the spring of 1810]

NOTE TO STANZA I

Innisfail The ancient name of Ireland

NOTE TO STANZA II

Kerne The plural of kern, an Irish foot-soldier. In this sense the word is used by Shakespeare [*Macbeth*, I. ii. 13—'kernes and gallowglasses'] Gainsford, in his *Glories of England*, says—'They (the Irish) are desperate in revenge, and their kerns think no man dead until his head be off'

NOTE TO STANZA III

Shieling A rude cabin or hut

NOTES TO STANZA IV

In Erin's yellow vesture clad Yellow, dyed from saffron, was the favourite colour of the ancient Irish. When the Irish chieftains came to make terms with Queen Elizabeth's lord-lieutenant, we are told by Sir John Davis that they came to court in saffron-coloured uniforms.

Morat A drink made of the juice of mulberry mixed with honey.

[In this stanza something of the strain of Matthew Arnold's *Tristram and Isolt* is anticipated.]

NOTE TO STANZA VI

*Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Has sung in Tara's psaltery*

The pride of the Irish in ancestry was so great, that, one of the O'Neals being told that Barrett of Castle-mone had been there only 400 years, he replied that he hated the clown as if he had come there but yesterday.

Tara was the place of assemblage and feasting of the petty princes of Ireland. Very splendid and fabulous descriptions are given by the Irish historians of the pomp and luxury of those meetings. The psaltery of Tara was the grand national register of Ireland. The grand epoch of political eminence in the early history of the Irish is the reign of their great and favourite monarch Ollam Fodla, who reigned, according to Keating, about 950 years.

before the Christian era. Under him was instituted the great Fea at Tara which it is pretended was a triennial convention of the states or a parliament the members of which were the Druids and other learned men who represented the people in that assembly. Very minute accounts are given by Irish annalists of the magnificence and order of the entertainments from which if credible we might collect the earliest traces of heraldry that occur in history. To preserve order and regularity in the great number and variety of the members who met on such occasions the Irish historian inform us that when the banquet was ready to be served up the shield bearers of the princes and other members of the convention delivered in their shields and targets which were readily distinguished by the coats of arms emblazoned upon them. They were arranged by the grand marshal and principal herald and hung upon the walls on the right side of the table and upon entering the apartments each member took his seat under his respective shield or target without the slightest disturbance. The concluding days of the meeting it is allowed by the Irish antiquaries were spent in very free excess of conviviality but the first six they say were devoted to the examination and settlement of the annals of the kingdom. These were publicly rehearsed. When they had passed the approbation of the assembly they were transcribed into the authentic chronicles of the nation which was called the Register or Psalter of Tara.

Colonel Vallancy gives a translation of an old Irish fragment found in Trinity College Dublin in which the palace of the above assembly is thus described as it existed in the reign of Cormac —

In the reign of Cormac the palace of Tara was nine hundred feet square the diameter of the surrounding rath seven dice or casts of a dart it contained one hundred and fifty apartments one hundred and fifty dormitories or sleeping rooms for guards and sixty men in each the height was twenty seven cubits there were one hundred and fifty common drinking horns, twelve doors and one thousand guests daily besides princes orators and men of science engravers of gold and silver carvers modelers and nobles. The Irish description of the banqueting hall is thus translated. Twelve stalls or divisions in each wing sixteen attendants on each side and two to each table one hundred guests in all.

NOTES TO STANZA VII

And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry

The house of O Connor had a right to boast of their victories over the English. It was a chief of the O Connor race who gave

a check to the English champion De Courcy, so famous for his personal strength, and for cleaving a helmet at one blow of his sword, in the presence of the kings of France and England, when the French champion declined the combat with him. Though ultimately conquered by the English under De Bourgo, the O'Connors had also humbled the pride of that name on a memorable occasion—viz when Walter de Bourgo, an ancestor of that De Bourgo who won the battle of Athurce, had become so insolent as to make excessive demands upon the territories of Connaught, and to bid defiance to all the rights and properties reserved by the Irish chiefs, Aeth O'Connor, a near descendant of the famous Cathal, surnamed of the bloody hand, rose against the usurper, and defeated the English so severely that their general died of chagrin after the battle.

Or beal-fires for your jubilee

The month of May is to this day called 'Mí Beal tienne,' i.e. the month of Beal's fire, in the original language of Ireland, and hence, I believe, the name of the Beltan festival in the Highlands. These fires were lighted on the summits of mountains (the Irish antiquaries say) in honour of the sun—and are supposed, by those conjecturing gentlemen, to prove the origin of the Irish from some nation who worshipped Baal or Belus. Many hills in Ireland still retain the name of 'Cnoc Greine,' i.e. the hill of the sun, and on all are to be seen the ruins of druidical altars.

NOTE TO STANZA VIII

And play my clarshech by thy side

The clarshech, or harp, the principal musical instrument of the Hibernian bards, does not appear to be of Irish origin, nor indigenous to any of the British islands. The Britons undoubtedly were not acquainted with it during the residence of the Romans in their country, as on all their coins on which musical instruments are represented we see only the Roman lyre, and not the British telyn, or harp.

NOTES TO STANZA IX

And saw at dawn the lofty bawn

'Bawn,' from the Teutonic 'bawen'—to construct and secure with branches of trees—was so called because the primitive Celtic fortification was made by digging a ditch, throwing up a rampart, and on the latter fixing stakes, which were interlaced with boughs

of trees This word is used by Spenser but it is inaccurately called by Mr Todd his annotator an eminence

[Lines 6 and 8 of this stanza are repeated from a well known passage in the *Lines on Leaving a Scene in Bavaria*]

NOTE TO STANZA VI

Ulla-lulla The Irish lamentation for the dead

NOTE TO STANZA VIII

To speak the malison of heaven

If the wrath which I have ascribed to the heroine of this little piece should seem to exhibit her character as too unnaturally stripped of patriotic and domestic affections I must beg leave to plead the authority of Corneille in the representation of a similar passion I allude to the denunciation of Camilla in the tragedy of Horace When Horace accompanied by a soldier bearing the three swords of the Curiatii meets his sister and invites her to congratulate him on his victory she expresses only her grief which he attributes at first only to her feelings for the loss of her two brothers but when she bursts forth into reproaches against him as the murderer of her lover the last of the Curiatii he exclaims—

O Ciel ! qui vit jamais une pareille rage
Crois-tu donc que je sois insensible à l'outrage
Que je souffre en mon sang ce mortel deshonneur
Aime aime cette mort qui fait notre bonheur
Et préfère du moins au souvenir d'un homme
Ce qui doit ta naissance aux intérêts de Rome

At the mention of Rome Camille breaks out into this apostrophe —

'Rome l'unique objet de mon ressentiment
Rome à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon amant
Rome qui t'a vu naître et que ton cœur adore
Rome enfin, que je hais parce qu'elle t'honore
Puis sent tous ses voisins ensemble conjures
Sapper ses fondements encore mal assurés
Et si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie
Que l'Orient contre elle à l'Occident s'allie
Que cent peuples unis des bords de l'univers
Passent pour la détruire et les monts et les mers
Qu'elle-même sur so renverse ses murailles
Et de ses propres mains déchire ses entrailles
Que le courroux du Ciel allume par mes vœux
Fasse pleuvoir sur elle un déluge de feux !

REULLURA

(First published in 1824)

STAR of the morn and eve
 Reullura shone like thee
 And well for her might Aodh grieve
 The dark attired Culdee
 Peace to their shades ' the pure Culdees
 Were Albyn's earliest priests of God
 Ere yet an island of her seas
 By foot of Saxon monk was trod —
 Long ere her churchmen by bigotry
 Were barred from holy wedlocks 10
 'Twas then that Aodh famed afar
 In Iona preached the word with power
 And Reullura beauty's star
 Was the partner of his bower
 But Aodh the roof lies low
 And the thistle down waves bleaching
 And the bat flits to and fro
 Where the Gael once heard thy preaching
 And fallen is each columned aisle
 Where the chiefs and the people knelt 20
 'Twas near that temple's goodly pile
 That honoured of men they dwelt
 For Aodh was wise in the sacred law
 And bright Reullura's eyes oft saw
 The veil of fate uphfted
 Alas ' with what visions of awe
 Her soul in that hour was gifted—
 When pale in the temple and faint
 With Aodh she stood alone
 By the statue of an aged Saint ' 30
 Fair sculptured was the stone

Whose acorn seed had been planted by him
 And his parents remember the day of dread
 When the sun on the Cross looked dim
 And the graves gave up their dead

Yet preaching from clime to clime
 He hath roamed the earth for ages
 And hither he shall come in time
 When the wrath of the heathen rages
 In time a remnant from the sword—
 Ah! but a remnant—to deliver
 Yet blessed be the name of the Lord!
 His martyrs shall go into bliss for ever
 Lochlin 'appalled shall put up her steel
 And thou shalt embark on the bounding keel
 Safe shalt thou pass through her hundred ships &
 With the Saint and a remnant of the Gael
 And the Lord will instruct thy lips
 To preach in Innisfail

The sun now about to set
 Was burning o'er Tirree
 And no gathering cry rose yet
 O'er the isles of Albion's sea
 Whilst Reullura saw far rowers dip
 Their oars beneath the sun
 And the phantom of many a Danish ship 90
 Where ship there yet was none
 And the shield of alarm was dumb
 Nor did their warning till midnight come
 When watch fires burst from across the main
 From Rona and Uist and Skye
 To tell that the ships of the Dane
 And the red haired slayers were nigh

Our islesmen arose from slumbers,
 And buckled on their arms,
 But few, alas ! were their numbers 100
 To Lochlin's mailèd swarms
 And the blade of the bloody Norse
 Has filled the shores of the Gael
 With many a floating coise
 And with many a woman's wail
 'They have lighted the islands with ruin's torch,
 And the holy men of Iona's church
 In the temple of God lay slain—
 All but Aodh, the last Childee,
 But bound with many an iron chain, 110
 Bound in that church was he

And where is Aodh's bride ?
 Rocks of the ocean flood !
 Plunged she not from your heights in pride,
 And mocked the men of blood ?

Then Ulvfagie and his bands
 In the temple lighted then banquet up,
 And the print of their blood-red hands
 Was left on the altar eup
 'Twas then that the Norseman to Aodh said, 120
 ' Tell where thy church's treasure's laid,
 Or I'll hew thee limb from limb '
 As he spoke the bell struck three,
 And every torch grew dim
 That lighted their revelry

But the torches again burned bright,
 And brighter than before,
 When an agèd man of majestic height
 Entered the temple door

Hushed was the revellers' sound 130

They were struck as mute as the dead
And their hearts were appalled by the very sound
Of his footsteps measured tread
Nor word was spoken by one beholder
Whilst he flung his white robe back on his shoulder
And stretching his arm as eath
Unriveted Aodh's bands
As if the gyves had been a wreath
Of willows in his hands

All saw the stranger's similitude 140

To the ancient statue's form
The Saint before his own image stood
And grasped Ulvfagre's arm
Then uprose the Danes at last to deliver
Their chief and shouting with one accord
They drew the shaft from its rattling quiver
They lifted the spear and sword
And levelled their spears in rows
But down went axes and spears and bows
When the Saint with his crosier signed 150
The archer's hand on the string was stopped
And down like reeds laid flat by the wind
Their lifted weapons dropped

The Saint then gave a signal mute
And though Ulvfagre willed it not
He came and stood at the statue's foot—

Spell riveted to the spot
Till hands invisible shook the wall
And the tottering image was dashed
Down from its lofty pedestal 160

On Ulvfagre's helm it crashed
Helmet and skull and flesh and brain
It crushed as millstones crush the grain

Then spoke the Saint, whilst all and each
 Of the heathen trembled round
 And the pauses amidst his speech
 Were as awful as the sound

‘ Go back, ye wolves ’ to your dens,’ he cried,
 ‘ And tell the nations abroad,
 How the fiercest of your herd has died 170
 That slaughtered the flock of God
 Gather him bone by bone,
 And take with you o’er the flood
 The fragments of that avenging stone
 That drank his heathen blood
 These are the spoils from Iona’s sack,
 The only spoils ye shall carry back ,
 For the hand that uplifteth spear or sword
 Shall be withered by palsy’s shock.
 And I come in the name of the Lord 180
 To deliver a remnant of his flock ’

A remnant was called together,
 A doleful remnant of the Gael,
 And the Saint in the ship that had brought him hither
 Took the mourners to Innisfail
 Unseathed they left Iona’s strand
 When the opal morn first flushed the sky
 For the Norse dropped spear and bow and brand,
 And looked on them silently
 Safe from their hiding-places came 190
 Orphans and mothers, child and dame
 But alas ! when the search for Reullura spread,
 No answering voice was given ,
 For the sea had gone o’er her lovely head,
 And her spirit was in heaven

NOTES TO REULLURA

LINE 4 The Culdee were the primitive clergy of Scotland and apparently her only clergy from the sixth to the eleventh century They were of Irish origin and their monastery on the island of Iona, or Icolmkill was the seminary of Christianity in North Britain Presbyterian writers have wished to prove them to have been a sort of Presbyters strangers to the Roman Church and Episcopacy It seems to be established that they were not enemies to Episcopacy but that they were not slavishly subjected to Rome like the clergy of later periods appears by their resisting the Papal ordinances respecting the celibacy of religious men on which account they were ultimately displaced by the Scottish sovereigns to make way for more Popish canons

LINE 13 *Reullura* in Gaelic signifies beautiful star

LINE 23 *Innisfaul* Ireland

LINE 28 *Lochlin* Denmark

LINE 32 *Shield of alarm* Striking the shield was an ancient mode of convocation to war among the Gael

LOCHIEL'S WARNING

(Written in London 1801)

WIZARD—LOCHIEL

WIZARD

LOCHIEL Lochiel ' beware of the day
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array '
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight
 They rally they bleed for their kingdom and crown
 Woe woe to the riders that trample them down '
 Proud Cumberland prances insulting the slain
 And their hoof beaten bosoms are trod to the plain
 But hark ' through the fast flashing lightning of war
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ' 10

'Tis thine, oh Glenullin ' whose bride shall await,
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate
 A steed comes at morning no rider is there
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair
 Weep, Albin ' to death and captivity led '
 Oh, weep ' but thy tears cannot number the dead ,
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
 Culloden ' that reeks with the blood of the brave

LOCHIEL

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling scer '
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear, 20
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
 This mant'e to cover the phantoms of fright

WIZARD

Ha ' laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn '
 Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
 From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north ?
 Lo ' the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ,
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high '
 Ah ' home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh ' 30
 Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
 From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven '
 Oh, crested Lochiel ' the peerless in might,
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
 Heaven's fire is around thee to blast and to burn ,
 Return to thy dwelling ' all lonely return '

11 'Tis thine, oh] 'Tis the barb of *first edition*

35-37 In place of these three lines the first edition gives only—

'Oh, Chieftain ' whose tower on the mountain shall burn '

For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood
 And a wild mother's scream o'er her famishing brood 40

LOCHIEL

False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan—
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
 They are true to the last of their blood and their
 breath

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
 But woe to his kindred and woe to his cause
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws !
 When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd
 Clanranald the dauntless and Moray the proud 45
 All plumed and plumed in their tartan array—

WIZARD

Lochiel, Lochiel ! beware of the day
 For dark and despairing my sight I may seal
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore
 And coming events cast their shadows before
 I tell thee Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
 With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king
 Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath
 Behold where he flies on his desolate path ! 50
 Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight
 Rise, rise ! ye wild tempests and cover his flight !
 'Tis finished ! Their thunders are hushed on the
 moors
 Culloden is lost and my country deplores

But where is the iron-bound prisoner ' Where '
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?
 Ah no ' for a darker departure is near ,
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier , 70
 His death-bell is tolling oh ' mercy dispel
 Yon sight that it freezes my spirit to tell '
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims ,
 Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale

LOCHIEL

Down, soothless insulter ' I trust not the tale
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat 80
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their
 gore,
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe '
 And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame

66 For] When *first edition*

71 oh '] let *first edition*

79-82 These four lines do not appear in the first edition

85-8 Instead of these four final lines the first edition gives only the couplet—

‘ Shall victor exult in the battle’s acclaim,
 Or look to yon heaven from the deathbed of fame ’

NOTES TO LOCHIEL'S WARNING

[This poem along with *Hohenlinden* was first published anonymously in 1801 and dedicated to the Rev Archibald Alison. Both poems were written in London in 1801.]

NOTE TO LINE I

Lochiel the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons and descended from ancestors distinguished in their narrow sphere for great personal prowess was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked—the enterprise of the Stuarts in 1745. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders by the appellation of the gentle Lochiel for he was famed for his social virtues as much as for his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise but his sensibility to the point of honour overruled his wisdom. Charles appealed to his loyalty and he could not brook the reproaches of his Prince. When Charles landed at Borrodale Lochiel went to meet him, but on his way called at his brother's house (Cameron of Fassaferrin) and told him on what errand he was going—adding however that he meant to dissuade the Prince from his enterprise. Fassaferrin advised him in that case to communicate his mind by letter to Charles. No said Lochiel. I think it my due to my Prince to give him my reasons in person for refusing to join his standard. Brother replied Fassaferrin. I know you better than you know yourself. If the Prince once sets his eyes on you he will make you do what he pleases. The interview accordingly took place and Lochiel with many arguments but in vain pressed the Pretender to return to France and reserve himself and his friends for a more favourable occasion as he had come by his own acknowledgement without arms or money or adherents or at all events to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles whose mind was wound up to the utmost impatience paid no regard to this proposal but answered that he was determined to put all to the hazard. In a few days said he I will erect the royal standard and proclaim to the people of great Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors and to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel who my father has often told me was our firmest friend may stay at home and learn from

An account of the second sight in Irish called *Taish* is thus given in Martin's *Description of the Western Isles of Scotland* pp 3-11 —

The second sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object without any previous means used by the person who sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers that they neither see nor think of anything else except the vision as long as it continues and then they appear pensive or jovial according to the object which was represented to them.

At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected and the eyes continue staring until the object vanishes. This is obvious to others who are standing by when the persons happen to see a vision and occurred more than once to my own observation and to others that were with me.

There is one in Skie of whom his acquaintance observed that when he sees a vision the inner parts of his eyelids turn so far upwards that after the object disappears he must draw them down with his fingers and sometimes employs others to draw them down which he finds to be much the easier way.

This faculty of the second sight does not lineally descend in a family as some have imagined for I know several parents who are endowed with it and their children are not and vice versa. Neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And after strict inquiry I could never learn from any among them that this faculty was communicable to any what soever. The seer knows neither the object time nor place of a vision before it appears and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstances is by observation for several persons of judgement who are without this faculty are more capable to judge of the design of a vision than a novice that is a seer. If an object appears in the day or night it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

If an object is seen early in a morning which is not frequent it will be accomplished in a few hours afterward if at noon it will probably be accomplished that very day if in the evening perhaps that night if after candles be lighted it will be accomplished that night—the latter always an accomplishment by weeks months and sometimes years according to the time of the night the vision is seen.

When a sidroud is seen about one it is a sure prognostic of death. The time is judged according to the height of it about the person for if it is not seen above the middle death is not to be

expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the person of whom the observations were then made was in perfect health.

‘It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees in places void of all these, and this in process of time is wont to be accomplished, as at Mogsloot, in the Isle of Skie, where there were but a few sorry low houses thatched with straw, yet in a few years the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished by the building of several good houses in the very spot represented to the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

‘To see a spark of fire is a forerunner of a dead child, to be seen in the arms of those persons, of which there are several instances. To see a seat empty at the time of sitting in it, is a presage of that person’s death quickly after it.

‘When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors and comes near a fire he presently falls into a swoon.

‘Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people having a corpse which they carry along with them, and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the vision that appeared. If there be any of their acquaintance among them, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers, but they know nothing concerning the corpse.’

Horses and cows (according to the same credulous author) have certainly sometimes the same faculty, and he endeavours to prove it by the signs of fear which the animals exhibit when second-sighted persons see visions in the same place.

‘The seers’ (he continues) ‘are generally illiterate and well-meaning people, and altogether void of design nor could I ever learn that any of them ever made the least gain by it, neither is it reputable among them to have that faculty. Besides, the people of the Isles are not so credulous as to believe implicitly before the thing predicted is accomplished, but when it is actually accomplished afterwards, it is not in their power to deny it without offering violence to their own sense and reason. Besides, if the seers were deceivers, can it be reasonable to imagine that all the islanders who have not the second sight should combine together and offer violence to their understandings and senses to enforce themselves to believe a lie from age to age? There are several persons among them whose title and education raise them above the suspicion of concurring with an impostor merely to gratify an

illiterate contemptible set of persons nor can reasonable persons believe that children horses and cows should be pre-engaged in a combination in favour of second sight

GENERAL NOTE.

[Even when he (Campbell) has done a thing well he has often misgivings about it. He left out several fine passages of *Lochiel* but I got him to restore some of them says Scott as reported by Warrington Irving in the latter's *Recollections of Abbotsford &c*. At least one passage that was not restored is to be found in the poet's handwriting in a copy of *Lochiel* presented to Miss A — —

I tell thee yon leath'ring raven shall hold
His feast on the field ere the quarry be cold
And the fall of his wing o'er Culloden shall wave
Exulting to cover the blood of the brave
[Cf. ll. 1, 18 and ll. 17-9 of the pulchre text.]

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

(First heard 1804)

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries Boatman do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry

Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle
This dark and stormy water ?
O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle
And thus, Lord Ullin's daughter

And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together
For should he find us in the glen
My blood would stain the heather

‘ His horsemen hard behind us ride ,
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride
 When they have slain her lover ’ ’

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
 ‘ I’ll go, my chief ! I’m ready ,
 It is not for your silver bright
 But for your winsome lady

20

‘ And, by my word ! the bonny bird
 In danger shall not tarry ,
 So, though the waves are raging white
 I’ll row you o’er the ferry ’

By this the storm grew loud apace.
 The water-wraith¹ was shrieking ,
 And in the scowl of heaven each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armèd men
 Their trampling sounded nearer

30

‘ O haste thee, haste ! ’ the lady cries,
 ‘ Though tempests round us gather ,
 I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father ’

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her,
 When, oh ! too strong for human hand,
 The tempest gathered o’er her

40

And still they rowed amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing
 Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
 His wrath was changed to wailing

¹ The evil spirit of the waters

For sore dismayed through storm and shade
 His child he did discover
 One lovely hand she stretched for aid
 And one was round her lover

Come back ! come back ! he cried in grief
 Across the stormy water 60
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief
 My daughter ! oh my daughter !

'Twas vain the loud waves lashed the shore
 Return or aid preventing
 The waters wild went o'er his child
 And he was left lamenting

GENERAL NOTE

[This fine ballad was first sketched in Mull in 1800 and afterwards (in 1804) elaborated at Sydenham. It was published with the first edition of *Gertrude of Wyoming* in 1809.]

GLENARA

O HEARD ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale
 Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail ?
 'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear
 And her sire and the people are called to her bier
 Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud
 Her kinsmen they followed but mourned not aloud
 Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around
 They marched all in silence—they looked on the
 ground

In silence they reached over mountain and moor
 To a heath where the oak tree grew lonely and hoar
 Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn 11
 Why speak ye no word !—said Glenara the stern

' And tell me, I charge you ' ye clan of my spouse,
 Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows ? '
 So spake the rude chieftain no answer is made,
 But each mantle unfolding a dagger displayed

' I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,'
 Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud
 ' And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem ,
 Glenara ' Glenara ' now read me my dream ' ' 20

Oh ' pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
 When the shroud was unclosed and no lady was seen .
 When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in
 seoin

'Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn—

' I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
 I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief
 On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem ,
 Glenara ' Glenara ' now read me my dream ' '

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground
 And the desert revealed where his lady was found , 30
 From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne—
 Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn '

GENERAL NOTE TO GLENARA

[The poem was suggested to Campbell by the following tradition —Maclean of Duart, having determined to get rid of his wife, ' Ellen of Lorn,' had her treacherously conveyed to a rock in the sea, where she was left to perish with the rising tide. He then announced to her kinsmen his sudden bereavement, and invited them to join in his grief. In the meantime the lady was accidentally rescued from the certain death that awaited her, and restored

to her father Her husband little suspecting what had happened⁴
 was suffered to go through the solemn mockery of a funeral At
 last when the bier rested at the gray stone of her cairn —

I dreamt of my lady I dreamt of her shroud
 Cried a voice from the kinsmen all wrathful and loud
 And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem
 Glenara Glenara now read me my dream'

O pale grew the cheek of that chieftain I ween
 When the shroud was unclosed and no lady was seen

The inquest was held Maclean it is added was instantly sacrific-
 ed by the Clan Dougal and thrown into the ready made grave —

DR. BEATTIE *Life of Campbell*

Campbell learnt the tradition during his residence at Downie
 Argyllshire in 1797]

DIRGE OF WALLACE

(Written in 1790.)

THEY lighted the tapers at dead of night
 And chanted their holiest hymn
 But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright
 Her eye was all sleepless and dim

And the lady of Eldershe wept for her lord
 When a deathwatch beat in her lonely room
 When her curtain had shook of its own accord
 And the raven had flapped at her window board
 To tell of her warrior's doom

Now sing ye the death song and loudly pray 10
 For the soul of my knight so dear
 And call me a widow this wretched day
 Since the warning of God is here

' For a nightmare rides on my strangled sleep—
 The lord of my bosom is doomed to die
 His valorous heart they have wounded deep
 And blood-ied tears shall his country weep
 For Wallace of Elderslie '

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour
 Ere the loud matin bell was rung, 20
 That a trumpet of death on an English tower
 Had the dirge of her champion sung

When his dungeon light looked dim and red
 On the high-born blood of a martyr slain
 No anthem was sung at his lowly death-bed
 No weeping was there when his bosom bled
 And his heart was rent in twain

Oh ! it was not thus when his ashien spear
 Was true to that knight forlorn,
 And hosts of a thousand were scattered like deer 30
 At the blast of the hunter's horn '

When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought
 field

With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land
 For his lancee was not shivered on helmet or shield,
 And the sword that was fit for archangel to wield
 Was light in his terrible hand

Yet, bleeding and bound though the Wallace wight
 For his long-loved country die,
 The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
 Than William of Elderslie ' 40

But the day of his glory shall never depart
 His head unentombed shall with glory be palmed ,
 From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start
 Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart
 A nobler was never embalmed '

GENERAL NOTE

[This is one of Campbell's juvenile efforts of which he never quite approved and which he persisted in excluding from all the London editions of his poems on the ground that it was too rhapsodical. Written before he was twenty he slightly re-touched it at that age and never again revised it. It contains however as Dr Beattie says a few passages not unworthy of the author of *Lochiel*.

The version of this Dirge which Dr Beattie has produced on pp 202 203 of the first volume of his *Life and Letters of Campbell* is prefaced by twelve introductory lines (commencing 'When Scotland's great Regent our warrior most dear') which are not given here as being unworthy of Campbell and forming beside no necessary part of the poem.]

The unrevised original bears date January 1800

SONG

EARL MARCH looked on his dying child

And smit with grief to view her—

The youth he cried whom I exiled

Shall be restored to woo her

She's at the window many an hour

His coming to discover

And her love looked up to Ellen's bower

And she looked on her lover—

But ah! so pale he knew her not

Though her smile on him was dwelling 10

And am I then forgot—forgot? —

It broke the heart of Ellen

In vain he weeps in vain he sighs

Her cheek is cold as ashes

Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes

To lift their silken lashes

[Sir Walter Scott's poem *The Maid of the Dapth* deals with the same theme. Scott's poem bears date 1800. Campbell's was printed in *The New Monthly* in 1800.]

GILDEROY

(First published, with *The Pleasures of Hope*, in 1799)

THE last, the fatal, hour is come
That bears my love from me
I hear the dead note of the drum,
I mark the gallows-tree !

The bell has tolled it shakes my heart ,
The trumpet speaks thy name ,
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame ?

No bosom trembles for thy doom ,
No mourner wipes a tear ,
The gallow's foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier

10

Oh, Gilderoy ! bethought we then
So soon, so sad, to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumphed o'er my heart !

Your locks they glittered to the sheen,
Your hunter garb was trim ,
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb

20

Ah ! little thought I to deplore
Those limbs in fetters bound ,
Or hear, upon thy scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound

Ye cruel, cruel, that combined
The guiltless to pursue
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you !

A long adieu ' but where shall fly
 Thy widow all forlorn 30
 When every mean and cruel eye
 Regards my woe with scorn ?
 Yes ' they will mock thy widow s tears
 And hate thine orphan boy
 Alas ' his infant beauty wears
 The form of Gilderoy
 Then will I seek the dreary mound
 That wrapt thy mouldering clay
 And weep and linger on the ground
 And sigh my heart away 40

LINES

ON THE CAMP HILL NEAR HASTINGS

(Written for *The Metropolitan* in 1831)

In the deep blue of eve
 Ere the twinkling of stars had begun
 Or the lark took his leave
 Of the skies and the sweet setting sun
 I climbed to yon heights
 Where the Norman encamped him of old
 With his bowmen and knights
 And his banner all burnished with gold
 At the Conqueror s side
 There his minstrelsy sat barp in hand 10
 In pavilion wide
 And they chanted the deeds of Roland
 Still the ramparted ground
 With a vision my fancy inspires
 And I hear the trump sound
 As it marshalled our chivalry s sires

On each turf of that mead
 Stood the captors of England's domains
 That ennobled her breed
 And high-mettled the blood of her veins 20
 Over hauberk and helm
 As the sun's setting splendour was thrown,
 Thence they looked o'er a realm
 And to-morrow beheld it their own

NOTE

LINE 6 What is called the East Hill at Hastings is crowned with the works of an ancient camp, and it is more than probable it was the spot which William I occupied between his landing and the battle which gave him England's crown. It is a strong position the works are easily traced

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE STATUE OF ARNOLD VON
 WINKELRIED STANZ-UNTERWALDEN

(Written 1840)

INSPIRING and romantic Switzers' land,
 Though mark'd with majesty by Nature's hand,
 What charm ennobles most thy landscape's face ?
 Th' heroic memory of thy native race,
 Who forced tyrannic hosts to bleed or flee,
 And made their rocks the ramparts of the free '
 Their fastnesses roll'd back th' invading tide
 Of conquest, and their mountains taught them pride.
 Hence they have patriot names, in fancy's eye
 Bright as their glaciers glittering in the sky , 10
 Patriots who make the pageantries of kings
 Like shadows seem, and unsubstantial things
 Their guiltless glory mocks oblivion's rust,
 Imperishable, for their cause was just

Heroes of old ' to whom the Nine have strung
 Their lyres and spirit stirring anthems sung
 Heroes of chivalry ' whose banners grace
 The aisles of many a consecrated place —
 Confess how few of you can match in fame
 The martyr Winkelried's immortal name ' o

GENERAL NOTE.

For an account of this patriotic Swiss and his heroic death at the battle of Sempach see Dr Beattie's *Switzerland Illustrated* vol. ii pp 111-15

The advocates of classical learning tell us that without classic historians we should never become acquainted with the most splendid traits of human character but one of those traits patriotic self devotion may surely be heard of elsewhere without learning Greek and Latin There are few who have read modern history unacquainted with the noble voluntary death of the Switzer Winkelried Whether he was a peasant or man of superior birth is a point not quite settled in history though I am inclined to suspect that he was simply a peasant But this is certain that in the battle of Sempach perceiving that there was no other means of breaking the heavy armed lines of the Austrians than by gathering as many of their spears as he could grasp together he opened a passage for his fellow combatants who with hammers and hatchets bowed down the mailed men at-arms and won the victory

THE BRAVE ROLAND

(Written 1820)

THE brave Roland '—the brave Roland '—
 False tidings reached the Rhenish strand
 That he had fallen in fight
 And thy faithful bosom swooned with pain
 O lovebest maiden of Allémayne '
 For the loss of thine own true knight

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil
 In yon Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale '
 For her vow had scarce been sworn
 And the fatal mantle o'er her flung
 When the Drachenfels to a trumpet rung
 'Twas her own dear warrior's horn '

10

Woe ! woe ! each heart shall bleed shall break !
 She would have hung upon his neck
 Had he come but yester-even ,
 And he had clasped those peerless charms
 That shall never, never fill his arms,
 Or meet him but in heaven

Yet Roland the brave Roland the true
 He could not bid that spot adieu ,
 It was dear still 'midst his woes ,
 For he loved to breathe the neighbouring air,
 And to think she blessed him in her prayer
 When the Hallelujah rose

20

There's yet one window of that pile
 Which he built above the Nun's green isle ,
 Thence sad and oft looked he
 (When the chant and organ sounded slow)
 On the mansion of his love below ,
 For herself he might not see

30

She died ! He sought the battle-plain ,
 Her image filled his dying brain
 When he fell, and wished to fall
 And her name was in his latest sigh,
 When Roland, the flower of chivalry,
 Expired at Roncevall

GENERAL NOTE

The tradition which forms the substance of these stanzas is still preserved in Germany. An ancient tower on a height called the Rolandseck, a few miles above Bonn on the Rhine, is shown as the habitation which Roland built in sight of a nunnery into which his mistress had retired on having heard an unfounded account of his death. Whatever may be thought of the credibility of the legend, its scenery must be recollected with pleasure by every one who has visited the romantic landscape of the Drachenfels, the Rolandseck, and the beautiful adjacent islet of the Rhine, where a nunnery still stands.

[Campbell was here in July 1800.]

ADELGITHA

(Written for *The New Monthly*, 1824.)

THE ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded

And sad pale Adalgitha came

When forth a valiant champion bounded

And slew the slanderer of her fame

She wept delivered from her danger

But when he knelt to claim her glove—

Seek not, she cried, oh! gallant stranger

For hapless Adalgitha's love

For he is in a foreign far land

Whose arm should now have set me free 10

And I must wear the willow garland

For him that's dead or false to me

Nay! say not that his faith is tainted!

He raised his vizor at the sight

She fell into his arms and fainted

It was indeed her own true knight!

THE SPECTRE BOAT

A BALLAD

(First appeared in *The New Monthly*, 1822)

LIGHT rued false Ferdmand to leave a lovely maid
forlorn,

Who broke her heart and died to hide her blushing
cheek from scorn

One night he dreamt he wooed her in their wonted
bower of love,

Where the flowers sprang thick around them and the
birds sang sweet above

But the scene was swiftly changed into a churchyard's
dismal view,

And her lips grew black beneath his kiss, from love's
delicious hue

What more he dreamt he told to none, but, shudder-
ing, pale, and dumb,

Looked out upon the waves, like one that knew his
hour was come

'Twas now the dead watch of the night the helm was
lashed a-lee,

And the ship rode where Mount Etna lights the deep
Levantine sea, 10

When beneath its glare a boat came, rowed by a
woman in her shroud,

Who, with eyes that made our blood run cold, stood
up and spoke aloud

'Come, traitor, down, for whom my ghost still
wanders unforgiven'

Come down, false Ferdinand, for whom I broke my
peace with heaven !'

It was vain to hold the victim for he plunged to meet
her call

Like the bird that shrieks and flutters in the gazing
serpent's thrall

You may guess the boldest mariner shrunk daunted
from the sight

For the spectre and her winding sheet shone blue with
ludicrous light

Like a fiery wheel the boat spun with the waving of her
hand

And round they went and down they went as the
cock crew from the land

THE RITTER BANN

(First published in *The New Monthly* in 1844)

THE Ritter Bann from Hungary

Came back renowned in arms

But scorning jousts of chivalry

And love and ladies' charms

While other knights held revel he

Was wrapped in thoughts of gloom

And in Vienna's hostelry

Slow paced his lonely room

There entered one whose face he knew —

Whose voice he was aware

He oft at mass had listened to

In the holy house of prayer

I was the Abbot of St. James's monks

A fresh and fair old man

His reverend air arrested even

The gloomy Ritter Bann

But, seeing with him an ancient dame
Come clad in Scotch attire,
The Ritter's colour went and came
And loud he spoke in ire

20

' Ha ' nurse of her that was my bane,
Name not her name to me ,
I wish it blotted from my brain
Art poor '—take alms, and flee '

' Sir Knight,' the Abbot interposed,
' This ease your ear demands ,'
And the crone cried, with a cross enclosed
In both her trembling hands—

' Remember, each his sentence waits ,
And he that shall rebut
Sweet mercy's suit,—on him the gates
Of mercy shall be shut

30

' You wedded, undispensed by Church,
Your cousin Jane in spring ,
In autumn, when you went to search
For churchmen's pardoning,

' Her house denounced your marriage-band,
Betrothed her to De Grey,
And the ring you put upon her hand
Was wrenched by force away

40

' Then wept your Jane upon my neck,
Crying, " Help me, nurse, to flee
To my Howel Bann's Glamorgan hills " "
But word arrived—ah me !

' You were not there , and 'twas then threat,
By foul means or by fair,
To-morrow morning was to set
The seal on her despair

I had a son a sen boy in
A ship nt Hartland Bay 50
By his aid from her cruel kin
I bore my bird away

To Scotland from the Devon s
Green myrtle shores we fled
And the Hand that sent the ravens
To Ehjah gave us bread

She wrote you by my son but he
From England sent us word
You had gone into some far countre
In grief and gloom he henrd 60

For they that wronged you to elude
Your wrath defamed my child
And you—ay blush Sir as you should—
Believed and were beguiled

To die but nt your feet she vowed
To roam the world and we
Would both have sped and begged our bread—
But so it might not be

For when the snowstorm beat our roof
She bore a boy Sir Bann 70
Who grew as fair your likeness proof
As child e er grew like man

Twas smiling on that babe one morn
While heath bloomed on the moor
Her beauty struck young Lord Kinghorn
As he hunted past our door

She shunned him but he raved of Jane
And roused his mother s pride
Who came to us in high disdain —
And where s the face she cried 80

‘ “ Has witched my boy to wish for one
So wretched for his wife ?-
Dost love thy husband ? Know, my son
Has sworn to seek his life ”

‘ Her anger sore dismayed us,
For our mite was wearing scant,
And, unless that dame would aid us
There was none to aid our want

‘ So I told her, weeping bitterly
What all our woes had been
And, though she was a stern ladie,
The tears stood in her een

90

‘ And she housed us both, when cheerfully
My child to her had sworn
That, even if made a widow, she
Would never wed Kinghorn ’

Here paused the nurse, and then began
The Abbot, standing by —

‘ Three months ago a wounded man
To our abbey came to die

100

‘ He heard me long, with ghastly eyes
And hand obdurate clenched,
Speak of the worm that never dies
And the fire that is not quenched

‘ At last by what this scroll attests
He left atonement brief
For years of anguish to the breasts
His guilt had wrung with grief

‘ “ There lived,” he said, “ a fair young dame
Beneath my mother’s roof
I loved her, but against my flame
Her purity was proof

110

I feigned repentance friendship pure
That mood she did not check
But let her husband's miniature
Be copied from her neck

As means to search him My deceit
Took care to him was borne
Nought but his picture's counterfeit
And Jane's reported scorn

10

The treachery took she wanted wild
My slave came back and hed
Whatever I wished she clasped her child
And swooned and all but died

I felt her tears for years and years
Quench not my flame but stir
The very hate I bore her mate
Increased my love for her

Fame told us of his glory while
Joy flushed the face of Jane
And while she blessed his name her smile
Struck fire into my brain

130

No fears could damp I reached the camp
Sought out its champion
And if my broad sword failed at last
Twas long and well laid on

Thus wound's my meed my name's Kinghorn
My foe's the Ritter Bann
The wafer to his lips was borne
And we shrived the dying man

140

He died not till you went to fight
The Turks at Warradem
But I see my tale has changed you pale
The Abbot went for wine

And brought a little page who poured
 It out, and knelt and smiled —
 The stunned knight saw himself restored
 To childhood in his child,

And stooped and caught him to his breast
 Laughed loud and wept anon, 150
 And with a shower of kisses pressed
 The darling little one

‘ And where went Jane ? ’ ‘ To a nunnery, Sir—
 Look not again so pale ,
 Kinghorn’s old dame grew harsh to her ’
 ‘ And has she ta’en the veil ? ’

‘ Sit down, Sir,’ said the priest, ‘ I bar
 Rash words ’ They sat all three,
 And the boy played with the knight’s broad star
 As he kept him on his knee 160

‘ Think ere you ask her dwelling-place,’
 The Abbot further said ,
 ‘ Time draws a veil o’er beauty’s face
 More deep than cloister’s shade

‘ Grief may have made her what you can
 Scarcely love perhaps for life ’
 ‘ Hush, Abbot,’ cried the Ritter Bann,
 ‘ Or tell me where ’s my wife ’

The priest undid two doors that hid
 The inn’s adjacent room, 170
 And there a lovely woman stood—
 Tears bathed her beauty’s bloom
 One moment may with bliss repay
 Unnumbered hours of pain ,
 Such was the throb and mutual sob
 Of the knight embracing Jane

NOTE.

LINE 9 *There entered one whose fate he knew*

[The original of this portrait was Dr Arbuthnot, the President of the Scots Benedictine College or Monastery of St James at Ratibon with whom the poet was on intimate terms of friendship during his residence in that city of Bavaria during August and September 1800. See *Beattie's Life and Letters of Campbell* vol. i. p. 288.]

THE TURKISH LADY

(Finished 1804)

TWAS the hour when rites unholy
 Called each Paynim voice to prayer
 And the star that faded slowly
 Left to dew the freshened air

DAW her sultry fires had wasted
 Calm and sweet the moonlight rose
 Even a captive spirit tasted
 Half oblivion of his woes

Then 'twas from an Emir's palace
 Came an Eastern lady bright
 She in spite of tyrants jealous
 Saw and loved an English knight

10

Tell me captive why in anguish
 Foes have dragged thee here to dwell
 Where poor Christians as they languish
 Hear no sound of Sabbath bell?

Twas on Transylvania's Bannat
 When the Crescent shone afar
 Like a pale disastrous planet
 O'er the purple tide of war—

0

‘ In that day of desolation,
Lady, I was captive made,
Bleeding for my Christian nation
By the walls of high Belgrade ’
‘ Captive ’ could the brightest jewel
From my turban set thee free ? ’
‘ Lady no ! the gift were cruel,
Ransomed, yet if reft of thee
‘ Say, fair princess ’ would it grieve thee
Christian climes should we behold ? ’ 30
‘ Nay, bold knight ! I would not leave thee
Were thy ransom paid in gold ! ’
Now in heaven’s blue expansion
Rose the midnight star to view,
When to quit her father’s mansion
Thrice she wept, and bade adieu !
‘ Fly we then, while none discover !
Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride ! ’
Soon at Rhodes the British lover
Clasped his blooming Eastern bride 40

[This poem, sketched originally in Bavaria, was finished at Sydenham in 1804]

SONGS OF BATTLE

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

A NAVAL ODE

(First published in *The Morning Chronicle* in 1801)

I

YE Mariners of England
That guard our native seas
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze—
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe '
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow —
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow

II

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave '
For the deck it was their field of fame
And Ocean was their grave
Where Blako and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow
As ye sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow —
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow

18 winds do] tempests first edition

III

BRITANNIA needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep,
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore
 When the stormy winds do blow,
 When the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow

IV

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart
 And the star of peace return
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors '
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow,
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow

[*Ye Mariners* was first printed in *The Morning Chronicle* under the title of 'Alteration of the Old Ballad, *Ye Gentlemen of England*, composed on the prospect of a Russian War', and it was signed AMATOR PATRIAE. It was originally 'sketched' in Edinburgh in 1799, 'finished' at Ratisbon (or Altona) in 1800, and sent to Mr Perry of *The Morning Chronicle* (see Dr Beattie's *Life of Campbell*, i 264)]

NOTES

NOTE TO STANZA II, LINE 5

[This line originally ran—

'Where Granvill, boast of freedom, fell,'

The alteration was made after the battle of Trafalgar, 1805
 Granvill is Sir Richard Grenville in Tennyson's ballad of the Fleet]

NOTE TO STANZA III LINE -

[Every available point along the Straits of Dover westward was at this time being fortified by Martello towers]

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

(Composed in the winter of 1804)

I

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown
And her arms along the deep proudly shone —
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on

II

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line
It was ten of April morn by the chime
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death
And the boldest held his breath
For a time

II 1 afloat] probably a mistake for in view — to rhyme with flew t o lines below See the fifth stanza of the original draft
p. 193 *infra*]

III

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ,
And her van the fleetest rushed
O'er the deadly space between
' Hearts of oak ' ' our captain cried , when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun

IV

Again ' again ' again '
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back
Their shots along the deep slowly boom ,
Then ceased—and all is wail
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom

V

Out spoke the victor then
As he hailed them o'er the wave,
' Ye are brothers ' ye are men '
And we conquer but to save ,
So peace instead of death let us bring
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King '

VI

Then Denmark blessed our chief
That he gave her wounds repose
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose
As death withdrew his shades from the day
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away

VII

Now joy Old England raise
For the tidings of thy night
By the festal cities blaze
While the wine cup shines in light
And yet amidst that joy and uproar
Let us think of them that sleep
In many a fathom deep
By thy wild and stormy steep
Elsinore !

VIII

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant good Riou—
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

NOTES

NOTE TO STANZA VIII, LINE 4

Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good by Lord Nelson when he wrote home his dispatches

[The first draft of this poem, entitled 'The Battle of Copenhagen,' was submitted to Walter Scott by Campbell, in a letter from Sydenham of date March 27, 1805. But the measure was modified, and the number of stanzas reduced before publication from twenty-seven to eight. The original draft will be found below.]

THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN

First Draft

(As sent to Scott, March 27, 1805)

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the day,
When their haughty powers to vex
He engaged the Danish decks,
And with twenty floating wrecks
Crowned the fray

All bright in April's sun
Shone the day,
When a British fleet came down
Through the islands of the crown,
And by Copenhagen town
Took their stay

In arms the Danish shore
Proudly shone,—
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on

For Denmark here had drawn
All her might
From her battleships so rash
She had hewn away the mast,
And at anchor to the last
Bade them fight

Another noble fleet
Of their line
Rode out but these were naught
To the batteries which they brought
Like leviathans afloat
In the brine

It was ten of Thursday morn
By the chime
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death
And the boldest held his breath
For a time

Ere a first and fatal round
Shook the flood
Every Dane looked out that day
Like the red wolf on his prey
And ho w his flag to sway
O'er our blood

Not such a mind possessed
England's tar
Twas the love of noble game
Set his osken heart on flame
For to him twas all the same—
Sport and war

All hands and eyes on watch
As they keep
By their motion light as wings
By each step that haughty springs
You might know them for the kings
Of the deep!

Twas the Edgar first that smote
Denmark's line
As her flag the foremost soared
Murray stamped his foot on board
And a hundred cannons roared
At the sign!

Three cheers of all the fleet
Sung huzza!
Thus from centre rear and van
Every captain every man
With a lion's heart began
To the fray

SONGS OF BATTLE

Oh, dark grew soon the heavens,
For each gun
From its adamantyne lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships
Like a hurricane eclipse
Of the sun !

Three hours the raging fire
Did not slack,
But the fourth their signals drear
Of distress and wreck appear,
And the Dane a feeble cheer
Sent us back

The voice decayed their shots
Slowly boom
They ceased,—and all is wail
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom

Oh, death ! it was a sight
Filled our eyes !
But we rescued many a crew
From the waves of scarlet hue,
Ere the cross of England flew
O'er her prize

Why ceased not here the strife,
O ye brave ?
Why bleeds Old England's band
By the fire of Danish land
That smites the very hand
Stretched to save ?

But the Britons sent to warn
Denmark's town—
Proud foes, let vengeance sleep !
If another chain-shot sweep
All your navy in the deep
Shall go down !

Then Peace instead of Death
Let us bring !
If you'll yield your conquered fleet
With the crews at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King !

Then death withdrew his pall
From the day
And the sun looked smiling bright
On a wide and woeful sight
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away
Yet all amidst her wreck
And her gore
Proud Denmark blest our Chief
That he gave her wounds relief
And the sounds of joy and grief
Filled her shore
All round outlandish cries
Loudly broke
But a nobler note was rung
When the British old and young
To their bands of music sung
Hearts of oak !
Cheer ! cheer from park and tower
London town !
When the King shall ride in state
From St. James's royal gate
And to all his Peers relate
Our renown !
The bells shall ring ' the day
Shall not close
But a blaze of cities bright
Shall illuminate the night
And the wine-cup shine in light
As it flows !
Yet yet amid the joy
And uproar
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
All beside thy rocky steep
Elsinore
Brave hearts ! to Britain's need
Once so true !
Thou death has quenched your flame
Yet immortal be your name
For ye died the death of fame
With Riou !

Soft sigh the winds of heaven
 O'er your grave '
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave '

HOHENLINDEN

(Written in London 1801)

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly

But Linden saw another sight
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle blade 10
 And furious every charger neighed
 To join the dreadful revelry

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of heaven
 Far flashed the red artillery

But redder yet that light shall glow
 On Linden's hills of stained snow,
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly. 20

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens On ye brave
 Who rush to glory or the grave !
 Wave Munich ! all thy banners wave
 And chargo with all thy chivalry !
 Few few shall part where many meet !
 The snow shall be their winding sheet, 10
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre

GENERAL NOTE.

[First published along with *Lochiel* anonymously in 1807. It is a mistake to say that Campbell witnessed the battle of Hohenlinden when he was in Germany in 1800. He saw the battle-fields near Ratisbon and at Ingolstadt— one during the action and the other very soon afterwards— but at the date of the battle of Hohenlinden the poet was on the Elbe.]

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR

(Written in 179)

ALONE to the banks of the dark rolling Danube
 Fair Adelaide lued when the battle was o'er
 Oh whither she cried hast thou wandered my
 lover ?
 Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore
 What voice did I hear ? twas my Henry that sighed !
 All mournful she hastened nor wandered she far
 When bleeding and low on the beath she descried
 By the light of the moon her poor wounded Hussar !
 From his bosom that heaved the last torrent was
 streaming
 And pale was his visage deep marked with a scar !
 And dim was that eye once expressively beaming 11
 That melted in love and that kindled in war !

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight '
 How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war '
 ' Hast thou come, my fond Love, this last sorrowful
 night,
 To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar ? '
 ' Thou shalt live,' she replied, ' Heaven's mercy
 relieving
 Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn ' '
 ' Ah, no ' the last pang of my bosom is heaving '
 No light of the morn shall to Henry return ' 20
 ' Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true '
 Ye babes of my love, that await me afar ' '
 His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
 When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded
 Hussar '

GENERAL NOTE

[This piece was published, with the first edition of *The Pleasures of Hope*, in 1799 It was no sooner published than its popularity was assured, 'it was sung in the streets of Glasgow, and soon found its way over the whole kingdom'—Beattie]

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

(Finished 1804)

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had
 lowered,
 And the sentinel stars set then watch in the sky,
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die
 When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-searing faggot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again

Methought from the battle fields dreadful array
 Far far I had roamed on a desolate track 10
 'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers that welcomed me back
 I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march when my bosom was young
 I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn reapers
 sung
 Then pledged we the wine cup and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to
 part
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart 20
 Stay stay with us—rest thou art weary and worn
 And fain was their war broken soldier to stay
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away

NOTE.

[LINE 11 stood originally— Till nature and sunshine disclosed
 the sweet way This piece was sketched in Bavaria in 1800 and
 afterwards (in 1804) elaborated at Sydenham]

STANZAS

ON THE THREATENED INVASION 1803

OUR bosoms well bare for the glorious strife
 And our oath is recorded on high
 To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life
 Or crushed in its ruins to die
 Then rise fellow freemen and stretch the right hand
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land

'Tis the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust—
 God bless the green Isle of the brave '
 Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust,
 It would rouse the old dead from their grave ' 10
 Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land '
 In a Briton's sweet home shall a spoiler abide,
 Profaning its loves and its charms ?
 Shall a Frenchman insult the loved fair at our side ?
 To arms ' oh my Country, to arms '
 Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land '
 Shall a tyrant enslave us, my countrymen ? No '
 His head to the sword shall be given 20
 A death-bed repentance be taught the proud foe
 And his blood be an offering to Heaven '
 Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land '

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE HIGH AND SOCIETY
 IN LONDON, WHEN MET TO COMMEMORATE THE 21ST
 OF MARCH, THE DAY OF VICTORY IN EGYPT, 1809

PLEDGE to the much-loved land that gave us birth '
 Invincible romantic Scotia's shore '
 Pledge to the memory of her parted worth '
 And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore '
 And be it deemed not wrong that name to give
 In festive hours which prompts the patriot's sigh '
 Who would not envy such as Moore to live ?
 And died he not as heroes wish to die ?

Yes! though too soon attaining glory's goal
 To us his bright career too short was given 10
 Yet in a mighty cause his phoenix soul
 Rose on the flames of victory to Heaven!

How oft it beats in subjugated Spain
 One patriot heart in secret shall it mourn
 For him! how oft on far Corunna's plain
 Shall British exiles weep upon his urn!

Peace to the mighty dead! Our bosom thanks
 In sprightlier strains the living may inspire!
 Joy to the chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks
 Of Roman garb and more than Roman fire! 20

Triumphant be the thistle still unfurled
 Dear symbol wild! On Freedom's hills it grows
 Where Fingal stemmed the tyrants of the world
 And Roman eagles found unconquered foes

Joy to the band—thus day on Egypt's coast
 Whose valour tamed proud France's tricolor
 And wrenched the banner from her bravest host
 Baptized invincible in Austria's gore!

Joy for the day on red Vimeira's strand
 When bayonet to bayonet opposed 30
 First of Britannia's host her Highland band
 Gave but the death shot once and foremost closed!

Is there a son of generous England here
 Or fervid Erin?—he with us shall join
 To pray that in eternal union dear
 The rose the shamrock and the thistle twine!

Types of a race who shall the invader scorn
 As rocks resist the billows round their shore
 Types of a race who shall to time unborn
 Their country leave unconquered as of yore! 40

NOTE

[The 'band' referred to in line 25 was the 12nd Highland Regiment, popularly known as the Black Watch]

TROUBADOUR SONG

ON THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

(Written for June 18, 1815)

I HAVE buckled the sword to my side,
 I have woke at the sound of the drum ,
 For the banners of France are descried,
 And the day of the battle is come '
 Thick as dew-drops bespangling the grass
 Shine our arms o'er the field of renown,
 And the sun looks on thousands, alas '
 That will never behold him go down '

Oh, my saint ' oh, my mistress ' this morn
 On thy name how I rest like a charm, 10
 Every dastard sensation to scorn
 In the moment of death and alarm '
 For what are those foemen to fear,
 Or the death-shot descending to crush
 Like the thought that the cheek of my dear
 For a stain on my honour should blush ?

Fallen chiefs, when the battle is o'er,
 Shall to glory their ashes entrust,
 While the heart that loves thee to its core
 May be namelessly laid in the dust 20
 Yet content to the combat I go
 Let my love in thy memory rest ,
 Nor my name shall be lost, for I know
 That it lives in the shrine of thy breast '

SONG

(Written 1822 ?)

WHEN Napoleon was flying
 From the field of Waterloo
 A British soldier dying
 To his brother bade adieu¹
 And take he said this token
 To the maid that owns my faith
 With the words that I have spoken
 In affection's latest breath

Sore mourned the brother's heart
 When the youth beside him fell
 But the trumpet warned to part
 And they took a sad farewell

10

There was many a friend to lose him
 For that gallant soldier sighed
 But the maiden of his bosom
 Wept when all their tears were dried

SONG

MEN OF ENGLAND

(First published in *The New Monthly Magazine* in 1822)

MEN of England¹ who inherit
 Rights that cost your sires their blood¹
 Men whose undegenerate spirit
 Has been proved on land and flood
 By the foes ye've fought uncounted
 By the glorious deeds ye've done
 Trophies captured—breaches mounted
 Navies conquered—kingdoms won!

¹ land] field in later editions

Yet, remember, England gathers
 Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame, 10
 If the freedom of your fathers
 Glow not in your hearts the same
 What are monuments of bravery,
 Where no public virtues bloom ?
 What avail in lands of slavery
 Trophied temples, arch, and tomb ?
 Pageants ! Let the world revere us
 For our people's rights and laws,
 And the breasts of civic heroes
 Bared in Freedom's holy cause 20
 Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
 Sydney's matchless shade is yours,
 Martyrs in heroic story
 Worth a hundred Agineourts !
 We're the sons of sires that baffled
 Crowned and mitred tyranny
 They defied the field and scaffold
 For their birthrights—so will we !

11 freedom] patriotism in some editions

SONG OF THE GREEKS

(Written 1822)

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians !
 Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance ,
 Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree
 It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free !
 For the cross of our faith is replanted,
 The pale dying crescent is daunted,
 And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves
 May be washed out in blood from our forefathers'
 graves !

8 More correctly—' May in blood be washed out '

Their spirits are hovering o'er us
 And the sword shall to glory restore us 10
 Ah ! what though no succour advances
 Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
 Are stretched in our aid ? Be the combat our own !
 And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone
 For we've sworn by our Country's assaulters
 By the virgins they've dragged from our altars
 By our massacred patriots our children in chains
 By our heroes of old and their blood in our veins
 That living we shall be victorious
 Or that dying our deaths shall be glorious 20
 A breath of submission we breathe not
 The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not !
 Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid
 And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade
 Earth may hide—waves engulf—fire consume us
 But they shall not to slavery doom us
 If they rule it shall be o'er our ashes and graves
 But we've smote them already with fire on the waves
 And new triumphs on land are before us
 To the charge ! Heaven's banner is o'er us 30
 This day shall ye blush for its story
 Or brighten your lives with its glory
 Our women oh say ! shall they shriek in despair
 Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their
 hair ?
 Accursed may his memory blacken
 If a coward there he that would slacken
 Till we've trampled the turban and shown ourselves
 worth
 Being sprung from the named for the godlike of earth
 Strike home ! and the world shall revere us
 As heroes descended from heroes 40

Old Greeee lightens up with emotion
 Her inlands, her isles of the Ocean ,
 Fanes rebuilt and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,
 And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's spring
 Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
 That were cold and extinguished in sadness ,
 Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white-
 waving arms,
 Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,
 When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
 Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens 50

THE DEATH-BOAT OF HELIGOLAND

(Written 1828)

CAN restlessness reach the cold sepulchred head ?—
 Ay, the quick have their sleep-walkers, so have the
 dead
 There are brains, though they moulder, that dream
 in the tomb,
 And that maddening forehear the last trumpet of
 doom,
 Till their eorses start sheeted to revel on earth,
 Making horror more deep by the semblance of murther .
 By the glare of new-lighted volcanoes they dance,
 Or at mid-sea appal the chilled mariner's glance
 Such, I wot, was the band of cadaverous smile
 Seen ploughing the night-surge of Heligo's isle 10
 The foam of the Baltic had sparkled like fire,
 And the red moon looked down with an aspect of ire ,
 But her beams on a sudden grew sick-like and gray,
 And the mewes that had slept clanged and shrieked far
 away,

And the buoys and the beacons extinguished their
light

As the boat of the stony eyed dead came in sight
High bounding from billow to billow each form
Had its sbroud like a plaid flying loose to the storm
With an oar in each pulseless and icy cold hand
Fast they ploughed by the lee shore of Heligoland o
Such breakers as boat of the living ne er crossed
Now surf sunk for minutes again they uptossed
And with livid lips shouted reply o er the flood
To the challenging watchman that curdled his blood—

We are dead—we are bound from our graves in the
west

First to Hecla and then to Unmeet was the
rest

For man's ear The old abbey bell thundered its
clang

And their eyes gleamed with phosphorous light as it
rang

Ere they vanished they stopped and gazed silently
grim

Till the eye could define them garb feature and
limb

Now who were those roamers ?—of gallows or wheel
Bore they marks or the mangling anatomist's steel ?
No by magistrates chains mid their grave clothes
you saw

They were felons too proud to have perished by law
But a ribbon that hung where a rope should have
been—

Tw'as the badge of their faction its hue was not
green—

Showed them men who had trampled and tortured
and driven

To rebellion the fairest isle breathed on by Heaven —

Men whose heins would yet finish the tyrannous task,
 If the Truth and the Time had not dragged off their
 mask 40

'They parted but not till the sight might discern
 A scutcheon distinct at their pinnae's stern,
 Where letters, emblazoned in blood-coloured flame,
 Named their faction I blot not my page with its
 name

STANZAS

ON THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO

(Written 1828)

HEARTS of oak that have bravely delivered the brave,
 And uplifted old Greece from the brink of the grave,
 'Twas the helpless to help and the hopeless to save
 That your thunderbolts swept o'er the brine,
 And as long as yon sun shall look down on the wave
 The light of your glory shall shine

For the guerdon ye sought with your bloodshed and
 toil,

Was it slaves, or dominion, or rapine, or spoil ?
 No ! your lofty emprise was to fetter and foil

 The uprooter of Greece's domain ! 10

When he tore the last remnant of food from her soil,
 Till her famished sank pale as the slain !

Yet, Navarin's heroes ! does Christendom breed
 The base hearts that will question the fame of your
 deed ?

Are they men ? let ineffable scorn be their meed,
 And oblivion shadow their graves !

Are they women ?—to Turkish serails let them speed,
 And be mothers of Mussulman slaves !

Abettors of massacre ' dare ye deplore
 That the death shriek is silenced on Hellas's shore ? o
 That the mother aghast sees her offspring no more
 By the hand of Infanticide grasped ?
 And that stretched on yon billows distained by their
 gore
 Missolonghi's assassins have gasped ?
 Prouder scene never hallowed war's pomp to the mind
 Than when Christendom's pennons wooed social the
 wind
 And the flower of her brave for the combat combined
 Their watchword humanity's vow
 Not a sea boy that fought in that cause but mankind
 Owes a garland to honour his brow ' 30
 Nor grudge by our side that to conquer or fall
 Came the hardy rude Russ and the high mettled
 Gaul
 For whose was the genius that planned at its call
 Where the whirlwind of battle should roll ?
 All were brave ' but the star of success over all
 Was the light of our Codrington's soul
 That star of the day spring regenerate Greek '
 Dimmed the Saracen's moon and struck pallid his
 cheek
 In its first flushing morning thy Muses shall speak
 When their lore and their lutes they reclaim 40
 And the first of their songs from Parnassus's peak
 Shall be Glory to Codrington's name '

GENERAL NOTE

[By this victory the Turkish and Egyptian navies were annihilated. The allied fleets (British, French, and Russian) were led by Sir Edward Codrington. The battle was fought on October 20, 1827.]

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR

(Written 1840 ?)

I LOVE contemplating, apart
From all his homicidal glory,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Arm'd in our island every freeman
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman

They suffer'd him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam ,
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home

10

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over
With envy , they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer

20

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning, dreaming, doting,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The live-long day laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR 211

Heaven help us ' twas a thing beyond
Description wretched such a wherry 30
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond
Or crossed a ferry

For ploughing in the salt sea field
It would have made the boldest shudder—
Untarr'd uncompass'd and unkeel'd
No sail no rudder

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows
And thus equip'd he would have passed
The foaming billows 4

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach —
His little Argo sorely jeering
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing

With folded arms Napoleon stood
Serene alike in peace and danger
And in his wonted attitude
Address'd the stranger

Rash man that wouldst yon Channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned ' 50
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned

I have no sweetheart said the lad
But absent long from one another
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother

And so thou shalt Napoleon said
Ye've both my favour fairly won
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son 60

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
 And, with a flag of truce, commanded
 He should be shipp'd to England Old,
 And safely landed

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
 To find a dinner, plain and hearty,
 But never changed the corn and gift
 Of Bonaparté

NOTE

This anecdote has been published in several public journals, both French and British. My belief in its authenticity was confirmed by an Englishman, long resident at Boulogne, lately telling me that he remembered the circumstance to have been generally talked of in the place.—T. C.

THE LAUNCH OF A FIRST-RATE

(WRITTEN ON WITNESSING THE SPECTACLE, 1840)

ENGLAND hails thee with emotion,
 Mightiest child of naval art !
 Heaven resounds thy welcome, Ocean
 Takes thee smiling to his heart

Giant oaks of bold expansion
 O'er seven hundred acres fell,
 All to build thy noble mansion
 Where our hearts of oak shall dwell

'Midst those trees the wild deer bounded
 Ages long ere we were born,
 And our great-grandfathers sounded
 Many a jovial hunting-horn

Oaks that living did inherit
 Grandeur from our earth and sky
 Still robust the native spirit
 In your timbers shall not die
 Ship ' to shine in martial story
 Thou shalt cleve the ocean's path
 Freight with Britannia's glory
 And the thunders of her wrath
 Foes shall crowd their sails and fly thee
 Threatening havoc to their deck
 When afar they first descry thee
 Like the coming whirlwind's speck
 Gallant bark ' thy pomp and beauty
 Storm or battle ne'er shall blast
 While our tars in pride and duty
 Nail thy colours to the mast

GENERAL NOTE

[The launch of *The London* a ship of the line a two decker of ninety two guns took place at Chatham on September 29 1840 The poet was present and f ted on the occasion Shortly after wards he wrote this poem]

THE SPANISH PATRIOT'S SONG

(Written 1823)

How rings each sparkling Spanish brand
 There s music in its rattle
 And gay as for a saraband
 We gird us for the battle
 Follow follow
 To the glorious revelry
 When the sabres bristle
 And the death shots whistle

Of rights for which our swords outspring
 Shall Angoulême bereave us ? 10

We've plucked a bird of nobler wing—
 The eagle could not brave us
 Follow, follow !

Shake the Spanish blade, and sing—
 France shall ne'er enslave us
 Tyrants shall not brave us

Shall yonder rag, the Bourbon's flag,
 White emblem of his liver,
 For Spain the proud be Freedom's shroud ?
 Oh, never, never, never 20
 Follow, follow !

Follow to the fight, and sing—
 Liberty for ever
 Ever, ever, ever

Thrice welcome hero of the hilt,
 We laugh to see his standard,
 Here let his miscreant blood be spilt
 Where braver men's was squandered
 Follow, follow !

If the laurelled tricolor 30
 Durst not over-flaunt us,
 Shall yon hily daunt us ?

No ! ere they quell our valour's veins
 They'll upward to their fountains
 Turn back the rivers on our plains
 And trample flat our mountains
 Follow, follow !

Shake the Spanish blade, and sing
 France shall ne'er enslave us
 Tyrants shall not brave us 40

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SPANISH PATRIOTS LATEST
KILLED IN RESISTING THE REGENCY AND THE DUKE
OF ANGOULÊME

[First printed in *The New Monthly* 1823]

Brave men who at the Trocadero fell
Beside your cannons conquered not though slain
There is a victory in dying well
For Freedom—and ye have not died in vain
For come what may there shall be hearts in Spain
To honour ay embrace your martyred lot
Cursing the Bigots and the Bourbon's chain
And looking on your graves though trophied not
As higher hallowed ground than priests could make
the spot!

What though your cause be baffled—freemen cast
In dungeons—dragged to death or forced to flee?
Hope is not withered in affliction's blast—
The patriot's blood a the seed of Freedom's tree
And short your orgies of revenge shall be
Cowed Demons of the Inquisitorial cell!
Earth shudders at your victory—for ye
Are worse than common fiends from Heaven that fell
The baser ranker sprung *Autochthones* of Hell!
Go to your bloody rites again! bring back
The hall of horrors and the assessor's pen
Recording answers shrieked upon the rack
Smile o'er the gaspings of spine broken men
Preach perpetrate damnation in your den
Then let your altars ye blasphemers! peal
With thanks to Heaven that let you loose again
To practise deeds with torturing fire and steel
No eye may search!—no tongue may challenge or reveal!

Yet laugh not in your carnival of crime
 Too proudly, ye oppressors '—Spain was free
 Her soil has felt the foot-prints, and her clime 30
 Been winnowed by the wings of Liberty,
 And these, even parting, scatter as they flee
 Thoughts—influences, to live in hearts unborn,
 Opinions that shall wrench the prison-key
 From Persecution—show her mask off-torn
 And tramp her bloated head beneath the foot of Scorn

Glory to them that die in this great cause '
 Kings, Bigots, can inflict no brand of shame
 Or shape of death to shroud them from applause
 No ' manglers of the martyr's earthly frame ' 40
 Your hangman fingers cannot touch his fame
 Still in your prostrate land there shall be some
 Proud hearts, the shrines of Freedom's vestal flame,
 Long trains of ill may pass unheeded dumb,
 But vengeance is behind, and justice is to come

ODE TO THE GERMANS

(Written for *The Metropolitan*, 1832)

THE Spirit of Britannia

Invokes across the main

Her sister Allemannia

To burst the tyrant's chain

By our kindred blood she cries,

Rise, Allemannians, rise,

And hallowed thrice the band

Of our kindred hearts shall be,

When your land shall be the land

Of the free—of the free '

With Freedom's lion banner
 Britannia rules the waves
 Whilst your broad stone of honour
 Is still the camp of slaves
 For shame for glory's sake
 Wake Allemanni's wake
 And the tyrants now that whelm
 Half the world shall quail and flee
 When your realm shall be the realm
 Of the free—of the free !

o

Mars owes to you his thunder
 That shakes the battle field
 Yet to break your bonds asunder
 No martial bolt has pealed
 Shall the laurelled land of art
 Wear shackles on her heart '
 No ! the clock ye framed to tell
 By its sound the march of time—
 Let it clang oppression's knell
 O'er your clime—o'er your clime !

30

The press's magic letters—
 That blessing ye brought forth
 Behold ! it lies in fetters
 On the soil that gave it birth '
 But the trumpet must be heard
 And the charger must be spurred
 For you father Armin's Sprite
 Calls down from heaven that ye
 Shall gird you for the fight
 And be free !—and be free !

40

NOTES

LINE 13 *El renbreiststein* signifies in German the broad stone of honour

LINE 21 Gunpowder

LINES ON POLAND

(Written 1831)

AND have I lived to see thee, sword in hand,
 Uprise again, immortal Polish Land ?
 Whose flag brings more than chivalry to mind,
 And leaves the tricolor in shade behind—
 A theme for uninspired lips too strong,
 That swells my heart beyond the power of song
 Majestic men, whose deeds have dazzled faith,
 Ah ! yet your fate's suspense arrests my breath ,
 Whilst, envying bosoms bared to shot and steel,
 I feel the more that fruitlessly I feel 10

Poles ! with what indignation I endure
 The half-pitying servile mouths that call you poor !
 Poor ! is it England mocks you with her grief,
 That hates, but dares not chide, the Imperial Thief ?
 France with her soul beneath a Bourbon's thralldom ?
 And Germany that has no soul at all ?
 States, quailing at the giant overgrown,
 Whom dauntless Poland grapples with alone !
 No, ye are rich in fame even whilst ye bleed !
 We cannot aid you—we are poor indeed ! 20

In fate's defiance—in the world's great eye,
 Poland has won her immortality !
 The butcher, should he reach her bosom now
 Could tear not glory's garland from her brow ,
 Wreathed, filleted, the victim falls renowned,
 And all her ashes will be holy ground !

But turn, my soul, from presages so dark
 Great Poland's spirit is a deathless spark
 That 's fanned by Heaven to mock the tyrant's rage
 She, like the eagle, will renew her age, 30

And fresh historic plumes of Fame put on —
 Another Athens after Marathon
 Where eloquence shall fulmine arts refine
 Bright as her arms that now in battle shine
 Come—should the heavenly shock my life destroy
 And shut its flood gates with excess of joy—
 Come but the day when Poland's fight is won—
 And on my gravestone shine the morrow's sun¹
 The day that sees Warsaw's cathedral glow
 With endless ensigns ravished from the foe 40
 Her women lifting their fair hands with thanks
 Her pious warriors kneeling in their ranks
 The scutcheoned walls of high heraldic boast
 The odorous altar's elevated host
 The organ sounding through the aisle's long glooms
 The mighty dead seen sculptured o'er their tombs
 (John Europe's saviour—Poniatowski's fair
 Resemblance—Kosciusko's shall be there)
 The tapered pomp the hallelujah's swell—
 Shall o'er the souls devotion cast a spell 50
 Till visions cross the rapt enthusiast's glance
 And all the scene becomes a waking trance

Should Fate put far far off that glorious scene
 And gulfs of havoc interpose between
 Imagine not ye men of every clime
 Who act or by your sufferance share the crime—
 Your brother Abel's blood shall vainly plead
 Against the deep damnation of the deed
 Germans ye view its horror and disgrace
 With cold phosphoric eyes and phlegm of face 60
 Is Allemagne profound in science lore
 And minstrel art?—her shame is but the more
 To doze and dream by Governments oppressed
 The spirit of a book worm in each breast

Well can ye mouth fair Freedom's classic line,
And talk of Constitutions o'er your wine ,
But all your vows to break the tyrant's yoke
Expire in Bacchanalian song and smoke
Heavens ! can no ray of foresight pierce the leads
And mystic metaphysics of your heads, 70
To show the self-same grave Oppression delves
For Poland's rights is yawning for yourselves ?

See, whilst the Pole, the vanguard aid of France,
Has vaulted on his barb and couched the lance,
France turns from her abandoned friends afresh,
And soothes the Bear that prowls for patriot flesh,
Buys, ignominious purchase ! short repose
With dying curses and the groans of those
That served, and loved, and put in her their trust
Frenchmen ! the dead accuse you from the dust ! so
Brows laurelled, bosoms marked with many a scar
For France, that wore her Legion's noblest star,
Cast dumb reproaches from the field of death
On Gallic honour , and this broken faith
Has robbed you more of Fame, the life of life,
Than twenty battles lost in glorious strife !

And what of England ? Is she steeped so low
In poverty, crest-fallen, and palsied so,
That we must sit, much wroth, but timorous more,
With murder knocking at our neighbour's door ? 90
Nor murder masked and cloaked with hidden knife
Whose owner owes the gallows life for life
But Public Murder ! that with pomp and gaud,
And royal scorn of justice, walks abroad
To wring more tears and blood than e'er were wrung
By all the culprits justice ever hung !
We read the diademed assassin's vaunt,
And wince, and wish we had not hearts to pant

With useless indignation—sigh and frown
But have not hearts to throw the gauntlet down 100

If but a doubt hung o'er the grounds of fray
Or trivial rapine stopped the world's highway —
Were this some common strife of States embroiled
Britannia on the spoiler and the spoiled
Might calmly look and asking time to breathe
Still honourably wear her olive wreath
But this is darkness combating with light
Earth's adverse principles for empire fight
Oppression that has belted half the globe
Far as his knout could reach or dagger probe 110
Holds reeking o'er our brother freemen slain
That dagger—shakes it at us in disdain
Talks big to Freedom's States of Poland's thrall
And trampling one contemns them one and all

My country! colours not thy once proud brow
At this affront? Hast thou not fleets enow
With glory's streamer lofty as the lark
Gay fluttering o'er each thunder bearing bark
To warm the insulter's seas with barbarous blood
And interdict his flag from ocean's flood? 120
Even now far off the sea cliff where I sing
I see my country and my patriot king!
Your ensign glad the deep Becalmed and slow
A war ship rides while heaven's prismatic bow
Uprisen behind her on the horizon's base
Shines flushing through the tackle shrouds and
stays
And wraps her giant form in one majestic blaze
My soul accepts the omen fancy's eye
Has sometimes a veracious augury
The rainbow types Heaven's promise to my sight 130
The ship Britannia's interposing might!

But, if there should be none to aid you, Poles,
 Ye'll but to prouder pitch wind up your souls,
 Above example, pity, praise or blame,
 To sow and reap a boundless field of fame
 Ask aid no more from nations that forget
 Your championship—old Europe's mighty debt
 Though Poland (Lazarus-like) has burst the gloom,
 She rises not a beggar from the tomb
 In fortune's frown, on danger's giddiest brink, 140
 Despair and Poland's name must never link

All ills have bounds—plague, whirlwind, fire, and flood
 E'en power can spill but bounded sums of blood
 States caring not what Freedom's price may be
 May late or soon, but must at last, be free,
 For body-killing tyrants cannot kill
 The public soul the hereditary will
 That, downward as from sire to son it goes,
 By shifting bosoms more intensely glows
 Its heirloom is the heart, and slaughtered men 150
 Fight fiercer in their orphans o'er again
 Poland recasts—though rich in heroes old
 Her men in more and more heroic mould
 Her eagle ensign best among mankind
 Becomes, and types her eagle-strength of mind
 Her praise upon my faltering lips expires
 Resume it, younger bards, and nobler lyres !

NOTE ON THE REFERENCE TO FRANCE, II 73-86

The fact ought to be universally known that France was indebted to Poland for not being invaded by Russia. When the Duke Constantine fled from Warsaw he left papers behind him proving that the Russians, after the Parisian events in July, meant to have marched towards Paris, if the Polish insurrection had not prevented them.

NOTE TO LINE 121

[Campbell was recruiting at St Leonards-on-Sea in the summer of 1831 when he wrote these lines]

THE POWER OF RUSSIA

(Written for *The Metropolitan* 1831)

So all this gallant blood has gushed in vain '
 And Poland by the Northern Condor's beak
 And talons torn lies prostrated again
 O British patriots that were wont to speak
 Once loudly on this theme now hushed or meek '
 O heartless men of Europe Goth and Gaul '
 Cold adder deaf to Poland's dying shriek '
 That saw the world's last land of heroes fall '
 The brand of burning shame is on you all—all—all '

But this is not the drama's closing act ' 10
 Its tragic curtain must arise anew
 Nations mute accessories to the fact '
 That Upas tree of power whose fostering dew
 Was Polish blood has yet to cast o'er you
 The lengthening shadow of its head elate—
 A deadly shadow darkening nature's hue '
 To all that's hallowed righteous pure and great
 Wo' wo' when they are reached by Russia's withering
 hate

Russia that on his throne of adamant
 Consults what nation's breast shall next be gored
 He on Polonia's Golgotha will plant 1
 His standard fresh and horde succeeding horde
 On patriot tombstones he will whet the sword
 For more stupendous slaughters of the free
 Then Europe's realms when their best blood is poured
 Shall miss thee Poland ' as they bend the knee
 All—all in grief but none in glory likening thee

Why smote ye not the giant whilst he reeled ?

O fair occasion, gone for ever by !

To have locked his lances in their northern field, 30

Innocuous as the phantom chivalry

That flames and hurtles from yon boreal sky !

Now wave thy pennon, Russia, o'er the land

Once Poland, build thy bristling castles high,

Dig dungeon's deep, for Poland's wrested brand

Is now a weapon new to widen thy command

An awful width ! Norwegian woods shall build

His fleets—the Swede his vassal, and the Dane

The glebe of fifty kingdoms shall be tilled

To feed his dazzling, desolating train, 40

Camped sumless 'twixt the Black and Baltic main

Brute hosts, I own, but Sparta could not write,

And Rome, half-barbarous, bound Achaia's chain

So Russia's spirit, 'midst Slavonic night,

Burns with a fire more dread than all your polished
light

But Russia's limbs (so blinded statesmen say)

Are crude, and too colossal to cohere

O lamentable weakness ! reckoning weak

The stripling Titan, strengthening year by year

What implement lacks he for war's career 50

That grows on earth, or in its floods and mines ?

Eighth sharer of the inhabitable sphere,

Whom Persia bows to, China ill confines,

And India's homage waits, when Albion's star de-
clines !

But time will teach the Russ even conquering war

Has handmaid arts aye, aye, the Russ will woo

All sciences that speed Bellona's car,

All murder's tactic arts, and win them too,

But never holier Muses shall imbue

His breast that's made of nature's basest clay 60
The sable knout and dungeon's vapour blue

His laws and ethics—far from him away
Are all the lovely Nine that breathe but freedom's day
Say even his serfs half humanized should learn

Their human rights—will Mars put out his flame
In Russian bosoms? no he'll bid them burn

A thousand years for nought but martial fame
Like Romans—yet forgive me Roman name!

Rome could impart what Russia never can—
Proud civic right to salve submission's shame 70

Our strife is coming but in freedom's van
The Polish Eagle's fall is big with fate to man

Proud bird of old! Mohammed's moon recoiled

Before thy swoop had we been timely hold
That swoop still free had stunned the Russ and foiled

Earth's new oppressors as it foiled her old
Now thy majestic eyes are shut and cold

And colder still Polonia's children find
The sympathetic hands that we outhold

But Poles when we are gone the world will mind
Ye bore the brunt of fate and bled for humankind 80

So hallowedly have ye fulfilled your part

My pride repudiates even the sigh that blends
With Poland's name—name written on my heart

My heroes my grief consecrated friends!
Your sorrow in nobility transcends

Your conqueror's joy his cheek may blush but
shame

Can tinge not yours though exile's tear descends

Nor would ye change your conscience cause and
name

For his with all his wealth and all his felon fame 90

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

LINES

ON LEAVING A SCENE IN BAVARIA

(Written 1800)

ADIEU the woods and waters side
Imperial Danube's rich domain '
Adieu the grotto wild and wide
The rocks abrupt and grassy plain '
For pallid Autumn once again
Hath swelled each torrent of the hill
Her clouds collect her shadows still
And watery winds that sweep the vale
Grow loud and louder still

But not the storm dethroning fast
Yon monarch oak of massy pile
Nor river roaring to the blast
Around its dark and desert isle
Nor church bell tolling to beguile
The cloud horn thunder passing hy—
Can sound in discord to my soul
Roll on ye mighty waters roll '
And rage thou darkened sky '

10

Thy blossoms now no longer bright
Thy withered woods no longer green
Yet Eldurn shore with dark delight
I visit thy unlovely scene '
For many a sunset hour serene

o

My steps have trod thy mellow dew,
When his green light the glow-worm gave,
When Cynthia from the distant wave
Her twilight anchor drew

And ploughed, as with a swelling sail,
The billowy clouds and starry sea
Then while thy hermit nightingale 30
Sang on his fragrant apple-tree—
Romantic, solitary, free,
The visitant of Eldurn's shore
On such a moonlight mountain strayed
As echoed to the music made
By Druid harps of yore

Around thy savage hills of oak,
Around thy waters bright and blue,
No hunter's horn the silence broke,
No dying shriek thine echo knew , 40
But safe, sweet Eldurn woods, to you
The wounded wild deer ever ran,
Whose myrtle bound their grassy cave,
Whose very rocks a shelter gave
From blood-pursuing man

Oh, heart effusions that arose
From nightly wanderings cherished here !
To him who flies from many woes
Even homeless deserts can be dear !
The last and solitary cheer 50
Of those that own no earthly home,
Say is it not, ye banished race,
In such a loved and lonely place
Companionless to roam ?

Yes I have loved thy wild abode
 Unknown unploughed untrodden shore '
 Where scarce the woodman finds a road
 And scarce the fisher pines an oar
 For man's neglect I love thee more —
 That art nor varice intrude 60
 To tame thy torrent's thunder shock
 Or prune thy vintage of the rock
 Magnificently rude

Unheeded spreads thy blossomed bud
 Its milky bosom to the bee
 Unheeded falls along the flood
 Thy desolate and aged tree
 Forsaken scene how like to thee
 The fate of unbefriended Worth '
 Like thine her fruit dishonoured falls o
 Like thee in solitude she calls
 A thousand treasures forth

O silent spirit of the place
 If lingering with the ruined year
 Thy hoary form and awful face
 I yet might watch and worship here—
 Thy storm were music to mine ear
 Thy wildest walk a shelter given
 Sublimer thoughts on earth to find
 And share with no unhallowed mind 80
 The majesty of heaven

What though the bosom friends of Fate
 Prosperity's unweaned brood
 Thy consolations cannot rate
 O self dependent solitude '
 Yet with a spirit unsubdued

Though darkened by the clouds of care,
 To worship thy congenial gloom
 A pilgrim to the Prophet's tomb
 The Friendless¹ shall repair

90

On him the world hath never smiled,
 Or looked but with accusing eye,
 All-silent goddess of the wild,
 To thee that misanthrope shall fly '
 I hear his deep soliloquy,
 I mark his proud but ravaged form,
 As stern he wraps his mantle round,
 And bids on winter's bleakest ground
 Defiance to the storm

Peace to his banished heart, at last,
 In thy dominions shall descend,
 And, strong as beechwood in the blast,
 His spirit shall refuse to bend,
 Enduring life without a friend,
 The world and falsehood left behind,
 Thy votary shall bear elate
 (Triumphant o'er opposing Fate)
 His dark inspired mind

100

But dost thou, Folly, mock the muse
 A wanderer's mountain walk to sing,
 Who shuns a warring world, nor woos
 The vulture cover of its wing ?
 Then fly, thou cowering, shivering thing,
 Back to the fostering world beguiled
 To waste in self-consuming strife
 The loveless brotherhood of life,
 Reviling and reviled '

110

¹ [In the first edition 'Misfortune', followed in the next two stanzas by feminine pronouns, 'On *her* the world,' &c.]

Away thou lover of the race
 That hither chased yon weeping deer !
 If Nature's all majestic face 10
 More pitiless than man's appear
 Or if the wild winds seem more drear
 Than man's cold charities below
 Behold around his peopled plains
 Where'er the social savage reigns
 Frustration of woe !

His art and honours wouldst thou seek
 Embossed on grandeur's giant walls ?
 Or hear his moral thunders speak
 Where senates light their airy halls 130
 Where man his brother man enthralls
 Or sends his whirlwind warrant forth
 To rouse the slumbering fiends of war
 To dye the blood warm waves afar
 And desolate the earth ?

From clime to clime pursue the scene
 And mark in all thy spacious way
 Where'er the tyrant man has been
 There Peace the cherub cannot stay
 In wilds and woodlands far away 140
 She builds her solitary bower
 Where only anchorites have trod
 Or friendless men to worship God
 Have wandered for an hour

In such a far forsaken vale—
 And such sweet Eldurn vale is thine—
 Afflicted nature shall inhale
 Heaven borrowed thoughts and joys divine
 No longer wish no more repine

For man's neglect or woman's scorn , 150
Then wed thee to an exile's lot,
For, if the world hath loved thee not,
Its absence may be borne

NOTE TO LIST II

In Catholic countries you often hear the church bells rung to propitiate Heaven during thunder-storms.

THE LAST MAN

(First published in the *New Monthly Magazine* in 1823)

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality !

I saw a vision in my sleep
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time !
I saw the last of human mould
That shall Creation's death behold
As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man !
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands ,
In plague and famine some !
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ,
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb !

Yet prophet like that lone one stood
With dauntless words and high
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by
Saying We are twins in death proud Sun '
Thy face is cold thy race is run
Tis Mercy bids thee go
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears
That shall no longer flow 30
What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp his pride his skill
And arts that made fire flood and earth
The vassals of his will ?
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway
Thou dim discrowned king of day
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts 40
Go let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again
Its piteous pageants bring not back
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe—
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred
Or mown in battle by the sword
Like grass beneath the scythe 50
Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire
Test of all sunless agonies
Behold not me expire '

My lips that speak thy dirge of death
 Their rounded gasp and gargling breath
 To see thou shalt not boast,
 The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
 The majesty of Darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost ' 60

' This spirit shall return to Him
 That gave its heavenly spark,
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
 When thou thyself are dark '
 No ' it shall live again, and shine
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
 By Him recalled to breath
 Who captive led captivity, 70
 Who robbed the grave of Victory,
 And took the sting from Death '

' Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
 On Nature's awful waste
 To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste—
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race
 On Earth's sepulchral clod
 The darkening universe defy
 To quench his immortality
 Or shake his trust in God ' 80

NOTE TO LINE 19

[' Many years ago I had the idea of this Last Man in my head and distinctly remember speaking of the subject to Lord B(yron) I recognized, when I read his poem "Darkness", some traits of the picture which I meant to draw, namely, the ships floating without living hands to guide them—the earth being blank—and one or two more circumstances I am entirely disposed to acquit Lord Byron of having intentionally taken the thoughts '—
Letter of Campbell, September 5, 1823]

TO THE RAINBOW

(Written in 1819)

TRIUMPHAL arch that fill'st the sky

When storms prepare to part
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art

Still seem as to my childhood's sight—

A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven

Can all that optics teach unfold

Tby form to please me so
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow ?

10

When Science from Creation's face

Enchantment's veil withdraws
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !

And yet fair bow no fahling dreams

But words of the Most High
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky

o

When o'er the green undeluged earth

Heaven's covenant thou didst shine
How came the world's grav fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smiled

O'er mountains yet untrud
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the how of God

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep
The first-made anthem rang 32
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme !

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields
The snowy mushroom springs 40

How glorious is thy girdle east
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast
A thousand fathoms down !

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam .

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span, 50
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man

[This poem was first published in *The New Monthly Magazine*,
1821]

A DREAM

(First published in 1841)

WELL may sleep present us fictions

Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions

As make life itself a dream
Half our daylight faith's a fable

Sleep disports with shadows too
Seeming in their turn as stable

As the world we wake to view
Ne'er by day did reason's mint
Give my thoughts a clearer print
Of assured reality

10

Than was left by phantasy
Stamped and coloured on my sprite
In a dream of vesternight

In a bark methought lone steering

I was cast on ocean's strife
Thus 'twas whispered in my hearing
Meant the sea of life

Sad regrets from past existence

Came like gales of chilling breath
Shadowed in the forward distance

o

Lay the land of death
Now seeming more now less remote
On that dim seen shore methought
I beheld two hands a space
Slow unshroud a spectre's face
And my flesh's hair upstood —
Twas mine own similitude

But my soul revived at seeing
Ocean, like an emerald spark, 30
Kindle, while an air-dropt being
Smiling steered my bark
Heaven-like, yet he looked as human
As supernal beauty can,
More compassionate than woman,
Lordly more than man
And, as some sweet clarion's breath
Stirs the soldier's scorn of death,
So his accents bade me brook
The spectre's eyes of icy look, 40
Till it shut them, turned its head
Like a beaten foe, and fled

'Types not this,' I said, 'fair spirit'
That my death-hour is not come?
Say, what days shall I inherit?
Tell my soul their sum'
'No,' he said, 'yon phantom's aspect,
Trust me, would appal thee worse,
Held in clearly measured prospect
Ask not for a curse' 50
Make not, for I overhear
Thine unspoken thoughts as clear
As thy mortal ear could catch
The close-brought tickings of a watch
Make not the untold request
That's now revolving in thy breast

'Tis to live again, remeasuring
Youth's years like a scene rehearsed,
In thy second life-time treasuring
Knowledge from the first 60

Hast thou felt poor self deceiver !

Life's career so void of pain

As to wish its fitful fever

New begun again ?

Could experience ten times thine

Pain from being disentwine—

Threads by fate together spun ?

Could thy flight heaven's lightning shun ?

No nor could thy foresight's glance

Scape the myriad shafts of chance

o

Wouldst thou bear again love's trouble ?

Friendship's death dissevered ties ?

Toil to grasp or miss the bubble

Of ambition's prize ?

Say thy life's new guided action

Flowed from virtue's fairest springs—

Still would envy and detraction

Double not their stings ?

Worth itself is but a charter

To be mankind's distinguished martyr

80

I caught the moral and cried Hail !

Spirit ! let us onward sail

Envyng fearing hating none—

Guardian Spirit steer me on !

GENERAL NOTE

[Dr Beattie the intimate friend and biographer of Campbell thought there was throughout this poem a marked allusion to the poet's own private fortunes in the race of life. He saw in it a great resemblance to *The Last Man*.]

EXILE OF ERIN

(Written in 1800)

THRE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin—
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill
For his country he sighed when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of ' Erin go bragh ' "

' Sad is my fate ' ' said the heart-broken stranger ,
' The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee
But I have no refuge from famine and danger ,
A home and a country remain not to me
Never again in the green sunny bowers
Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the sweet
hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of " Erin go bragh ' "

' Erin, my country ' though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ,
But, alas ' in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no
more '
Oh cruel fate ' wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase
me ?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me '
They die to defend me, or live to deplore ' "

Where is my cabin door fast by the wild wood ?
 Sisters and sire ! did ye weep for its fall ?
 Where is the mother that looked on my childhood ?
 And where is the bosom friend dearer than all
 Oh ! my sad heart long abandoned by pleasure !
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure ?
 Tears like the rain drop may fall without measure
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw—
 Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !
 Land of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh !
 Buried and cold when my heart stills her motion
 Green be thy fields sweetest isle of the ocean !
 And thy harp striking bards sing aloud with devo-
 tion—
 Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh !

NOTES

The person referred to in this poem was a poor and delicate youth Anthony McCann exiled for being implicated in the Irish Rebellion of 1798 Campbell met him at Hamburg in 1800 It was in consequence of meeting him one evening on the banks of the Elbe lonely and pensive at the thoughts of his situation that I wrote The Exile of Erin

Erin go bragh Ireland for ever

Erin mavournin Ireland my darling

[This poem was published January 28 1801]

LINES

WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE

(Sketched in 1798, finished at Hamburg in 1800, and printed
in *The Morning Chronicle*)

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour
I have mused in a sorrowful mood
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower
Where the home of my forefathers stood
All ruined and wild is their roofless abode ,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree ,
And travelled by few is the grass-covered road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
To his hills that encircle the sea
Yet, wandering, I found on my ruinous walk, 10
By the dial-stone agèd and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk
To mark where a garden had been
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of nature it drew
From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace,
For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the place
Where the flower of my forefathers grew
Sweet bud of the wilderness ' emblem of all
That remains in this desolate heart ' 20
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and
bright
In the days of delusion, by fancy combined
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night
And leave but a desert behind

Be hushed my dark spirit ' for wisdom condemns
 When the faint and the feeble deplore
 Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems 30
 A thousand wild waves on the shore '
 Through the perils of chance and the scowl of disdain
 May thy front be unaltered thy courage elate '
 Yea ' even the name I have worshipped in vain
 Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again
 To bear is to conquer our fate

NOTE TO LINE 4

[The home of my forefathers Kinnaird house and garden
 in the vale of Glassary Argyleshire The last of his race who
 resided on the family estate of Kinnaird was Archibald Campbell
 the poet's grandfather—See Dr Beattie's *Life of Campbell*
 vol i p 4]

NOTE TO LINE 34

[Caroline married January 29 1793]

ODE TO WINTER

(Written in 1800)

WHEN first the fiery mantled sun
 His heavenly race began to run
 Round the earth and ocean blue
 His children four the Seasons flew
 First in green apparel dancing
 The young Spring smiled with angel grace
 Rosy Summer next advancing
 Rushed into her sire's embrace—
 Her bright haired sire who bade her keep
 For ever nearest to his smiles 10
 On Calpe's olive shaded steep
 On India's citron covered isles
 More remote and buxom brown
 The Queen of vintage bowed before his throne
 A rich pomegranate gemmed her crown
 A ripe sheaf bound her zone

But howling Winter fled afar
To hills that prop the polar star ,
And loves on deer-borne car to ride,
With barren darkness by his side, 20
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runie Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale,
Save when adown the ravaged globe
He travels on his native storm,
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form,
Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar field, 30
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And crystal-covered shield

Oh, sire of storms ! whose savage car
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Frenzy with her blood-shot eye
Implores thy dreadful deity,
Archangel ! power of desolation !
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart ? 40
Then, sullen Winter, hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruined year ,
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear ,
To shuddering Want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,
And gently on the orphan head
Of innocence descend

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds !
The sailor on his airy shrouds 50

When wrecks and beacons strew the steep
 And spectres walk along the deep
 Milder yet thy snowy breezes
 Pour on yonder tented shores
 Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes
 Or the dark brown Danube roars
 Oh winds of Winter ! list ye there
 To many a deep and dying groan ?
 Or start ye demons of the midnight air
 At shrieks and thunders louder than your own ? 60
 Alas ! even your unhallowed breath
 May spare the victim fallen low
 But man will ask no truce to death
 No bounds to human woe

NOTE

[This ode was written in Germany at the close of 1800 before the conclusion of hostilities. It was sent to Mr Perry of *The Morning Chronicle*, and published January 30 1801.]

THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION

(Written in Germany in 1800 and first published in *The Morning Chronicle*)

O LEAVE this barren spot to me !
 Spare woodman spare the beechen tree
 Though bush or floweret never grow
 My dark unwarmed shade below
 Nor summer bud perfume the dew
 Of rosy blush or yellow hue
 Nor fruits of autumn blossom born
 My green and glossy leaves adorn
 Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
 The ambrosial amber of the hive—
 Yet leave this barren spot to me
 Spare woodman spare the beechen tree !

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
 The sky grow bright, the forest green
 And many a wintry wind have stood
 In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
 Since childhood in my pleasant bower
 First spent its sweet and sportive hour,
 Since youthful lovers in my shade
 Their vows of truth and rapture made
 And on my trunk's surviving frame
 Carved many a long-forgotten name
 Oh ! by the sighs of gentle sound
 First breathed upon this sacred ground,
 By all that Love has whispered here,
 O! Beauty heard with ravished ear
 As Love's own altar honour me
 Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

20

NOTES

[The Beech-tree stood in a kitchen garden at Ardwell in Dumfriesshire, and had been condemned on a complaint by the gardener that no garden crop could grow near it. Intercession was made for it through the poet's sister. See Dr Beattie's *Life of Campbell*, vol 1, p 333]

LINES 5 and 6 do not appear in the earlier editions

LINE 10 For 'amber,' 'nectar' in 1803

LINE 11 For 'barren,' 'little' in 1803

LINES 13 to 16 were enlarged from the original couplet—

'Thrice twenty summers I have stood
 In bloomless fruitless solitude'

LINE 20 For 'made,' 'paid' in 1803

LINE 23 For 'sighs,' 'vows' in 1803]

HYMN

WHEN JORDAN HUSHED

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still
 And silence slept on Zion hill
 When Salem's shepherds thro' the night
 Watched o'er their flocks by starry light—

Hark ! from the midnight hills around
 A voice of more than mortal sound
 In distant hallelujahs stole
 Wild murmuring on the raptured soul

Then swift to every startled eye
 New streams of glory gild the sky
 Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
 Her spirits to the midnight hour

10

On wheels of light and wings of flame
 The glorious hosts to Zion came
 High Heaven with sounds of triumph rung
 And thus they smote their harps and sung—

Oh Zion lift thy raptured eye
 The long expected hour is nigh—
 The joys of Nature rise again—
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign !

20

See Mercy from her golden urn
 Pours a glad stream to them that mourn
 Behold she binds with tender care
 The bleeding bosom of despair —

He comes ! He cheers the trembling heart—
 Night and her spectres pale depart
 Again the day star gilds the gloom—
 Again the bowers of Eden bloom !

‘ Oh, Zion, lift thy raptured eye,
 The long-expected hour is nigh 30
 The joys of Nature rise again,
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign ! ’

NOTE

[This hymn on the Advent was composed when the author was only sixteen years of age. Some of its phrases reappear in *The Pleasures of Hope*.]

HALLOWED GROUND

(Written in 1825)

WHAT’S hallowed ground ? Has earth a clod
 Its Maker meant not should be trod
 By man, the image of his God,
 Erect and free,
 Unscourged by superstition’s rod
 To bow the knee ?

That’s hallowed ground where, mourned and missed,
 The lips repose our love has kissed ;
 But where’s their memory’s mansion ? Is’t
 Yon churchyard’s bowers ? 10
 No ! in ourselves their souls exist,
 A part of ours

A kiss can consecrate the ground
 Where mated hearts are mutual bound
 The spot where love’s first links were wound,
 That ne’er are riven,
 Is hallowed down to earth’s profound,
 And up to heaven !

For time makes all but true love old
 The burning thoughts that then were told o
 Run molten still in memory's mould
 And will not cool
 Until the heart itself be cold
 In Lethe's pool

What hallows ground where heroes sleep ?
 'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap
 In dews that heavens far distant weep
 Their turf may bloom
 Or Genn twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb 30

But strow his ashes to the wind
 Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
 And is he dead whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high ?
 To live in hearts we leave behind
 Is not to die

Is't death to fall for freedom's right ?
 He's dead alone that lacks her light !
 And murder sullies in heaven's sight
 The sword he draws 40
 What can alone ennoble fight ?
 A noble cause !

Give that ' and welcome war to brace
 Her drums and rend heaven's reeking space !
 The colours planted face to face
 The charging cheer
 Though death's pale horse lead on the chase
 Shall still be dear

And place our trophies where men kneel
To heaven ! but heaven rebukes my zeal ' 50
The cause of truth and human weal,
O God above !

Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To peace and love

Peace, Love the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine
Prayers sound in vain and temples shine
Where they are not
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot 60

To incantations dost thou trust
And pompous rites in domes august ?
See ! mouldering stones and metal's rust
Belie the vaunt
That man can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chant

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man !
Thy temples creeds themselves grow wan !
But there 's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given 70
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban
Its space is heaven !

Its roof star-pictured nature's ceiling !
Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God Himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears

Fair stars ' are not your beings pure ?
 Can sin can death your worlds obscure ? 80
 Else why so swell the thoughts at your
 Aspect above ?
 Ye must be heaven's that make us sure
 Of heavenly love !
 And in your harmony sublime
 I read the doom of distant time—
 That man's regenerate soul from crime
 Shall yet be drawn
 And reason on his mortal clime 90
 Immortal dawn
 What's hallowed ground ? 'Tis what gives birth
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth'—
 Peace ! Independence ! Truth ! go forth
 Earth's compass round
 And your high priesthood shall make earth
 All hallowed ground

FIELD FLOWERS

(Written in 1826)

YE field flowers ' the gardens eclipse you 'tis true
 Yet wildings of nature ' I dote upon you
 For ye waft me to summers of old
 When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight
 And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight
 Like treasures of silver and gold
 I love you for lulling me back into dreams
 Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams
 And of birchen glades breathing their balm
 While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote 10
 And the deep mellow crush of the wood pigeon's note
 Made music that sweetened the calm

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
 Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June !
 Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
 Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
 When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
 And your blossoms were part of her spell
 Even now what affections the violet awakes !
 What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes, 20
 Can the wild water-lily restore !
 What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
 And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
 In the vetches that tangled their shore !
 Earth's cultureless buds ! to my heart ye were dear
 Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
 Had scathed my existence's bloom ,
 Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
 With the visions of youth to revisit my age ,
 And I wish you to grow on my tomb 30

NOTE TO LAST LINE

[Campbell was buried with a bunch of wild flowers in his hand]

CORA LINN, OR THE FALLS OF CLYDE

WRITTEN ON REVISITING IT IN 1837

THE time I saw thee, Cora, last,
 'Twas with congenial friends ,
 And calmer hours of pleasure past
 My memory seldom sends.

It was as sweet an Autumn day
 As ever shone on Clyde,
 And Lanark's orchards all the way
 Put forth their golden pride ,

Even hedges busked in bravery
Looked rich that sunny morn 10
The scarlet hip and blackberry
So pranked September's thorn
In Cora's glen the calm how deep '
That trees on loftiest hill
Like statues stood or things asleep
All motionless and still
The torrent spoke as if his noise
Bade earth be quiet round
And give his loud and lonely voice
A more commanding sound 20
His foam beneath the yellow light
Of noon came down like one
Continuous sheet of jaspers bright
Broad rolling in the sun
Dear Linn ! let loftier falling floods
Have prouder names than thine
And king of all enthroned in woods
Let Niagara shine
Barbarian ! let him shake his coasts
With reeking thunders far 30
Extended like the array of hosts
In broad embattled war !
His voice appals the wilderness
Approaching thine we feel
A solemn deep melodiousness
That needs no louder peal
More fury would but disenchant
Thy dream inspiring din
Be thou the Scottish Muse's haunt
Romantic Cora Linn ! 40

[These lines were written for *The Scenic Annual* of December 1837]

THE PARROT

(Written in 1840)

The following incident, so strongly illustrating the power of memory and association in the lower animals, is not a fiction I heard it many years ago in the Island of Mull, from the family to whom the bird belonged —T C

THE deep affections of the breast
That Heaven to living things imparts
Are not exclusively possess'd
By human hearts

A parrot from the Spanish Main,
Full young and early caged, came o'er
With bright wings to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue, 10
His native fruits and skies and sun,
He bade adieu

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turn'd on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye

But, petted, in our climate cold
He lived and chatter'd many a day,
Until with age from green and gold
His wings grew gray 20

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore,

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech
 The bird in Spanish speech replied
 Flapped round his cage with joyous screech
 Dropt down and died

THE HARPER

On the green banks of Shannon when Sheelah was
 nigh
 No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I
 No harp like my own could so cheery play
 And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray
 When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part
 She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart)
 Oh ! remember your Sheelah when far far away
 And be kind my dear Pat to our poor dog Tray
 Poor dog ! he was faithful and kind to be sure
 And he constantly loved me although I was poor 10
 When the sour looking folk sent me heartless nway
 I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray
 When the road was so dark and the night was so cold
 And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old
 How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray
 And he licked me for kindness—my poor dog Tray
 Though my wallet was scant I remembered his case
 Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face
 But he died at my feet on a cold winter day
 And I played a sad lament for my poor dog Tray 20
 Where now shall I go forsaken and blind ?
 Can I find one to guide me so faithful and kind ?
 To my sweet native village so far far away
 I can never more return with my poor dog Tray

LOVE AND MADNESS

AN ELEGY

(Written in 1795)

HARK ! from the battlements of yonder tower
The solemn bell has tolled the midnight hour !
Roused from drear visions of distempered sleep,
Poor Broderick wakes—in solitude to weep !

‘ Cease, Memory, cease,’ the friendless mourner
cried,

‘ To probe the bosom too severely tried !
Oh ! ever cease, my pensive thoughts, to stray
Through the bright fields of Fortune’s better day
When youthful HOPE, the music of the mind,
Tuned all its charms, and Errington was kind ! 10

‘ Yet can I cease, while glows this trembling frame,
In sighs to speak thy melancholy name ?
I hear thy spirit wail in every storm !
In midnight shades I view thy passing form !
Pale as in that sad hour when doomed to feel,
Deep in thy perjured heart, the bloody steel !

‘ Demons of Vengeance ! ye at whose command
I grasped the sword with more than woman’s hand—
Say ye, did pity’s trembling voice control,
Or horror damp, the purpose of my soul ? 20
No ! my wild heart sat smiling o’er the plan,
Till hate fulfilled what baffled love began !

‘ Yes, let the clay-cold breast that never knew
One tender pang to generous Nature true,
Half-mingling pity with the gall of scorn,
Condemn this heart that bled in love forlorn !

And ye proud fair whose souls no gladness warms
 Save rapture's homage to your conscious charms !
 Delighted idols of a gaudy train
 Ill can your blunter feelings guess the pain 30
 When the fond faithful heart inspired to prove
 Friendship refined the calm delight of love
 Feels all its tender strings with anguish torn
 And bleeds not perjured pride's inhuman scorn !

Say then did pitying Heaven condemn the deed
 When vengeance bade thee faithless lover ! bleed ?
 Long had I watched thy dark foreboding brow
 What time thy bosom scorned its dearest vow !
 Sad though I wept the friend the lover changed
 Still thy cold look was scornful and estranged 40
 Till from thy pity love and shelter thrown
 I wandered hopeless friendless and alone !

Oh ! righteous Heaven ! 'twas then my tortured soul
 First gave to wrath unlimited control !
 Adieu the silent look ! the streaming eye !
 The murmured plaint ! the deep heart-heaving sigh !
 Long slumbering vengeance wakes to better deeds
 Ho shrieks he falls the perjured lover bleeds !
 Now the last laugh of agony is o'er
 And pale in blood he sleeps to wake no more 50

'Tis done ! the flame of hate no longer burns
 Nature relents but ah ! too late returns !
 Why does my soul this gush of fondness feel ?
 Trembling and faint I drop the guilty steel !
 Cold on my heart the hand of terror bes
 And shades of horror close my languid eyes !

Oh ! 'twas a deed of murder's deepest grain ?
 Could Broderick's soul so true to wrath remain ?
 A friend long true a once fond lover fell !—
 Where love was fostered could not pity dwell ? 60

‘Unhappy youth ’ while yon pale crescent glows
 To watch on silent nature’s deep repose,
 Thy sleepless spirit, breathing from the tomb,
 Foretells my fate, and summons me to come ’
 Once more I see thy sheeted spectre stand,
 Roll the dim eye, and wave the paly hand ’

‘Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame
 Forsake its languid melancholy frame ’
 Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre close ’
 Welcome the dreamless night of long repose ’ 70
 Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourne
 Where, lulled to slumber, grief forgets to mourn ! ’

NOTES

NOTE TO LINE 1 [The tower is Warwick Castle]

NOTE TO LINE 4 [Miss Broderick had murdered her lover, Errington — ‘ From the moment I heard Broderick’s story I could not refrain from admiring her, even amid the horror of the rash deed she committed Errington was an inhuman villain to forsake her ’ (CAMPBELL, writing from Downie to his friend James Thomson, on September 15, 1796) — The poem was first published along with a few other short pieces in the volume which contained the first edition of ‘ The Pleasures of Hope ’ (1799), and a note informed the public that it had been written in 1795 It is here printed as it first appeared Dr Beattie, who professes to have seen the original MS, gives some variations, e g at line 2 he gives ‘ hollow ’ for ‘ solemn,’ at line 3 ‘ waked ’ for ‘ roused,’ at line 8 ‘ scenes ’ for ‘ fields,’ at line 18 ‘ the gleaming steel with nervous hand ’ for ‘ the sword with more than woman’s hand,’ at line 27 ‘ rapture ’ for ‘ gladness,’ at line 28 ‘ beauty’s ’ for ‘ rapture’s,’ &c — See his *Life of Campbell*, vol 1, pp 166-8]

THE 'NAME UNKNOWN'

IN IMITATION OF KLOPSTOCK

(Written in 1800)

PROPHETIC pencil ' wilt thou trace
 A faithful image of the face
 Or wilt thou write the Name Unknown
 Ordained to bless my charmed soul
 And all my future fate control
 Unrivalled and alone '

Delicious idol of my thought '
 Though sylph or spirit hath not taught
 My boding heart thy precious name
 Yet musing on my distant fate 10
 To charms unseen I consecrate
 A visionary flame

Thy rosy blush thy meaning eye
 Thy virgin voice of melody
 Are ever present to my heart
 Thy murmured vows shall yet be mine
 My thrilling hand shall meet with thine
 And never never part '

Then fly my days on rapid wing
 Till Love the viewless treasure bring 0
 While I like conscious Athens own
 A power in mystic silence sealed
 A guardian angel unrevealed
 And bless the Name Unknown '

LINES

ON THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE

(Written in 1800)

By strangers left upon a lonely shore,
Unknown, unhonoured, was the friendless dead ,
For child to weep, or widow to deplore,
There never came to his unburied head
All from his dreary habitation fled
Nor will the lanterned fisherman at eve
Launch on that water by the witches' tower
Where hellebore and hemlock seem to weave
Round its dark vaults a melancholy bower
For spirits of the dead at night's enchanted hour 10

They dread to meet thee, poor unfortunate '
Whose crime it was, on life's unfinished road
To feel the stepdame buffetings of fate,
And render back thy being's heavy load
Ah ' once, perhaps, the social passions glowed
In thy devoted bosom—and the hand
That smote its kindred heart might yet be prone
To deeds of merey Who may understand
Thy many woes, poor suicide, unknown '
He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone 20

[The original title was 'Lines written on seeing the unclaimed corpse of a suicide exposed on the banks of a river']

THE QUEEN OF THE NORTH

A FRAGMENT

(Written in 1800)

YET ere oblivion shade each fairy scene
 Ero capes and cliffs and waters intervene
 Ere distant walks my pilgrim feet explore
 By Elbe's slow wanderings and the Danish shore
 Still to my country turns my partial view
 That seems the dearest at the last adieu

Ye lawns and grottos of the clustered plain
 Ye mountain walks Edina's green domain
 Haunts of my youth! where oft by fancy drawn
 At vermeil eve still noon or shady dawn o
 My soul secluded from the deafening throng
 Has wooed the bosom prompted power of song
 And thou my loved abode romantic ground!
 With ancient towers and spiry summits crown'd
 Home of the polished art and liberal mind
 By truth and taste enlightened and refined
 Thou scene of Scotland's glory! now deceav'd
 Where once her senate and her sceptre sway'd—
 As round thy mouldered monuments of fame
 Tradition points an emblem and a name o
 Lo! what a group imagination brings
 Of starred barons and of throned kings!
 Departed days in bright succession start
 And all the patriot kindles in my heart

Even musing here beside the Druid stone
 Where British Arthur built his airy throne
 Far as my sight can travel o'er the scene
 From Lomond's height to Roslin's lovely green

On every moor, wild wood, and mountain side,
 From Forth's fair windings to the ocean tide, 30
 On each the legendary loves to tell
 Where chiefs encountered and the mighty fell,
 Each war-worn turret on the distant shore
 Speaks like a herald of the feats of yore,
 And, though the shades of dark oblivion frown
 On sacred scenes and deeds of high renown,
 Yet still some oral tale, some chanted rhyme,
 Shall mark the spot, and teach succeeding time
 How oft our fathers, to their country true,
 The glorious sword of independence drew, 40
 How well their plaided clans, in battle tied,
 Impenetrably stood, or greatly died.
 How long the genius of their rights delayed,
 How sternly guarded, and how late betrayed

Fan fields of Roslin memorable name!
 Attest my words, and speak my country's fame!
 Soft, as yon mantling haze of distance broods
 Around thy waterfalls and aged woods,
 The south sun chequers all thy birchen glade
 With glimmering lights and deep-retiring shade 50
 Fresh coverts of the dale, so dear to tread
 When morn's wild blackbird carols overhead,
 Or when the sunflower shuts her bosom fair,
 And scented berries breathe delicious air
 Dear is thy pastoral haunt to him that woos
 Romantic nature, silence, and the Muse,
 But dearer still when that returning time
 Of fruits and flowers, the year's Elysian prime,
 Invites—one simple festival to crown
 Young social wanderers from the sultry town 60
 Ah me! no sumptuous revelry to share
 The cheerful bosom asks or envies there,

Nor sighs for gorgeous splendours such as wait
 On feasts of wealth and riots of the great
 Far sweeter seems the livelong summer day
 With loved companions on these walks to stray
 And lost in joys of more enehanting flow
 Than tasteless art or luxury bestow
 Here in auspicious moments to impart
 The first fond breathings of a proffered heart 10
 Shall favoured love repair and smiling youth
 To gentle beauty vow the vows of truth

Fair morn ascends and sunny June has shed
 Ambrosial odours o'er the garden bed
 And wild bees seek the cherry's sweet perfume
 Or cluster round the full blown apple bloom

GENERAL NOTE

[Campbell abandoned the idea of an epic poem on Edinburgh on his return from Germany in 1801. The fragments given above were intended to have been part of the poem. It is interesting to compare Scott's description of Roslin Glen in the ballad of *The Cray Brother* with that of Campbell in the third fragment. The reference in the third fragment beginning
 But dearer still &c
 is to the King's birthday held June 4 and fully described by the Scottish poet Ferguson q v.]

STANZAS TO PAINTING

(Published in the seventh edition 4to of *The Pleasures of Hope* in 1803)

O THOU by whose expressive art
 Her perfect image nature sees
 In union with the graces start
 And sweeter by reflection please —

In whose creative hand the hues
 Fresh from yon orient rainbow shine,
 I bless thee, Promethéan muse !
 And call thee brightest of the Nine,
 Possessing more than vocal power,
 Persuasive more than poet's tongue, 10
 Whose lineage in a raptured hour
 From love, the sire of nature, sprung
 Does hope her high possession meet ?
 Is joy triumphant, sorrow flown ?
 Sweet is the trance, the timor sweet,
 When all we love is all our own
 But oh ! thou pulse of pleasure dear,
 Slow throbbing, cold, I feel thee part ;
 Lone absence plants a pang severe,
 Or death inflicts a keener dart 20
 Then for a beam of joy ! to light
 In memory's sad and wakeful eye,
 Or banish from the noon of night
 Her dreams of deeper agony
 Shall song its witching cadence roll ?
 Yea, even the tenderest air repeat
 That breathed when soul was knit to soul,
 And heart to heart responsive beat ?
 What visions rise ¹ to charm, to melt !
 The lost, the loved, the dead are near ! 30
 Oh, hush that strain too deeply felt !
 And cease that solace too severe !
 But thou, serenely silent art !
 By heaven and love wast taught to lend
 A milder solace to the heart,
 The sacred image of a friend

¹ ' Wake ' (1803)

All is not lost if yet possessed

To me that sweet memorial shine

If close and closer to my breast

I hold that idol all divine

40

Or gazing through luxurions tears

Melt o'er the loved departed form

Till death's cold bosom half appears

With life and speech and spirit warm

She looks ! she lives ! this tranced hour

Her bright eye seems a purer gem

Than sparkles on the throne of power

Or glory's wealthy diadem

Yes Genius yes ! thy mimic aid

A treasure to my soul has given

50

Where beauty's canonized shade

Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven

No spectre forms of pleasure fled

Thy softening sweetening tints restore

For thou canst give us back the dead

Even in the loveliest looks they wore

Then blest be nature's guardian muse !

Whose hand her perished grace redeems

Whose tablet of a thousand lines

The mirror of creation seems

60

From love began thy high descent

And lovers charmed by gifts of thine

Shall bless thee mutely eloquent

And call thee brightest of the Nine !

NOTE

The allusion in the third stanza is to the well known tradition respecting the origin of painting—that it arose from a young Corinthian female tracing the shadow of her lover's profile on the wall as he lay asleep

IMPROMPTU

TO MRS ALLSOP, ON HER EXQUISITE SINGING

(Written in 1813)

A MONTH in summer we rejoice
 To hear the nightingale's sweet song,
 But thou, a more enchanting voice,
 Shalt dwell with us the live year long
 Angel of Song ' still with us stay '
 Nor, when succeeding years have shone,
 Let us thy mansion pass and say
 'The voice of melody is gone ' '

ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS

(Written in 1815)

SOUL of the poet ' wheresoe'er,
 Reclaimed from earth, thy genius plume
 Her wings of immortality,
 Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
 And with thine influence illumine
 The gladness of our jubilee

And fly like fiends from secret spell,
 Discord and strife, at Burns's name,
 Exorcized by his memory,
 For he was chief of bards that swell
 The heart with songs of social flame
 And high delicious revelry

And love's own strain to him was given
 To warble all its ecstasies
 With Pythian words unsought unwilling—
 Love's the surviving gift of Heaven
 The choicest sweet of Paradise
 In life's else bitter cup distilled

Who that has melted o'er his lay
 To Mary's soul in Heaven above 20
 But pictured sees in fancy strong
 The landscape and the livelong day
 That smiled upon their mutual love?
 Who that has felt forgets the song?

Nor skilled one flame alone to fan
 His country's high souled peasantry
 What patriot pride he taught! how much
 To weigh the inborn worth of man!
 And rustic life and poverty
 Grew beautiful beneath his touch 30

Him in his clay built eot the muse
 Entranced and showed him all the forms
 Of fairy light and wizard gloom
 (That only gifted Poet views)
 The Genu of the floods and storms
 And martial shades from glory's tomb

On Bannock field what thoughts arouse
 The swain whom Burns's song inspires?
 Beat not his Caledonian veins
 As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs 40
 With all the spirit of his sires
 And all their scorn of death and chains?

And see the Scottish exile, tanned
By many a far and foreign clime,
Bend o'er his home-born verse, and weep
In memory of his native land,
With love that scorns the lapse of time
And ties that stretch beyond the deep

Encamped by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier, resting on his arms, 50
In Burns's carol sweet recalls
The scenes that blessed him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls

O deem not, 'midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings
Let high philosophy control
And sages calm the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul 60

It is the muse that consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling at the trumpet's breath
Rose, thistle, harp, 'tis she elates
To sweep the field or ride the wave,
A sunburst in the storm of death '

And thou, young hero, when thy pall
Is crossed with mournful sword and plume
When public grief begins to fade
And only tears of kindred fall, 70
Who but the bard shall dress thy tomb,
And greet with fame thy gallant shade '

Such was the soldier Burns forgive
 That sorrows of mine own intrude
 In strains to thy great memory due
 In verse like thine oh ! could he live
 The friend I mourned—the brave the good—
 Edward that died at Waterloo !

Farewell high chief of Scottish song !
 That couldst alternately impart
 Wisdom and rapture in thy page
 And brand each vice with satire strong—
 Whose lines are mottoes of the heart
 Whose truths electrify the sage

Farewell ! and ne'er may envy dare
 To wring one baleful poison drop
 From the crushed laurels of thy bust !
 But while the lark sings sweet in air
 Still may the grateful pilgrim stop
 To bless the spot that holds thy dust

NOTE

The young hero of the twelfth stanza was Major Edward Hodge of the 7th Hussars who fell at the head of his squadron in the attack of the Polish Lancers

LINES TO A LADY

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A SPRIG OF ALEXANDRIAN
LAUREL

(Written in 1816)

THIS classic laurel ' at the sight
What teeming thoughts suggested rise '
The patriot's and the poet's right,
The meed of semi-deities '
Men who to death have tyrants hurled,
Or bards who may have swayed at will
And soothed that little troubled world,
The human heart, with sweeter skill

Ah, lady ' little it beseems
My brow to wear these sacred leaves , 10
Yet, like a treasure found in dreams,
Thy gift most pleasantly deceives
And where is poet on this earth
Whose self-love could the meed withstand,
Even though it far outstript his worth,
Given by so beautiful a hand ?

NOTE

[The lady was Miss Eleanor Wigram, afterwards Mrs Unwin Heathcote]

TO THE MEMORY OF FRANCIS HORNER

A FRAGMENT

(Written in 1814.)

YE who have wept, and felt and summed the whole
 Of virtue's loss in Horner's parted soul
 I speak to you—though words can ill portray
 The extinguished light the blessings swept away
 The soul high graced to plead high skilled to plan
 For human welfare gone and lost to man'

Thus weight of truth subdues my power of song
 And gives a faltering voice to feelings strong
 But I should ill acquit the debt I feel
 To private friendship and to public zeal 10
 Were my heart's tribute not with theirs to blend
 Who loved most intimate their country's friend
 Or if the muso to whom his living breath
 Gave pride and comfort mourned him not in death

NOTE

[Horner was one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*. Born at Edinburgh in 1778 he was called to the Scottish bar at the age of twenty one joined the English bar a few years later became M P for St. Ives in 1806 and—after good service to the Whig party—died at Pisa (February 8 1817) and was buried in the English Cemetery at Leghorn close to the tomb of Smollett. He was Campbell's active friend when the poet settled in London.]

VALEDICTORY STANZAS

TO JOHN P. KEMBLE, ESQ., COMPOSED FOR A PUBLIC
MEETING, HELD JUNE 27, 1817

PRIDE of the British stage,
A long and last adieu !
Whose image brought the heroic age
Revived to Fancy's view
Like fields refreshed with dewy light
When the sun smiles his last,
Thy parting presenee makes more bright
Our memory of the past ,
And memory conjures feelings up
That wine or music need not swell, 10
As high we lift the festal cup
To Kemble—fare thee well !

His was the spell o'er hearts
Which only Acting lends,
The youngest of the sister Arts,
Where all their beauty blends
For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time 20
But, by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come,
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb

Time may again revive
But ne'er eclipse the charm
When Cato spoke in him alive,
Or Hotspur kindled warm

What soul was not resigned entire
 To the deep sorrows of the Moor ? 30
 What English heart was not on fire
 With him at Agincourt ?
 And yet a majesty possessed
 His transports most impetuous tone
 And to each passion of his breast
 The Graces gave their zone

High were the task—too high
 Ye conscious bosoms here !
 In words to paint your memory
 Of Kemble and of Lear 40
 But who forgets that white dis-crown'd head
 Those bursts of reason's half extinguish'd glare
 Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed
 In doubt more touching than despair
 If 'twas reality he felt ?
 Had Shakespeare's self amidst you been
 Friends he had seen you melt
 And triumphed to have seen !

And there was many an hour
 Of blended kindred fame 50
 When Siddons's auxiliar power
 And sister magic came
 Together at the Muse's side
 The tragic paragons had grown—
 They were the children of her pride
 The columns of her throne
 And undivided favour ran
 From heart to heart in their applause
 Save for the gallantry of man
 In lovelier woman's cause 60

Fair as some classic dome,
 Robust and richly graced,
 Your Kemble's spirit was the home
 Of genius and of taste—
 Taste like the silent dial's power,
 That, when supernal light is given,
 Can measure inspiration's hour
 And tell its height in heaven
 At once ennobled and correct,
 His mind surveyed the tragic page, 70
 And what the actor could effect
 The scholar could presage

These were his traits of worth
 And must we lose them now '
 And shall the scene no more show forth
 His sternly pleasing brow ?
 Alas, the moral brings a tear '
 'Tis all a transient hour below ,
 And we that would detain thee here
 Ourselves as fleetly go ' 80
 Yet shall our latest age
 This parting scene review
 Pride of the British stage,
 A long and last adieu '

NOTE

[When Campbell wrote these stanzas he had already enjoyed the friendship of Kemble and ' the Siddons ' for fifteen years]

FINIS

SPOKEN BY MISS BAILEY AT DRURY LANE THEATRE
ON THE FIRST OPENING OF THE HOUSE AFTER THE
DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE NOVEMBER
1817

BRITONS ! although our task is but to show
The scenes and passions of fictitious woe
Thank not we come this night without a part
In that deep sorrow of the public heart
Which like a shade hath darkened every place
And moistened with a tear the manliest face
The bell is scarcely hushed in Windsor's piles
That tolled a requiem from the solemn aisles
For her the royal flower low laid in dust
That was your fairest hope your fondest trust
Unconscious of the doom we dreamt alas !
That even these walls ere many months should see
Which but return sad accents for her now
Perhaps had witnessed her benignant brow
Cheered by the voice you would have raised on high
In bursts of British love and loyalty
But Britain ! now thy chief thy people mourn
And Claremont's home of love is left forlorn —
Here where the happiest of the happy dwelt
The scutcheon glooms and royalty hath felt
A wound that every bosom feels its own —
The blessing of a father's heart overthrown —
The most beloved and most devoted bride
Torn from an agonized husband's side
Who long as Memory holds her seat shall view
That speechless more than spoken last adieu

When the fixed eye long looked connubial faith,
 And beamed affection in the trance of death
 Sad was the pomp that yesternight beheld,
 As with the mourner's heart the anthem swelled , 30
 While torch succeeding torch illumed each high
 And bannered arch of England's chivalry
 The rich plumed canopy, the gorgeous pall,
 The sacred march, and sable-vested wall,
 These were not rites of inexpressive show,
 But hallowed as the types of real woe '
 Daughter of England ' for a nation's sighs
 A nation's heart went with thine obsequies '
 And oft shall time revert a look of grief
 On thine existence, beautiful and brief 40
 Fair spirit ' send thy blessing from above
 On realms where thou art canonized by love '
 Give to a father's, husband's bleeding mind,
 The peace that angels lend to human kind ,
 To us who in thy loved remembrance feel
 A sorrowing, but a soul-ennobling, zeal
 A loyalty that touches all the best
 And loftiest principles of England's breast '
 Still may thy name speak concord from the tomb,
 Still in the Muse's breath thy memory bloom ' 50
 They shall describe thy life thy form portray ,
 But all the love that mourns thee, swept away,
 'Tis not in language or expressive arts
 To paint ye feel it, Britons, in your hearts '

NOTE

[These lines were composed at short notice 'I hardly think them worth mentioning for their poetry,' wrote the poet, 'but they sincerely express what a whole kingdom has felt']

LINES

ON RECEIVING A SEAL WITH THE CAMPBELL CREST FROM
K M— BEFORE HER MARRIAGE

(Written in 181)

THIS wax returns not back more fair
The impression of the gift you send
Than stamped upon my thoughts I bear
The imago of your worth my friend !

We are not friends of yesterday
But poet's fancies are a little
Disposed to heat and cool (they say)
By turns impressible and brittle

Well ! should its frailty ever condemn
My heart to prize or please you less
Your type is still the sealing gem
And mine the waxy brittleness

10

What transcripts of my weal and woe
This little signet yet may lock —
What utterances to friend or foe
In reason's calm or passion's shock !

What scenes of life's yet curtailed page
May own its confidential die
Whose stamp awaits the unwritten page
And feelings of futurity !

o

Yet wheresoe'er my pen I lift
To date the epistolary sheet
The blest occasion of the gift
Shall make its recollection sweet —

Sent when the star that rules your fates
Hath reached its influence most benign,
When every heart congratulates,
And none more cordially than mine

So speed my song marked with the crest
That erst the adventurous Norman wore 30
Who won the Lady of the West,
The daughter of Macaillain Mor

Crest of my sires ! whose blood it sealed
With glory in the strife of swords,
Ne'er may the scroll that bears it yield
Degenerate thoughts or faithless words !

Yet little might I prize the stone
If it but typed the feudal tree
From whence, a scattered leaf, I'm blown
In Fortune's mutability 40

No !—but it tells me of a heart
Allied by friendship's living tie,
A prize beyond the herald's art
Our soul-sprung consanguinity !

Katherine ! to many an hour of mine
Light wings and sunshine you have lent ;
And so adieu, and still be thine
The all-in-all of life—Content !

NOTE TO LINE 30

A Norman leader, Gilliespie le Camile, in the service of the King of Scotland, married the heiress of Lochaw in the twelfth century, and from him the Campbells are sprung

LINES

INSCRIBED ON THE MONUMENT LATELY FINISHED BY
 MR CHANTREY WHICH HAS BEEN ERECTED BY THE
 WIDOW OF ADMIRAL SIR O CAMPBELL K C B TO
 THE MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND

(First printed in *The New Monthly* 1823)

To him whose loyal brave and gentle heart
 Fulfilled the hero's and the patriot's part
 Whose charity like that which Paul enjoined
 Was warm beneficent and unconfined
 This stone is reared To public duty true
 The seaman's friend the father of his crew
 Mild in reproof sagacious in command
 He spread fraternal zeal throughout his band
 And led each arm to act each heart to feel
 What British valour owes to Britain's weal 10
 These were his public virtues but to trace
 His private life's fair purity and grace
 To paint the traits that drew affection strong
 From friends an ample and an ardent throng
 And more to speak his memory's grateful claim
 On her who mourns him most and bears his name—
 Overcomes the trembling hand of widowed grief
 Overcomes the heart unconscionable of relief
 Save in religion's high and holy trust
 Whilst placing their memorial o'er his dust 20

LINES

ON REVISITING A SCOTTISH RIVER

(Written in 1826)

AND call they this improvement ! to have changed
 My native Clyde, thy once romantic shore,
 Where nature's face is banished and estranged,
 And heaven reflected in thy wave no more,
 Whose banks, that sweetened May-day's breath
 before,
 Lie sere and leafless now in summer's beam,
 With sooty exhalations covered o'er,
 And for the daisied greensward, down thy stream
 Unsightly brick-land smoke and clanking engines
 gleam

Speak not to me of swarms the scene sustains, to
 One heart free tasting nature's breath and bloom
 Is worth a thousand slaves to man's vain game
 But whither goes that wealth, and gladdening whom
 See, left but life enough and breathing-room
 The hunger and the hope of life to feel,
 Yon pale mechanic bending o'er his loom
 And childhood's self as at Ixion's wheel,
 From morn till midnight tasked to earn its little meal
 Is this improvement ?—where the human breed
 Degenerates as they swarm and overflow to
 Till toil grows cheaper than the trodden weed,
 And man competes with man, like foe with foe
 Till death, that thins them, scarce seems public woe
 Improvement !—smiles it in the poor man's eyes
 Or blooms it on the cheek of labour ? No—
 To gorge a few with trade's precarious prize
 We banish rural life, and breathe unwholesome skies

Nor call that evil slight God has not given
 This passion to the heart of man in vain
 For earth's green face the untinted air of heaven 30
 And all the bliss of Nature's rustic reign
 For not alone our frame imbibes a stain
 From foetid skies—the spirit's healthy pride
 Fades in their gloom And therefore I complain
 That thou no more through pastoral scenes shouldst
 glide
 My Wallace's own stream and once romantic Clyde'

LINES

ON THE DEPARTURE OF EMIGRANTS FOR NEW
 SOUTH WALES

(Written in 1878)

ON England's shore I saw a pensive band
 With sails unfurled for earth's remotest strand
 Like children parting from a mother shed
 Tears for the home that could not yield them bread
 Grief marked each face receding from the view
 'Twas grief to nature honourably true
 And long poor wanderers o'er the echptic deep
 The song that names but home shall bid you weep
 Oft shall ye fold your flocks by stars above
 In that far world and miss the stars ye love 10
 Oft when its tuneless birds scream round forlorn
 Regret the lark that gladdens England's morn
 And giving England's names to distant scenes
 Lament that earth's extension intervenes

But cloud not yet too long, industrious train,
 Your solid good with sorrow nursed in vain
 For has the heart no interest yet as bland
 As that which binds us to our native land ?
 'The deep-drawn wish, when children crown our
 hearth,

To hear the cherub-chorus of their mirth, 20
 Undamped by dread that want may e'er unhouse,
 Or servile misery knit those smiling brows ,
 The pride to rear an independent shed,
 And give the lips we love unborrowed bread ,
 To see a world, from shadowy forests won,
 In youthful beauty wedded to the sun ,
 To skit our home with harvests widely sown,
 And call the blooming landscape all our own,
 Our children's heritage, in prospect long
 These are the hopes, high-minded hopes and strong, 30
 That beckon England's wanderers o'er the brine
 To realms where foreign constellations shine,
 Where streams from undiscovered fountains roll,
 And winds shall fan them from th' Antaretic pole
 And what though doomed to shores so far apart
 From England's home that e'en the home-sick
 heart

Quails, thinking, ere that gulf can be recrossed,
 How large a space of fleeting life is lost ?
 Yet there, by time, their bosoms shall be changed,
 And strangers once shall cease to sigh estranged, 40
 But jocund in the year's long sunshine roam
 That yields them sickle twice its harvest-home

There, marking o'er his farm's expanding ring
 New fleeces whiten and new fruits upspring,
 The grey-haired swain, his grandchild sporting round,
 Shall walk at eve his little empire's bound,

Emblazed with ruby vintage ripening corn
 And verdant rampart of acæian thorn
 While mingling with the scent his pipe exhales
 The orange grove's and fig tree's breath prevails 30
 Survey with pride beyond a monarch's spoil
 His honest arm's own subjugated soil
 And summing all the blessings God has given
 Put up his patriarchal prayer to Heaven
 That when his bones shall here repose in peace
 The seions of his love may still increase
 And o'er a land where life has ample room
 In health and plenty innocently bloom
 Delightful land ! in wildness even benign
 The glorious past is ours the future thine 60
 As in a cradled Hercules we trace
 The lines of empire in thine infant face
 What nations in thy wide horizon's span
 Shall teem on tracts untrodden yet by man !
 What spacious cities with their spires shall gleam
 Where now the panther laps a lonely stream
 And all but brute or reptile life is dumb !
 Land of the free ! thy kingdom is to come—
 Of states with laws from Gothic bondage burst
 And creeds by chartered priesthoods unaceurst 90
 Of navies hoisting their emblazoned flags
 Where shipless seas now wash unbeaconed crags
 Of hosts reviewed in dazzling files and squares
 Their pennoned trumpets breathing native airs —
 For minstrels thou shalt have of native fire
 And maids to sing the songs themselves inspire
 Our very speech methinks in after time
 Shall catch th' Ionian blandness of thy clime
 And whilst the light and luxury of thy skies
 Give brighter smiles to beauteous woman's eyes 80
 The arts whose soul is love shall all spontaneous rise

Untracked in deserts lies the marble mine,
 Undug the ore that 'midst thy roofs shall shine
 Unborn the hands—but born they are to be—
 Far Australasia, that shall give to thee
 Proud temple-domes, with galleries winding high,
 So vast in space, so just in symmetry,
 They widen to the contemplating eye,
 With colonnaded aisles in long array,
 And windows that enrich the flood of day 99
 O'er tessellated pavements, pictures fair,
 And niched statues breathing golden air
 Nor there, whilst all that 's seen bids fancy swell,
 Shall music's voice refuse to seal the spell;
 But choral hymns shall wake enchantment round,
 And organs yield then tempests of sweet sound

Meanwhile, ere arts triumphant reach their goal,
 How blest the years of pastoral life shall roll!
 Even should, some wayward hour, the settler's mind
 Brood sad on scenes for ever left behind, 100
 Yet not a pang that England's name imparts
 Shall touch a fibre of his children's hearts,
 Bound to that native land by nature's bond,
 Full little shall their wishes rove beyond
 Its mountains blue and melon-skirted streams
 Since childhood loved, and dreamt of in their dreams

How many a name, to us uncouthly wild,
 Shall thrill that region's patriotic child,
 And bring as sweet thoughts o'er his bosom's chords
 As aught that 's named in song to us affords! 110
 Dear shall that river's margin be to him
 Where sportive first he bathed his boyish limb,
 Or petted birds still brighter than their bowers,
 Or twined his tame young kangaroo with flowers

But more magnetic yet to memory
 Shall be the sacred spot still blooming nigh
 The bower of love where first his bosom burned
 And smiling passion saw its smile returned

Go forth and prosper then comprising band
 May He who in the hollow of His hand
 The ocean holds and rules the whirlwind's sweep
 Assuage its wrath and guide you on the deep'

SONG OF THE COLONISTS DEPARTING FOR NEW ZEALAND

STEER helmsman till you steer our way
 By stars beyond the line
 We go to found a realm one day
 Like England's self to shine

CHORUS

Cheer up! cheer up! our course we'll keep
 With dauntless heart and hand
 And when we've ploughed the stormy deep
 We'll plough a smiling land —

A land where beauties importune
 The Briton to its bowers
 To sow but plenteous seeds and prune
 Luxuriant fruits and flowers
Chorus — Cheer up &c

There tracts uncheered by human words
 Seclusion's wildest holds
 Shall hear the lowing of our herds
 And tinkling of our folds
Chorus — Cheer up &c

Like rubies set in gold shall blush
 Our vineyards gut with corn ,
 And wine, and oil, and gladness gush
 From Amalthéa's horn

20

Chorus Cheer up, &c.

Britannia's pride is in our hearts,
 Her blood is in our veins ,
 We'll girdle earth with British arts,
 Like Ariel's magic chains

Chorus Cheer up, &c.

LINES

ON A PICTURE OF A GIRL IN THE ATTITUDE OF PRAYER,
 BY THE ARTIST GRUSE, IN THE POSSESSION OF LADY
 STEPNEY

(Written in 1830)

WAS man e'er doomed that beauty made
 By mimic art should haunt him ?
 Like Orpheus I adore a shade
 And dote upon a phantom

Thou maid that in my inmost thought
 Art fancifully sainted,
 Why liv'st thou not ? why art thou nought
 But canvas sweetly painted ?

Whose looks seem lifted to the skies,
 Too pure for love of mortals
 As if they drew angelic eyes
 To greet thee at heaven's portals

10

Yet loveliness has here no grace,
 Abstracted or ideal,
 Art ne'er but from a living face
 Drew looks so seeming real

What wert thou maid thy life thy name
 Obhivion hides in mystery
 Though from thy face my heart could frame
 A long romantic history o

Transported to thy time I seem
 Though dust thy coffin covers
 And hear the songs in fancy's dream
 Of thy devoted lovers

How witching must have been thy breath !
 How sweet the living charmer
 Whose very semblance after death
 Can make the heart grow warmer !

Adieu the charms that vainly move
 My soul in their possession— 30
 That prompt my lips to speak of love
 Yet rob them of expression !

Yet thee dear picture to have praised
 Was but a poet's duty
 And shame to him that ever gazed
 Impassive on thy beauty

TO THE INFANT SON OF MY DEAR FRIENDS

MR AND MRS GRAHAME

(Written in 1831)

SWEET bud of life ! thy future doom
 Is present to my eyes
 And joyously I see thee bloom
 In fortune's fairest skies

One day thy breast, scarce conscious now,
 Shall burn with patriot flame ,
 And, fraught with love, that little brow
 Shall wear the wreath of fame

When I am dead, dear boy, thou'lt take
 These lines to thy regard ,
 Imprint them on thy heart, and make
 A prophet of the bard

10

LINES

ON THE VIEW FROM ST LEONARDS

(Written in 1831)

HAIL to thy face and odours, glorious Sea !
 'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
 Great beauteous Being ! in whose breath and smile
 My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
 Inhales salubrious thoughts How welcomer
 Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world !
 Though like the world thou fluctuat'st, thy din
 To me is peace, thy restlessness repose
 Even gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes
 With all the darling field-flowers in their prime, 10
 And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
 Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,
 For these wild headlands and the sea-mew's clang
 With thee beneath my window, pleasant Sea,
 I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades
 And green savannahs Earth has not a plain
 So boundless or so beautiful as thine ,
 The eagle's vision cannot take it in
 The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,

Sinks half way o'er it like a wearied bird o
 It is the mirror of the stars where all
 Their hosts within the concave firmament
 Gay marching to the music of the spheres
 Can see themselves at once

Nor on the stage
 Of rural landscape are there lights and shades
 Of more harmonious dance and play than thine
 How vividly this moment brightens forth
 Between gray parallel and leaden breadth
 A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league
 Flushed like the rainbow or the ringdove's neck 30
 And giving to the glancing sea bird's wing
 The semblance of a meteor

Mighty Sea !
 Chameleon like thou changest but there's love
 In all thy change and constant sympathy
 With yonder Sky—thy mistress From her brow
 Thou tak'st thy moods and wear'st her colours on
 Thy faithful bosom—mornings milky white
 Noon's sapphire or the saffron glow of eve
 And all thy balmy hours fair Element
 Have such divine complexion—crisp'd smiles 40
 Luxuriant heavings and sweet whisperings
 That little is the wonder Love's own Queen
 From thee of old was fabled to have sprung

Creation's common ! which no human power
 Can parcel or enclose the lordliest floods
 And cataracts that the tiny hands of man
 Can tame conduct or bound are drops of dew
 To thee that couldst subdue the Earth itself
 And brook'st commandment from the Heavens alone
 For marshalling thy waves

Yet, potent sea ! 50
 How placidly thy moist lips speak even now
 Along yon sparkling shingles Who can be
 So fanciless as to feel no gratitude
 That power and grandeur can be so serene—
 Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,
 And rocking even the fisher's little bark
 As gently as a mother rocks her child '

The inhabitants of the other worlds behold
 Our orb more lucid for thy spacious share
 On earth's rotundity , and is he not 60
 A blind worm in the dust, great Deep, the man
 Who sees not or who, seeing, has no joy
 In thy magnificence ? What though thou art
 Unconscious and material ?—thou canst reach
 The inmost immaterial mind's recess,
 And with thy tints and motion stir its chords
 To music, like the light on Memnon's lyre '

The Spirit of the Universe in thee
 Is visible , thou hast in thee the life
 The eternal, graceful, and majestic life— 70
 Of nature, and the natural human heart
 Is therefore bound to thee with holy love

Earth has her gorgeous towns , the earth-circling sea
 Has spires and mansions more amusive still
 Men's volant homes that measure liquid space
 On wheel or wing The chariot of the land,
 With pained and panting steeds, and clouds of dust
 Has no sight-gladdening motion like these fair
 Careerers with the foam beneath their bows,
 Whose streaming ensigns charm the waves by day, so
 Whose carols and whose watch-bells cheer the night,

Moored as they cast the shadows of their masts
In long array or hither flit and yond
Mysteriously with slow and crossing lights
Like spirits on the darkness of the deep

There is a magnet like attraction in
These waters to the imaginative power
That links the viewless with the visible
And pictures things unseen To realms beyond
Yon highway of the world my fancy flies 90
When by her tall and triple mast we know
Some nobler voyager that has to woo
The trade winds and to stem the eelptic surge
The coral groves the shores of conch and pearl
Where she will cast her anchor and reflect
Her cabin window lights on warmer waves
And under planets brighter than our own
The mighits of palmy isles that she will see
Lit boundless by the fire fly all the smells
Of tropic fruits that will regale her all 100
The pomp of nature and the inspiring
Varieties of life she has to greet—
Come swarming o'er the meditative mind

True to the dream of fancy Ocean has
His darker hints but where's the element
That chequers not its usefulness to man
With casual terror? Seathes not Earth sometimes
Her children with Tartarean fires or shakes
Their shrieking cities and with one last clang
Of bells for their own ruin strews them flat 110
As riddled ashes silent as the grave?
Walks not contagion on the air itself?
I should old Ocean's Saturnian days
And roaring nights of revelry and sport
With wreck and human woe be loth to sing

For they are few and all their ills weigh light
 Against his sacred usefulness, that bids
 Our pensile globe revolve in purer air
 Here Morn and Eve with blushing thanks receive
 Their fresh'ning dews, gay fluttering breezes cool 120
 Their wings to fan the brow of fevered climes,
 And here the Spring dips down her emerald urn
 For showers to glad the earth

Old Ocean was

Infinity of ages ere we breathed
 Existence, and he will be beautiful
 When all the living world that sees him now
 Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun
 Quelling from age to age the vital throb
 In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate
 The pulse that swells in *his* stupendous breast, 130
 Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
 In thundering concert with the quiring winds,
 But, long as Man to parent Nature owns
 Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
 The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
 Shall sing thy glory, beatific Sea'

NOTE

[The penultimate section, more especially the last five lines of it, was latterly considered by the author as among the best poetry he had written. As for the views at St Leonards—'Show me,' he exclaims, such a sea and such a shore'—Letter of April 10, 1832.]

LINES

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF LA PEROUSE'S
VOYAGES

(in 1831)

LOVED Voyager ! whose pages had a zest
More sweet than fiction to my wondering breast
When rapt in fancy many a boyish day
I tracked his wanderings o'er the watery way
Roamed round the Aleutian isles in waking dreams
Or plucked the fleur de lys by Jesso's streams
Or gladly leaped on that far Tartar strand
Where Europe's anchor ne'er had bit the sand
Where scarce a roving wild tribe crossed the plain
Or human voice broke nature's silent reign — 10
But vast and grassy deserts feed the bear
And sweeping deer herds dread no hunter's snare
Such young delight his real records brought
His truth so touched romantic springs of thought
That all my after life his fate and fame
Entwined romance with La Perouse's name

Fair were his ships expert his gallant crews
And glorious was the emprise of La Perouse—
Humanely glorious ! Men will weep for him
When many a guilty martial fame is dim 20
He ploughed the deep to bind no captive's chain—
Pursued no rapine—strewed no wreck with slain
And save that in the deep themselves he low
His heroes plucked no wreath from human woe
Twas his the earth's remotest bounds to scan
Conciliating with gifts barbaric man

Enrich the world's contemporaneous mind,
And amplify the picture of mankind
Far on the vast Pacific, 'midst those isles
O'er which the earliest morn of Asia smiles, 30
He sounded, and gave charts to many a shore
And gulf of ocean new to nautic lore
Yet he that led discovery o'er the wave
Still finds himself an undiscovered grave
He came not back ! Conjecture's cheek grew pale,
Year after year , in no propitious gale
His hied banner held its homeward way,
And Science saddened at her martyr's stay

An age elapsed no wreck told where or when
The chief went down with all his gallant men, 40
Or whether by the storm and wild sea flood
He perished, or by wilder men of blood
The shuddering fancy only guess'd his doom,
And doubt to sorrow gave but deeper gloom

An age elapsed when men were dead or gray,
Whose hearts had mourned him in their youthful day
Fame traced on Mannicolo's shore at last
The boiling surge had mounted o'er his mast
The islesmen told of some surviving men,
But Christian eyes beheld them ne'er again 50
Sad bourne of all his toils—with all his band
To sleep, wrecked, shroudless, on a savage strand !
Yet what is all that fires a hero's scorn
Of death ? the hope to live in hearts unborn
Life to the brave is not its fleeting breath,
But worth foretasting fame that follows death
That worth had La Perouse, that meed he won
He sleeps—his life's long stormy watch is done
In the great deep, whose boundaries and space
He measured, fate ordained his resting-place , 60

But bade his fame like th ocean rolling o'er
 His relics visit every earthly shore
 Fair Science on that ocean's azure robe
 Still writes his name in picturing the globe
 And paints (what fairer wreath could glory twine ?)
 His watery course—a world encircling line

NOTES

[LINE 39 An echo of Thomson's line— And Mecca sadden
 at the long delay

LINE 47 An English captain (Dillon) proved in 1826 that
 La Perouse's ships had been wrecked off Vanikoro an island
 lying north of the New Hebrides

Some echoes of this fine poem may be heard in Andrew Lang's
 tribute to Gordon The White Pacha]

TO SIR FRANCIS BURDETT

ON HIS SPEECH DELIVERED IN PARLIAMENT AUGUST 7
 1832 RESPECTING THE FOREIGN POLICY OF GREAT
 BRITAIN

BURDETT enjoy thy justly foremost fame !
 Through good and ill report—through calm and
 storm—
 For forty years the pilot of reform
 But that which shall afresh entwine thy name
 With patriot laurels never to be sere
 Is that thou hast come nobly forth to elude
 Our slumbering statesmen for their lack of pride—
 Their flattery of Oppressors and their fear—
 When Britain's lifted finger and her frown
 Might call the nations up and cast their tyrants
 down !

Invoke the seorn—alas ! too few inherit
 The scorn for despots chemshed by our sines,
 That baffled Europe's persecuting fires,
 And sheltered helpless states ! Recall that spirit,
 And conjure baek Old England's haughty mind
 Convert the men who waver now, and pause
 Between their love of self and humankind ,
 And move, Amphion-like, those hearts of stone
 The hearts that have been deaf to Poland's dying
 groan !

Tell them we hold the Rights of Man too dear, 20
 To bless ourselves with lonely freedom blest,
 But could we hope with sole and selfish breast
 To breathe untroubled Freedom's atmosphere
 Suppose we wished it ? England could not stand
 A lone oasis in the desert ground
 Of Europe's slavery , from the waste around
 Oppression's fiery blast and whirling sand
 Would reach and scathe us ! No , it may not be
 Britannia and the world conjointly must be free !

Burdett, demand why Britons send abroad 30
 Soft greetings to the infanticidal Czar,
 The Bear on Poland's babes that wages war
 Once, we are told, a mother's shriek o'erawed
 A lion, and he dropped her lifted child
 But Nicholas, whom neither God nor law,
 Nor Poland's shrieking mothers overawe,
 Outholds to us his friendship's gory clutch ,
 Shrink, Britain ! shrink, my king and country, from
 the touch !

He prays to Heaven for England's king, he says
 And dares he to the God of mercy kneel, 40
 Besmeared with massacres from head to heel ?
 No , Moloch is his god—to him he prays ,

And if his weird like prayers had power to bring
 An influence their power would be to curse
 His hate is baleful but his love is worse—
 A serpent's slaver deadlier than its sting '
 Oh feeble statesmen—ignominious times
 That lick the tyrant's feet and smile upon his crimes'

THE CHERUBS

SUGGESTED BY AN APOLOGUE IN THE WORKS OF
 FRANKLIN

(Written in 1837)

Two spirits reached this world of ours
 The lightning's locomotive powers
 Were slow to their agility
 In broad daylight they moved incog
 Enjoying without mist or fog
 Entire invisibility

The one a simple cherub lad
 Much interest in our planet had
 Its face was so romantic
 He couldn't persuade himself that man 10
 Was such as heavenly rumours ran
 A being base and frantic

The older spirit wise and cool
 Brought down the youth as to a school
 But strictly on condition
 Whatever they should see or hear
 With mortals not to interfere
 Was not in their commission

They reached a sovereign city proud,
Whose emperor prayed to God aloud,
 With all his people kneeling,
And priests performed religious rites
‘ Come,’ said the younger of the sprites,
 ‘ This shows a pious feeling
‘ Ar’n’t these a decent godly race ’ ’

OLD SPIRIT

‘ The dirtiest thieves on Nature’s face ’

YOUNG SPIRIT

‘ But hark, what cheers they’re giving
Their emperor ! And is he a thief ? ’

OLD SPIRIT

‘ Aye, and a cut-throat too , in brief,
The greatest scoundrel living ’

YOUNG SPIRIT

‘ But say, what were they praying for,
This people and their emperor ? ’

OLD SPIRIT

‘ Why, but for God’s assistance
To help their army, late sent out
And what that army is about
You’ll see at no great distance ’

On wings outspeeding mail or post
Our sprites o’ertook the Imperial host,
 In massacres it wallowed
A noble nation met its hordes,
But broken fell their cause and swords,
 Unfortunate though hallowed

They saw a late bombarded town
Its streets still warm with blood ran down
Still smoked each burning rafter
And hideously midst rape and sack
The murderer's laughter answered back
His prey's convulsive laughter

They saw the captive eye the dead
With envy of his gory bed — 50
Death's quick reward of bravery
They heard the clank of chains and then
Saw thirty thousand bleeding men
Dragged manacled to slavery

Fie! fie! the younger heavenly spark
Exclaimed — we must have missed our mark
And entered hell's own portals
Earth can't be stained with crimes so black
Nay sure we're got among a pack
Of fiends and not of mortals 60

No! said the elder no such thing
Fiends are not fools enough to wring
The necks of one another—
They know their interests too well
Men fight but every devil in hell
Lives friendly with his brother

And I could point you out some fellows
On this ill fated planet Tellus
In royal power that revel
Who at the opening of the book 70
Of judgement may have cause to look
With envy at the devil

Name but the devil, and he'll appear
Old Satan in a trice was near,

With smutty face and figure
But spotless spirits of the skies,
Unseen to even his saucer eyes,
Could watch the fiendish nigget

'Halloo!' he cried, 'I smell a trick
A mortal supersedes Old Nick,

80

The scourge of earth appointed
He robs me of my trade, outrants
The blasphemy of Hell, and vaunts
Himself the Lord's anointed'

'Folks make a fuss about my mischief
Damned fools! they tamely suffer this chief
To play his pranks unbounded'

The cherubs flew, but saw from high
At human inhumanity

The devil himself astounded

90

THE DEAD EAGLE

(Written at Oran, Algiers, 1835)

FALLEN as he is, this king of birds still seems
Like royalty in ruins Though his eyes
Are shut, that look undazzled on the sun,
He was the sultan of the sky, and earth
Paid tribute to his cyry It was perched
Higher than human conqueror ever built
His bannered fort Where Atlas' top looks o'er
Zahara's desert to the equator's line
From thence the winged despot mark'd his prey,
Above the encampments of the Bedouins, ere

Their watchfires were extinct or camels knelt
To take their loads or horsemen scoured the plain
And there he dried his feathers in the dawn
Whilst yet the unawakened world was dark below

There's such a charm in natural strength and
power

That human fancy has for ever paid
Poetic homage to the bird of Jove
Hence neath his image Rome arrayed her turms
And cohorts for the conquest of the world
And figuring his flight the mind is fill'd
With thoughts that mock the pride of wingless man
True the carred aeronaut can mount as high
But what's the triumph of his volant art?
A rash intrusion on the realms of air
His helmless vehicle a silken toy
A bubble bursting in the thunder cloud—
His course has no volition and he drifts
The passive plaything of the winds Not such
Was this proud bird he clove the adverse storm
And cuffed it with his wings He stopped his flight
As easily as the Arab reins his steed
And stood at pleasure neath heaven's zenith like
A lamp suspended from its azure dome
Whilst underneath him the world's mountains lay
Like molehills and her streams like lucid threads
Then downward faster than a falling star
He neared the earth until his shape distinct
Was blackly shadow'd on the sunny ground
And deeper terror hushed the wilderness
To hear his nearer whoop Then up again
He soared and wheeled There was an air of scorn
In all his movements whether he threw round
His crested head to look behind him or

Lay vertical and sportively displayed
 The inside whiteness of his wing declined
 In gyres and undulations full of grace,
 An object beautifying heaven itself.

He—reckless who was victor, and above
 The hearing of their guns—saw fleets engaged
 In flaming combat It was nought to him 50
 What carnage, Moor or Christian, strewed their decks
 But, if his intellect had matched his wings,
 Methinks he would have scorn'd man's vaunted power
 To plough the deep His pinions bore him down
 To Algiers the wailike, or the coral groves
 That blush beneath the green of Bona's waves,
 And traversed in an hour a wider space
 Than yonder gallant ship, with all her sails
 Wooing the winds, can cross from morn till eve
 His bight eyes were his compass, earth his chart, 60
 His talons anchored on the stormiest cliff,
 And on the very lighthouse rock he perch'd
 When winds churned white the waves

The earthquake's self

Disturbed not him that memorable day
 When o'er yon tableland, where Spain had built
 Cathedrals, cannoned forts, and palaces,
 A palsy-stroke of Nature shook Oran.
 Turning her city to a sepulchre,
 And strewing into rubbish all her homes,
 Amidst whose traceable foundations now, 70
 Of streets and squares, the hyaena hides himself
 That hour beheld him fly as careless o'er
 The stifled shrieks of thousands buried quick
 As lately when he pounced the speckled snake,
 Coil'd in yon mallows and wide nettle-fields
 That mantle o'er the dead old Spanish town.

Strange is the imagination & dread delight
 In objects linked with danger death and pain
 Fresh from the luxuries of polished life
 The echo of these wilds enchanted me
 And my heart beat with joy when first I heard
 A lion's roar come down the Libyan wind
 Across a long wide lonely inland lake
 Where boat men sail from homeless shore to shore

And yet Numidia's landscape has its spots
 Of pastoral pleasantness—though far between
 The village planted near the Marabout's
 Round roof has not its feathery palm trees
 Paired for in solitude they bear no fruit
 Here nature's hues all harmonize—fields white
 With alabaster or blue with bugloss—banks
 Of glossy fennel blent with tulips wild
 And sunflowers like a garment pranked with gold—
 Acres and miles of opal asphodel
 Where sports and couches the black-eyed gazelle
 Here too the air's harmonious—deep-toned doves
 Coo to the life-like carol of the lark
 And when they cease the holy nightingale
 Winds up his long long shakes of ecstasy
 With notes that seem but the protracted sounds too
 Of glassy runnels bubbling over rocks

FRAGMENT OF AN ORATORIO, FROM
THE BOOK OF JOB

(Written at Oran, 1835)

CRUSH'D by misfortune's yoke,
Job lamentably spoke
' My boundless curse be on
The day that I was born,
Queneli'd be the star that shone
Upon my natal morn
In the grave I long
To shroud my breast,
Where the wicked cease to wrong,
And the weary are at rest ' 10
Then Eliphaz rebuked his wild despair
' What Heaven ordains 'tis meet that man should
bear
Lately, at midnight dear,
A vision shook my bones with fear,
A spirit passed before my face,
And yet its form I could not trace,
It stopped—it stood—it chilled my blood
The hair upon my flesh uprose
With freezing dread ' 20
Deep silence reigned, and, at its close
I heard a voice that said
" Shall mortal be more pure and just
Than God, who made him from the dust ?
Hast thou not learnt of old how fleet
Is the triumph of the hypocrite,
How soon the wreath of joy grows wan
On the brow of the ungodly man "

By the fire of his conscience he pensive lies
In an unblown flame
The Earth demands his death
And the Heavens reveal his shame

15

ANN

Is this your consolation ?
Is it thus that ye condole
With the depth of my desolation
And the anguish of my soul ?
But I will not cease to wail
The bitterness of my bale
Man that is born of woman
Short and evil is his hour
He fleeth like a shadow
He fadeth like a flower
My days are passed my hope and trust
Is but to moulder in the dust

10

CHORUS

Bow mortal bow before thy God
Nor murmur at His chastening rod
Fragile being of earthly clay
Think on God's eternal way !
Hark ! from the whirlwind forth
Thy Maker speaks— Thou child of earth
Where wert thou when I laid
Creation's corner stone ?
When the sons of God rejoicing made
And the morning stars together sang and shone ?
Hadst thou power to bid above
Heaven's constellations glow !
Or shape the forms that live and move
On Nature's face below ?
Hast thou given the horse his strength and pride ?
He paws the valley with nostril wide

50

He smells far off the battle , 60
 He neighs at the trumpet's sound
 And his speed devours the ground
 As he sweeps to where the quivers rattle
 And the spear and shield shine bright,
 'Midst the shouting of the captains
 And the thunder of the fight

Having met my illustrious friend the composer Neukomm, at Algiers, several years ago, I commenced this intended Oratorio at his desire, but he left the place before I proceeded farther in the poem, and it has been thus left unfinished —T C

BEN LOMOND

(Written in 1836)

HADST thou a genius on thy peak,
 What tales, white-headed Ben,
 Couldst thou of ancient ages speak,
 That mock th' historian's pen '
 Thy long duration makes our lives
 Seem but so many hours ,
 And likens to the bees' frail hives
 Our most stupendous towers
 Temples and towers thou'st seen begun,
 New creeds, new conquerors sway, 10
 And, like their shadows in the sun,
 Hast seen them swept away
 Thy steadfast summit, heaven-allied
 (Unlike life's little span),
 Looks down, a Mentor, on the pride
 Of perishable man

NOTES

LINE 1 Originally—' If There 's a Genius haunts thy peak '

LINE 12 Originally—' Thou'st seen them pass away ' ,

This little poem was first published in *The Scenic Annua*l, 1837

CHAUCLER AND WINDSOR

Love shalt thou flourish Windsor! bodying forth
 Chivalrie times and long shall live around
 Thy Castle the old oaks of British birth
 Whose gnarled roots tearacious and profound
 As with a lion's talons grasp the ground
 But should thy towers in ivied ruin rot
 There some thine inmate once whose strain renowned
 Would interdict thy name to be forgot
 For Chaucer loved thy bowers and trod this very spot
 Chaucer! our Helicon's first fountain stream 10
 Our morning star of song—that led the way
 To welcome the long after coming beam
 Of Spenser's light and Shakespeare's perfect day
 Old England's fathers live in Chaucer's lay
 As if they ne'er had died—He grouped and drew
 Their likeness with a spirit of life so gay
 That still they live and breathe in Laney's view
 Irish beings fraught with truth's imperishable hue

 A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY THE
 NEW YEAR

THE more we live more brief appear
 Our life's succeeding stages
 A day to childhood seems a year
 And years like passing ages
 The gladsome current of our youth
 Its passion yet disorders
 Steals lingering like a river smooth
 Along its grassy borders

But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
 And sorrow's shafts fly thicker, 10
 Ye stars, that measure life to man,
 Why seem your courses quicker ?
 When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
 And life itself is vapid,
 Why, as we reach the Falls of death,
 Feel we its tide more rapid ?
 It may be strange, yet who would change
 Time's course to slower speeding
 When one by one our friends have gone,
 And left our bosoms bleeding ? 20
 Heaven gives our years of fading strength
 Indemnifying fleetness,
 And those of youth a seeming length,
 Proportion'd to their sweetness

MOONLIGHT

(Written in 1840)

THE kiss that would make a maid's cheek flush
 Wroth, as if kissing were a sin,
 Amidst the Argus eyes and din
 And tell-tale glare of noon,
 Brings but a murmur and a blush
 Beneath the modest moon
 Ye days, gone never to come back
 When love returned entranced me so
 That still its pictures move and glow
 In the dark chamber of my heart 10
 Leave not my memory's future track,
 I will not let you part

'Twas moonlight when my earliest love
 First on my bosom dropped her head
 A moment then concentrated
 The bliss of years as if the spheres
 Their course had faster driven
 And carried Fnoch like above
 A living man to Heaven

As by the rolling moon we measure o
 The date between our nuptial night
 And that blest hour which brings to light
 The pledge of faith—the fruit of bliss
 When we impress upon the treasure
 A father's earliest kiss

The Moon is the Earth's enamoured bride
 True to him in her very changes
 No other stars she never ranges
 Though crossed by him sometimes she dips
 Her light in short offended pride 30
 And faints to an eclipse

The fairies revel by her sheen
 'Tis only when the Moon is above
 The fire fly kindles into love
 And flashes light to show it
 The nightingale salutes her Queen
 Of Heaven her heavenly poet

Then ye that love! by moonlight gloom
 Meet at my grave and plight regard
 Oh! could I be the Orphéan bard 40
 Of whom it is reported
 That nightingales sung o'er his tomb
 Whilst lovers came and courted

ON GETTING HOME THE PORTRAIT OF A
FEMALE CHILD, SIX YEARS OLD

PAINTED BY EUGENIO LATILLA

(Written probably in 1840)

TYPE of the Cherubim above,
Come, live with me, and be my love !
Smile from my wall, dear roguish sprite,
By sunshine and by candlelight ,
For both look sweetly on thy traits
Or, were the Lady Moon to gaze,
She'd welcome thee with lustre bland,
Like some young fay from Fairyland
Cast in simplicity's own mould,
How canst thou be so manifold 10
In sportively distracting charms ?
Thy lips thine eyes thy little arms
That wrap thy shoulders and thy head
In homeliest shawl of netted thread,
Brown woollen net-work , yet it seeks
Accordance with thy lovely cheeks,
And more becomes thy beauty's bloom
Than any shawl from Cashmere's loom

Thou hast not, to adorn thee, girl,
Flower, link of gold, or gem or pearl 20
I would not let a ruby speck
The peeping whiteness of thy neck
Thou need'st no casket, witching elf,
No gawd thy toilet is thyself ,
Not ev'n a rose-bud from the bower,
Thyself a magnet gem and flower

My arch and playful little creature
 Thou hast a mind in every feature
 Thy brow with its disparted locks
 Speaks language that translation mocks 30
 Thy lucid eyes so beam with soul
 They on the canvas seem to roll
 Instructing both my head and heart
 To idolize the painter's art

He marshals minds to Beauty's feast—
 He is Humanity's high priest
 Who proves by heavenly forms on earth
 How much this world of ours is worth
 Inspire me child with visions fair!
 For children in Creation are 4
 The only things that could be given
 Back and alive—unchanged—to Heaven

NOTE

[Campbell had seen the portrait in Colnaghi's window for several mornings on his way from 6 Lincoln's Inn Fields to the Literary Union and it fascinated him and seemed to haunt him. At last he bought it—for thirty guineas! But the temptation to buy was irresistible. This was probably in 1840.]

LINES

TO THE COUNTESS AMERIGO VESPUCCI

(Written in 1840)

DESCENDANT of the chief who stamped his name
 On Earth's hesperian hemisphere I greet
 Not only thy hereditary fame
 But beauty wit and spirit bold and sweet
 That captivate alike wherever thou art
 The British and the Transatlantic heart

Ameriga Vespucci, thou art fair

As classic Venus, but the poets gave
Her not thy noble, more than classic, air

Of courage Homer's Venus was not brave.
She shrieked, and fled the fight You never fled,
But in the cause of freedom fought and bled

NOTE

In the closing lines the allusion is to the part taken by this heroic lady in the previous commotions in Italy

TO MY NIECE, MARY CAMPBELL

(Written in 1841)

OUR friendship's not a stream to dry,

Or stop with angry jar,
A life-long planet in our sky
No meteor-shooting star

Thy playfulness and pleasant ways
Shall cheer my wintry track,
And give my old declining days
A second summer back'

Proud honesty protects our lot
No dun infests our bowers,
Wealth's golden lamps illumine not
Brows more content than ours

To think, too, thy remembrance fond
May love me after death,
Gives fancied happiness beyond
My lease of living breath

Meanwhile thine intellects presage
A lifetime rich in truth,
And make me feel the advance of age
Retarded by thy youth'

10

' 20

Good night ! propitious dreams betide
 Thy sleep !—awaken gay
 And we will make to morrow glide
 As cheerful as to day !

LINES ON MY NEW CHILD SWEETHEART

(Written in 1841)

I HOLD it a religious duty
 To love and worship children's beauty
 They've least the taint of earthly clod
 They're freshest from the land of God
 With heavenly looks they make us sure
 The heaven that made them must be pure
 We love them not in earthly fashion
 But with a beatific passion

I chanced to yesterday behold
 A maiden child of beauty's mould 10
 'Twas near more sacred was the scene
 The palace of our patriot Queen
 The little charmer to my view
 Was sculpture brought to life anew
 Her eyes had a poetic glow
 Her pouting mouth was Cupid's bow
 And through her frock I could desery
 Her neck and shoulders symmetry
 'Twas obvious from her walk and gait
 Her limbs were beautifully straight 10
 I stopped the enchantress and was told
 Though tall she was but four years old
 Her gude so grave an aspect wore
 I could not ask a question more
 But followed her The little one
 Threw backward ever and anon

Her lovely neck, as if to say,
 ' I know you love me, Mister Gray ,'
 For by its instinct childhood's eye
 Is shrewd in physiognomy ,
 They well distinguish fawning art
 From sterling fondness of the heart.

30

And so she flirted, like a true
 Good woman, till we bade adieu
 'Twas then I with regret grew wild
 Oh, beauteous, interesting child '
 Why asked I not thy home and name ?
 My courage failed me—more 's the shame
 But where abides this jewel rare ?
 Oh, ye that own her, tell me where '
 For sad it makes my heart and sore
 To think I ne'er may meet her more.

40

THE CHILD AND HIND

(Written in 1841)

COME, maids and matrons, to caress
 Wiesbaden's gentle hind ,
 And smiling, deek its glossy neck
 With forest flowers entwined

Your forest flowers are fain to show,
 And landscapes to enjoy ,
 But fairer is your friendly doe
 That watched the sleeping boy

'Twas after church on Ascension day
 When organs ceased to sound,
 Wiesbaden's people crowded gay
 The deer-park's pleasant ground

10

There where Elysian meadows smile
And noble trees upshoot
The wild thyme and the camomile
Smell sweetly at their root

The aspen quivers nervously
The oak stands stilly bold
And climbing bindweed hangs on high
His bells of beaten gold

o

Nor stops the eye till mountains shone
That bound a spacious view
Beyond the lordly lovely Rhine
In visionary blue

There monuments of ages dark
Awaken thoughts sublime
Till swifter than the steaming bark
We mount the stream of time

The ivy thro' old castles shades
That speak traditions high
Of minstrels tournaments crusades
And mail clad chivalry

30

Here came a twelve years married pair—
And with them wander'd free
Seven sons and daughters blooming fair
A glad some sight to see

Their Wilhelm little innocent
The youngest of the seven
Was beautiful as painters paint
The cherubim of Heaven

40

By turns he gave his hand so dear
To parent sister brother
And each that he was safe and near
Confided in the other

But Wilhelm loved the field-flowers bright,
With love beyond all measure
And culled them with as keen delight
As misers gather treasure

Unnoticed, he contrived to glide
Adown a greenwood alley. 50
By lilies lured that grew beside
A streamlet in the valley ;

And there, where under beech and birch
The rivulet meandered,
He strayed, till neither shout nor search
Could track where he had wandered

Still louder, with increasing dread,
They called his darling name ,
But 'twas like speaking to the dead
An echo only came 60

Hours passed till evening's beetle roams
And blackbirds' songs begin ,
Then all went back to happy homes,
Save Wilhelm's kith and kin

The night came on all others slept
Their cares away till morn ,
But, sleepless, all night watched and wept
That family forlorn

Betimes the town-crier had been sent
With loud bell up and down , 70
And told the afflicting accident
Throughout Wiesbaden's town

The father, too, ere morning smiled,
Had all his wealth uncoffered ,
And to the wight would bring his child
A thousand crowns had offered

Dear friends who would have blushed to take
That guerdon from his hand
Soon joined in groups—for pity's sake
The child exploring band

The news reached Nassau's Duke ere earth
Was gladdened by the lark
He sent a hundred soldiers forth
To ransack all his park

Their side arms glittered through the wood
With bugle horns to sound
Would that on errand half so good
The soldier oft were found !

But though they roused up beast and bird
From many a nest and den
No signal of success was heard
From all the hundred men

A second morning's light expands
Unfound the infant fair
And Wilhelm's household wring their hands
Abandoned to despair

But happily a poor artisan
Searched ceaselessly till he
Found safe asleep the little one
Beneath a beechen tree

His hand still grasped a bunch of flowers
And (true though wondrous) near
To sentry his reposing hours
There stood a female deer—

Who dipped her horns at all that passed
The spot where Wilhelm lay
Till force was had to hold her fast
And bear the boy away

Hail 'sacred love of childhood—hail !
 How sweet it is to trace
 Thine instinct in Creation's scale,
 Even 'neath the human race

110

To this poor wanderer of the wild
 Speech, reason were unknown—
 And yet she watched a sleeping child
 As if it were her own ,

And thou, Wiesbaden's artisan
 Restorer of the boy,
 Was ever welcomed mortal man
 With such a burst of joy "

120

The father's ecstasy the mother's
 Hysterie bosom's swell
 The sisters' sobs—the shout of brothers,
 I have not power to tell

The working man, with shoulders broad,
 Took blithely to his wife
 The thousand crowns—a pleasant load,
 That made him rich for life

And Nassau's Duke the favourite took
 Into his deer-park's centre,
 To share a field with other pets
 Where deer-slayer cannot enter

130

There, whilst thou cropp'st thy flowery food,
 Each hand shall pat thee kind ,
 And man shall never spill thy blood
 Wiesbaden's gentle hind

NOTES

I wish I had preserved a copy of the Wiesbaden newspaper in which this anecdote of the 'Child and Hind' is recorded, but I

have unfortunately lost it. The story however is matter of fact. It took place in 1838 every circumstance mentioned in the preceding ballad literally happened. I was in Wiesbaden eight months ago and was shown the very tree under which the boy was found sleeping with a bunch of flowers in his little hand. I could not ascertain whether the Hind that watched my Hero Wilhelm suckled him or not but it was generally believed that she had no milk to give him and that the boy must have been for two days and a half entirely without food unless it might be grass or leaves.—T. C.

LINE 20 There is only one kind of bindweed that is yellow and that is the flower here mentioned the *Paniculatus Convolvulus*.

LINE 100 The female deer has no such antlers as the male and sometimes no horns at all but I have observed many with short ones suckling their fawns.

LETTER FROM ALGIERS TO HORACE SMITH

(Written in 1830)

DEAR HORACE ' be melted to tears

For I'm melting with heat as I rime
Though the name of the place is Algiers
Tis no joke to fall in with its clime

With a shaver from France who came o'er
To an African inn I ascend
I am cast on a barbarous shore
Where a barber alone is my friend

Do you ask me the sights and the news
Of this wonderful city to sing ?
Alas ! my hotel has its news
But no muse of the Helicon's spring

My windows afford me the sight
Of a people all diverse in hue
They are black yellow olive and white
Whilst I in my sorrow look blue

Here are groups for the painter to take,
Whose figures jocosely combine,
The Arab disguised in his haik,
And the Frenchman disguised in his wine 20

In his breeches of petticoat size
You may say, as the Mussulman goes,
That his garb is a fair compromise
'Twixt a kilt and a pair of small-clothes

The Mooresses, shrouded in white,
Save two holes for their eyes to give room,
Seem like corpses in sport or in spite
That have shily whipped out of their tomb

The old Jewish dames make me sick
If I were the devil I declare 30
Such hags should not mount a broom-stick
In my service to ride through the air

But hipped and undined as I am,
My hippogriff's course I must rein
For the pain of my thirst is no sham,
Though I'm bawling aloud for Champagne

Dinner's brought, but their wines have no pith—
They are flat as the statutes at law,
And for all that they bring me, dear Smith!
Would a glass of brown stout they could draw! 40

O'er each French trashy dish as I bend,
My heart feels a patriot's grief!
And the round tears, O England! descend
When I think on a round of thy beef

Yes, my soul sentimentally craves
British beer Hail, Britannia, hail!
To thy flag on the foam of the waves,
And the foam on thy flagons of ale

Yet I own in this hour of my drought
 A dessert has most welcomely come 50
 Here are peaches that melt in the mouth
 And grapes blue and big as a plum

There are melons too luscious and great
 But the slices I eat shall be few
 For from melons incontinently eat
 Melancholic effects may ensue

Horrid pun ! you'll exclaim but be calm
 Though my letter bears date as you view
 From the land of the date bearing palm
 I will palm no more puns upon you 60

NOTES

LINE 6 On board the vessel from Marseilles to Algiers I met with a fellow passenger whom I supposed to be a physician from his dress and manners and the attentions which he paid me to alleviate the sufferings of my sea-sickness. He turned out to be a perruquier and barber in Algeria—but his vocation did not lower him in my estimation—for he continued his attentions until he passed my baggage through the customs and helped me when half dead with exhaustion to the best hotel.

LINE 19 A haik is a mantle worn by the natives

[In a humorous and punning letter to Horace Smith (1837) Campbell refers to these lines as a composition which will remain in the English language until it is forgotten !

2

EXTRACTS

FROM THE MOBLADE

AN UNFINISHED MOCK-HEROIC POEM

(Written in Edinburgh winter of 1801-2)

Monopoly's Briarean hands
 Had dragged her harrow o'er a hundred lands,
 But, chief, the terrors of her Gorgon frown
 Had seared Edina's faint and famished town
 Then Want, the griffin, champed with iron jaws
 Our shuddering hearts and agonizing maws,
 Chased from our plundered boards each glad regale
 Of vermeil ham, brown beef, and buxom ale
 Ah me ! no strepent goose at Christmas-tide
 Hissed in the strangle's hand, and kicked and died !
 No trembling jellies nor ambrosial pie 11
 Regaled the liquorish mouth and longing eye
 Red sunk December's last dishonoured sun,
 And the young Year's-Day passed without a bun !

Then sprung each patriot from his lowly den,
 Even tailors would avenge the rights of men !
 Huzzaing barbers swell the marching line,
 Whose nice hands trim the human face divine,
 Sweeps, in their panoply of soot revealed,
 The glorious besom of destruction wield, 20
 Their leathern aprons Cuspidan heroes stock
 With tingling brick, huge tile, and massy rock !

March on, ye champions of the public weal !
 Revenge or ruin ! death or cheaper meal !

Fair salutary spot ' where health inhales
 Her freshest fountains and her purest gales
 I love thy homely name's familiar sound
 Thou green Parnassus of my native ground '
 Haunt of my youth ' while yet the poet's head
 Peeped from yon high and heaven aspiring shed 30
 O'erlooking far Edina's gilded vane
 And all her dusky wilderness of lanes
 What time sublimely lodged he mounted higher
 Than Attic station with his Scotian lyre
 And warm in Fane's castle building hour
 Sung to the shelter of his skylight bower
 'Twas then sweet hush ' imagination drew
 Thy winding walk some paradise in view
 Each white-robed nymph that sailed thy terrace
 round
 Seemed like a goddess on Elysian ground 40
 Then spread Illusion with her pencil warm
 Unearthly hues on every meaner form
 Wings on the grazing horse appeared to grow
 And Delphian woods to wave and Helicon to flow '

Nor ceased my day-dream till the waning hours
 Had shook fair fancy from her throne of flowers
 And o'er my heart emotions less divine
 Imperious warned the esurient bard to dine
 Yet when my bell its awful summons rung
 And menial Mary heard its iron tongue 50
 Not in plebeian prose I spoke aloud
 When mortal wants the immortal spirit bowed

Bring me the beef the dullest pudding bring
 Or fry the mudlark's odoriferous wing
 Or simmering greens with soft rotation turn
 Champ'd in the luscious treasure of the churn '

Then pour the brown ale, rich as ever ran
 From Balder's horn or Odin's creamy can '
 Blest in that honeyed draught, let none repine
 For nectarous noyeau or ambrosial wine ' 60
 But, lest my waning wealth refuse to raise
 So fair a feast in these degenerate days,
 Take from this Splendid Shilling what may find
 Some sweet refection for a sober mind
 The earth-born apple, vegetable grace
 Of Erin's sons, a blunder-loving race ' &c

NOTES

[' During the summer (of 1801) the dearth of provisions had so much increased that several riots—particularly at the New Year—took place in Edinburgh which it required military interference to suppress. These riots were called "meal-mobs." Of these turbulent meetings and collisions between the rioters and the police Campbell was no unconcerned spectator '—Beattie's *Life of Campbell*, vol 1, page 375

The 'sweet hill' and 'green Parnassus' of the text refer to the Calton Hill, near which, on the High-terrace, Leith Walk (now Leith Street), he lodged in 1799. He was a frequenter of the Calton Hill, the view northward from which suggested to him the opening lines of *The Pleasures of Hope*]

SONGS, CHIEFLY AMATORY

CAROLINE

PART I TO THE SOUTH WIND

(Written in Mull 1795)

I LL bid the hyacinth to blow

I ll teach my grotto green to be
And sing my true love all below
The holly bower and myrtle tree

There all his wild wood sweets to bring
The sweet South wind shall wander by
And with the music of his wing
Delight my rustling canopy

Come to my close and clustering bower
Thou spirit of a milder clime
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower
Of mountain heath and moory thyme

10

With all thy rural echoes come
Sweet comrade of the rosy day
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay

Where'er thy morning breath has played
Whatever isles of ocean fanned
Come to my blossom woven shade
Thou wandering wind of fairy land

o

For sure from some enchanted isle
Where Heaven and Love their sabbath hold
Where pure and happy spirits smile
Of beauty's fairest brightest mould

From some green Eden of the deep,
 Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,
 Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
 Endear'd, undoubting, undeceiv'd ,

From some sweet paradise afar,
 Thy music wanders, distant, lost 30
 Where Nature lights her leading star
 And love is never, never crossed

Oh, gentle gale of Eden bowers,
 If baek thy rosy feet should roam
 To revel with the eloudless Hours
 In Nature's more propitious home

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
 That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
 A fairer form than cherub loves,
 And let the name be Caroline 40

PART II TO THE EVENING STAR

(Written at Downie in 1796)

GEM of the crimson-coloured Even,
 Companion of retiring day,
 Why at the closing gates of Heaven,
 Belovèd star, dost thou delay ?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns
 When soft the tear of twilight flows ,
 So due thy plighted love returns
 To chambers brighter than the rose ;

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,
 So kind a star thou seem'st to be, 50
 Sure some enamoured orb above
 Descends and burns to meet with thee

Thine is the breathing blushing hour
 When all unheavenly passions fly
 Chased by the soul subduing power
 Of Love's delicious witchery

Oh ! sacred to the fall of day
 Queen of propitious stars appear
 And early rise and long delay
 When Caroline herself is here !

60

Shine on her chosen green resort
 Whose trees the sunward summit crown
 And wanton flowers that well may court
 An angel's feet to tread them down

Shine on her sweetly scented road
 Thou star of evening's purple dome
 That lead'st the nightingale abroad
 And guid'st the weary pilgrim home

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
 Embalms the soft exhaling dower
 Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
 To kiss the cheek of rosy hue

70

Where winnowed by the gentle air
 Her silken tresses darkly flow
 And fall upon her brow so fair
 Like shadows on the mountain snow

Thus ever thus at day's decline
 In converse sweet to wander far
 Oh bring with thee my Caroline
 And thou shalt be my ruling star !

80

NOTES

[The Caroline of these verses is said to have been the daughter of a late Rev Dr F—— of Inverary. She was on a summer visit to her aunt Mrs Campbell of Sunnol in Mull when the

young poet, then resident at Sunipol as tutor to Mrs Campbell's boys, made her acquaintance. She was then (1795) in her seventeenth, the poet in his eighteenth, year and both (says Dr Beattie) were 'remarkable for their personal and intellectual accomplishments']

NOTE TO LINE 61, PART II [Inverary is meant, the home of Caroline. Here the poet was a frequent visitor, while resident at Downie in 1796.]

ODE TO CONTENT

(Written in December, 1800)

O CHERUB Content ' at thy moss-covered shrine
I would all the gay hopes of my bosom resign,
I would part with ambition thy votary to be,
And would breathe not a sigh but to friendship and
thee

But thy presence appears from my homage to fly
Like the gold-coloured cloud on the verge of the sky,
No dewdrop that hangs on the green willow-tree
Is so short as the smile of thy favour to me

In the pulse of my heart I have nourished a care
Which forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share, 10
The noon of my youth slow departing I see,
But its years, as they roll, bring no tidings of thee

O cherub Content ' at thy moss-covered shrine
I would pay all my vows if Matilda were mine,
If Matilda were mine, whom enraptured I see,
I would breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee '

NOTE

[The Matilda of this lyric was Matilda Sinclair, his cousin, who a few years later became his wife.]

TO JUDITH

(Written at Altona 1800)

OH Judith ' had our lot been cast
 In that remote and simple time
 When shepherd swains thy fathers past
 From dreary wilds and deserts vast
 To Judah's happy clime —

My song upon the mountain rocks
 Had echoed of thy rural charms
 And I had fed thy father's flocks
 O Judith of the raven locks '
 To win thee to my arms 10

Our tent beside the murmur calm
 Of Jordan's grassy vested shore
 Had sought the shadow of the palm
 And blessed with Gilcad's holy balm
 Our hospitable door

But oh my love ' thy father's land
 Presents no more a spicy bloom
 Nor fills with fruit the reaper's hand —
 But wide its silent wilds expand
 A desert and a tomb ' 0

DRINKING SONG OF MUNICH

(Written in 1800)

SWEET Iser ' were thy sunny realm
 And flowery gardens mine
 Thy waters I would shade with elm
 To prop the tender vine

My golden flagons I would fill
 With rosy draughts from every hill,
 And under every myrtle bower
 My gay companions should prolong
 The laugh, the revel, and the song.
 To many an idle hour

10

Like rivers crimsoned with the beam
 Of yonder planet bright
 Our balmy cups should ever stream
 Profusion of delight,
 No eare should touch the mellow heart,
 And sad or sober none depart,
 For wine can triumph over woe,
 And Love and Bacchus, brother powers,
 Could build in Iser's sunny bowers
 A paradise below

20

NOTE

[The original title was—'A Song translated from the German']

ABSENCE

(Printed in *The New Monthly*, 1821)

'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,
 It is not doubting what thou art,
 But 'tis the too, too long endurance
 Of absence that afflicts my heart

The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,
 When each is lonely doomed to weep,
 Are fruits on desert isles that perish,
 Or riches buried in the deep

What though untouched by jealous madness
 Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck ? 10
 The undoubting heart that breaks with sadness
 Is but more slowly doomed to break

Absence ! is not the soul torn by it
 From more than light or life or breath ?
 'Tis Lethe's gloom but not its quiet —
 The pain without the peace of death !

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS

ON HER BIRTHDAY

(First appeared in *The New Monthly* in 1821)

If any white winged power above
 My joys and griefs survey
 The day when thou wert born my love—
 He surely blessed that day

I laughed (till taught by thee) when told
 Of Beauty's magic powers
 That ripened life's dull ore to gold
 And changed its weeds to flowers

My mind had lovely shapes portrayed
 But thought I earth had one 10
 Could make even Fancy's visions fade
 Like stars before the sun ?

I gazed and felt upon my lips
 The unfinished accents hung
 One moment's bliss one burning kiss
 To rapture changed each pang

And, though as swift as lightning's flash
 Those tranced moments flew,
 Not all the waves of time shall wash
 Their memory from my view,

20

But duly shall my raptured song,
 And gladly shall my eyes,
 Still bless this day's return as long
 As thou shalt see it rise

NOTE

[This lyric appeared along with the 'Lines to the Rainbow' in the magazine of which Campbell had just assumed the Editorship He gave it there as a translation from the Bohemian]

SONG

(Printed in *The New Monthly* in 1822)

DRINK ye to her that each loves best,
 And, if you nurse a flame
 That's told but to her mutual breast,
 We will not ask her name

Enough, while memory tranced and glad
 Paints silently the fair,
 That each should dream of joys he's had,
 Or yet may hope to share

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast
 From hallowed thoughts so dear,
 But drink to her that each loves most
 As she would love to hear

10

THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE

(Printed in *The New Monthly* 18³³)

NEVER wedding ever wooing
 Still a love lorn heart pursuing
 Read you not the wrong you're doing
 In my cheeks pale hue?
 All my life with sorrow strewing—
 Wed or cease to woo
 Pivals banished bosoms plighted
 Still our days are disunited
 Now the lamp of hope is lighted
 Now half quenched appears 10
 Damped and wavering and benighted
 Midst my sighs and tears
 Charms you call your dearest blessing
 Lips that thrill at your caressing
 Eyes a mutual soul confessing —
 Soon you'll make them grow
 Dim and worthless your possessing
 Not with age but woe!

SONG

TO THE EVENING STAR

(Printed in *The New Monthly* 18³².)

STAR that bringest home the bee
 And sett'st the weary labourer free,
 If any star shed peace 'tis thou
 That send'st it from above
 Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
 Are sweet as hers we love

Come to the luxuriant skies
 Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
 Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
 And songs, when toil is done, 10
 From cottages whose smoke unstirred
 Curls yellow in the sun

Star of love's soft interviews,
 Parted lovers on thee muse,
 Their remembrance in heaven
 Of thrilling vows thou art,
 Too delicious to be riven
 By absence from the heart.

SONG

(Appeared first in *The New Monthly*, 1823)

OH, how hard it is to find
 The one just suited to our mind !
 And if that one should be
 False, unkind, or found too late,
 What can we do but sigh at fate,
 And sing 'Woe's me—Woe's me !'

Love's a boundless burning waste,
 Where bliss's stream we seldom taste,
 And still more seldom flee
 Suspense's thorns, suspicion's stings , 10
 Yet somehow love a something brings
 That's sweet even when we sigh 'Woe's me !'

NOTE

[This song has only a 'C' under it for identification in the magazine. It may not be Campbell's.]

SONG

(Written in 1809)

ALL mortal joys I could forsake
 Bid home and friends adieu
 Of life itself a parting take
 But never of you my love
 Never of you !

For sure of all that know thy worth
 Thus bosom beats most true
 And where could I behold on earth
 Another form like you my love
 Another like you ?

10

SONG

(First published in *The New Monthly* 1823)

WITHDRAW not yet those lips and fingers
 Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell
 Life's joy for us a moment lingers
 And death seems in the word—farewell
 The hour that bids us part and go
 It sounds not yet—oh ! no no no !

Time whilst I gaze upon thy sweetness
 Thes like a courser nigh the goal
 To morrow where shall be his fleetness
 When thou art parted from my soul ?
 Our hearts shall beat our tears shall flow
 But not together—no no no !

10

LINES TO JULIA M—

SENT WITH A COPY OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS

(Written in 1829)

SINCE there is magic in your look,
 And in your voice a witching charm,
 As all our hearts consenting tell,
 Enchantress, smile upon my book,
 And guard its lays from hate and harm
 By beauty's most resistless spell

The sunny dewdrop of thy praise,
 Young day-star of the rising time,
 Shall with its odoriferous morn
 Refresh my sore and withered bays 10
 Smile, and I will believe my rime
 Shall please the beautiful unborn

Go forth, my pictured thoughts, and rise
 In traits and tints of sweeter tone.
 When Julia's glance is o'er ye flung,
 Glow, gladden, linger in her eyes,
 And catch a magic not your own,
 Read by the music of her tongue

SONG

' WHEN LOVE CAME FIRST '

(Written in 1829)

WHEN Love came first to Earth, the Spring
 Spread rosebeds to receive him ;
 And back he vowed his flight he'd wing
 To Heaven, if she should leave him.

But Spring departing saw his faith
 Pledged to the next new comer—
 He revelled in the warmer breath
 And richer bowers of Summer

Then sportive Autumn claimed by rights
 An Archer for her lover 10
 And even in Winter's dark cold nights
 A charm he could discover

Her routs and balls and fireside joy
 For this time were his reasons
 In short Young Love's a gallant boy
 That likes all times and seasons

FAREWELL TO LOVE

(Written in 1830)

I HAD a heart that doted once in passion's boundless
 pain
 And though the tyrant I abjured I could not break
 his chain
 But now that Fancy's fire is quenched and ne'er can
 burn anew
 I've bid to Love for all my life adieu ! adieu ! adieu !
 I've known if ever mortal knew the spells of Beauty's
 thrall
 And if my song has told them not my soul has felt
 them all
 But Passion robs my peace no more and Beauty's
 witching sway
 Is now to me a star that's fallen—a dream that's
 passed away

Hail ' welcome tide of life, when no tumultuous
 billows roll ,
 How wondrous to myself appears this halcyon calm
 of soul ' 10
 The wearied bird blown o'er the deep would sooner
 quit its shore
 Than I would cross the gulf again that time has
 brought me o'er

Why say the Angels feel the flame ? O spirits of the
 skies '
 Can love like ours, that dotes on dust, in heavenly
 bosoms rise ?
 Ah, no , the hearts that best have felt its power
 the best can tell
 That peace on earth itself begins when Love has bid
 farewell

FLORINE

(Written in 1830)

COULD I bring back lost youth again
 And be what I have been,
 I'd court you in a gallant strain,
 My young and fair Florine

But mine's the chilling age that chides
 Devoted rapture's glow,
 And Love that conquers all besides
 Finds Time a conquering foe

Farewell ' we re severed by our fate
 As far as night from noon 10
 You came into the world too late
 And I, depart so soon

NOTE

[Florine who was seventeen when this was written was the beautiful Miss O Bryen She married the poet's attached friend Mr George Huntly Gordon who had been till 1826 Scott's amanuensis for the MSS of the Waverley Novels and died in Paris soon after her wedding in her twenty second year]

MARGARET AND DORA

(Written in 1835)

MARGARET'S beauteous Grecian arts
 Ne'er drew form completer
 Yet why in my heart of hearts
 Hold I Dora's sweeter ?
 Dora's eyes of heavenly blue
 Pass all paintings reach
 Ringdoves notes are discord to
 The music of her speech
 Artists ! Margaret's smile receive
 And on canvas show it 10
 But for perfect worship leave
 Dora to her poet

NOTE

[The beauteous Margaret was a table-maid in the house of the poet's cousin Mr Gray of Blairbeth, near Glasgow When Nature turns out beauty in Scotland she takes pride and pains in making that beauty a paragon—even in the lowest classes it is in these words that Campbell introduces a long and interesting account of Margaret, the servant-maid in a letter of date June 22 1836 See Beattie's *Life and Letters of Campbell* vol iii pp 202 17

TO A YOUNG LADY

WHO ASKED ME TO WRITE SOMETHING ORIGINAL
FOR HER ALBUM (1840)

AN original something, fair maid, you would win me
To write but how shall I begin ?
For I fear I have nothing original in me
Excepting Original Sin

EPIGRAM

TO THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA
(Written in 1838)

UNITED STATES, your banner wears
Two emblems—one of fame ,
Alas ! the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame
Your banner's constellation types
White freedom with its stars ,
But what's the meaning of the stripes ?
They mean your negroes' scars

VERSES ON THE QUEEN

(Written in 1838)

VICTORIA's sceptre o'er the deep
Has touch'd and broken slavery's chain ;
Yet, strange magician ! she enslaves
Our hearts within her own domain
Her spirit is devout, and burns
With thoughts adverse to bigotry ,
Yet she herself, the idol, turns
Our thoughts into idolatry

SONG

IN PRAISE OF MISS ISABELLA JOHNSTON AFTERWARDS
MRS LAWS OF SPRINOWELL THE POET'S COUSIN

(Written in 1839)

I OAVE my love a chain of gold
Around her neck to bind
She keeps me in a faster hold
And captivates my mind

Uethinks that mine s the harder part
Whilst neath her lovely chin
She carries links outside her heart
My fetters are within

SONG

To Love in my heart I exclaim d t other morning
Thou hast dwelt here too long little lodger take
warning

Thou shalt tempt me no more from my life s sober
duty

To go gadding bewitch d by the young eyes of beauty
For weary s the wooing ah ' weary

When an old man will have a young dearie

The god left my heart at its surly reflections
But came back on pretext of some sweet recollections
And he made me forget what I ought to remember
That the rosebud of June cannot bloom in November

Ah ' Tom tis all o er with thy gay days— 11
Write psalms and not songs for the ladies

But time's been so far from my wisdom enriching
 That, the longer I live, beauty seems more bewitching,
 And the only new lore my experience traces
 Is to find fresh enchantment in magical faces

How weary is wisdom, how weary,
 When one sits by a smiling young dearie !

And, should she be wroth that my homage pursues
 her,

I will turn and retort on my lovely accuser 20
 Who's to blame that my heart by your image is
 haunted ?

It is you, the enchantress not I, the enchanted
 Would you have me behave more discreetly,
 Beauty, look not so killingly sweetly

SENEX'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS YOUTHFUL IDOL

PLATONIC friendship, at your years,
 Says Conscience, should content ye
 Nay, name not fondness to her ears—
 The darling's scarcely twenty

Yes, and she'll loathe me, unforgiven,
 To dote thus out of season ;
 But beauty is a beam from heaven
 That dazzles blind our reason.

I'll challenge Plato from the skies,
 Yes, from his spheres harmonic,
 To look in Mary Campbell's eyes
 And try to be Platonic

SONG

How delicious is the winning
 Of a kiss at Love's beginning
 When two mutual hearts are sighing
 For the knot there's no untying '

Yet remember midst your wooing
 Love has bliss but Love has rueing
 Other smiles may make you sickle
 Tears for other charms may trickle

Love he comes and Love he carries
 Just as fate or fancy carries 10
 Longest stays when sorest chidden
 Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden

Bind the sea to slumber still
 Bind its odour to the lily
 Bind the aspen never to quiver
 Then bind Love to last for ever '

Love's a fire that needs renewal
 Of fresh beauty for its fuel
 Love's wing moults when caged and captured
 Only free he soars enraptured 0

Can you keep the bee from ranging
 Or the ringdove's neck from changing '
 No ' nor fettered Love from dying
 In the knot there's no untying

THE JILTED NYMPH

A SONG, TO THE SCOTCH TUNE OF ' WOO'D AND
MARRIED AND A' '

I'm jilted, forsaken, outwitted ,
 Yet think not I'll whimper or brawl
 The lass is alone to be pitied
 Who ne'er has been courted at all ,
 Never by great or small
 Wooed or jilted at all ,
 Oh, how unhappy 's the lass
 Who has never been courted at all !

My brother called out the dear faithless ;
 In fits I was ready to fall
 Till I found a policeman who, scatheless,
 Swore them both to the peace at Guildhall
 Seized them, seconds and all—
 Pistols, powder, and ball ,
 I wished him to die my devoted,
 But not in a duel to sprawl

10

What though at my heart he has tilted,
 What though I have met with a fall ?
 Better be courted and jilted
 Than never be courted at all
 Wooed and jilted and all,
 Still I will dance at the ball ,
 And waltz and quadrille
 With light heart and heel
 With proper young men and tall

20

But lately I've met with a suitor
 Whose heart I have gotten in thrall
 And I hope soon to tell you in future
 That I'm wooed and married and all
 Wooed and married and all 30
 What greater bliss can befall?
 And you all shall partake
 Of my bridal cake
 When I'm wooed and married, and all

JEMIMA ROSE AND ELEANORE

THREE CELEBRATED SCOTTISH BEAUTIES

ADIEU Romance's heroines—
 Give me the nymphs who this good hour
 May charm me not in Fiction's scenes
 But teach me Beauty's living power
 My harp that has been mute too long
 Shall sleep at Beauty's name no more
 So but your smiles reward my song
 Jemima Rose and Eleanore—

In whose benignant eyes are beaming
 The rays of purity and truth 10
 Such as we fancy woman's seeming
 In creation's golden youth
 The more I look upon thy grace
 Rosina I could look the more
 But for Jemima's witching face
 And the sweet smile of Eleanore

Had I been Lawrence, kings had wanted
Their portraits till I painted yours ,
And these had future hearts enchanted
When this poor verse no more endures 20
I would have left the Congress faces,
A dull-eyed diplomatic corps,
Till I had grouped you as the Graces
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore

The Catholic bids fair saints befriend him
Your poet's heart is Catholic too
His rosary shall be flowers ye send him,
His saints' days when he visits you
And my sere laurels for my duty
Miraculous at your touch would rise, 30
Could I give verse one trait of beauty
Like that which glads me from your eyes

Unsealed by you these lips have spoken,
Disused to song for many a day ,
Ye've tuned a harp whose strings were broken,
And warmed a heart of callous clay ;
So, when my fancy next refuses
To twine for you a garland more,
Come back again and be my Muses—
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore 40

TRANSLATIONS CHIEFLY FROM THE GREEK

SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATION FROM MEDEA

(Written in 1841)

Σκ ο τ δὲ λέγων κ δ τ σοφους
Τ υ τ πρὸς θε βροτους ουκ δ αμαρτοις
Medea v 104 p 33 Glasg edit.

TELL me ye bards whose skill sublime
First charmed the ear of youthful Time
With numbers wrapt in heavenly fire
Who bade delighted echo swell
The trembling transports of the lyre
The murmur of the shell—
Why to the burst of Jov alone
Accords sweet Music's soothing tone ?
Why can no bard with magic strain
In slumbers steep the heart of pain ' 10
While varied tones obey your sweep
The mild the plaintive and the deep
Bends not despairing Grief to hear
Your golden lute with ravished ear '
Has all your art no power to bind
The fiercer pangs that shake the mind
And hush the wrath at whose command
Murder bares her gory hand ?
When flushed with joy the rosy throng
Weave the light dance ye swell the song 0

Cease, ye vain warblers ' cease to charm
 The breast with other raptures warm '
 Cease ' till your hand with magie strain
 In slumbers steep the heart in pain '

[NOTE TO LINE 15 Originally—' Oh ' has your sweetest shell
 no power to bind ?']

SPEECH OF THE CHORUS

IN THE SAME TRAGEDY, TO DISSUADE MEDEA FROM
 HER PURPOSE OF PUTTING HER CHILDREN TO DEATH
 AND FLYING FOR PROTECTION TO ATHENS

(Written in 1794)

O HAGGARD queen ' to Athens dost thou guide
 Thy glowing chariot, steeped in kindred gore ,
 Or seek to hide thy foul infantieide
 Where Peace and Mercy dwell for evermore ?
 The land where Truth, pure, precious, and sublime,
 Woos the deep silence of sequestered bowers,
 And warriors, matchless since the first of time,
 Rear their bright banners o'er unconquered towers '
 Where joyous youth to Music's mellow strain
 Twines in the dance with nymphs for ever fan, 10
 While Spring eternal on the lilyd plain
 Waves ambel radiance through the fields of air '
 The tuneful Nine (so sacred legends tell)
 First waked their heavenly lyre these scenes among ;
 Still in your greenwood bowers they love to dwell,
 Still in your vales they swell the choral song '

3 In the first and many subsequent editions, ' damned parricide '

For there the tuneful chaste Pierian fair
 The guardian nymphs of green Parnassus now
 Sprung from Harmonia while her graceful hair
 Waved in bright auburn o'er her polished brow ' 20

ANTISTROPHE I

Where silent vales and glades of green array
 The murmuring wreaths of cool Cephissus lave
 There as the muse hath sung at noon of day
 The Queen of Beauty bowed to taste the wave
 And blest the stream and breathed across the land
 The soft sweet gale that fans yon summer bowers
 And there the sister Loves a smiling band
 Crowned with the fragrant wreaths of rosy flowers '
 And go she cries in yonder valleys rove
 With Beauty's torch the solemn scenes illumine 30
 Wake in each eye the radiant light of Love
 Breathe on each cheek young Passion's tender
 bloom '
 'Entwine with myrtle chains your soft control
 To sway the hearts of Freedom's darling kind '
 With glowing charms enrapture Wisdom's soul
 And mould to grace ethereal Virtue's mind

STROPHE II

The land where Heaven's own hallowed waters play
 Where friendship binds the generous and the good
 Say shall it hail thee from thy frantic way
 Unholy woman ' with thy hands embued 40
 In thine own children's gore ? Oh ! ere they bleed
 Let Nature's voice thy ruthless heart appal '
 Pause at the bold irrevocable deed—
 The mother strikes—the guiltless babes shall fall '

Think what remorse thy maddening thoughts shall
sting

When dying pangs their gentle bosoms tear '
Where shalt thou sink, when lingering echoes ring
The screams of horror in thy tortured ear :

No ! let thy bosom melt to Pity's cry

In dust we kneel by sacred Heaven implore— 50

O ! stop thy lifted arm ere yet they die,

Nor dip thy horrid hands in infant gore '

ANTISTROPHIL II

Say, how shalt thou that barbarous soul assume,

Undamped by horror at the daring plan '

Hast thou a heart to work thy children's doom '

Or hands to finish what thy wrath began '

When o'er each babe you look a last adieu,

And gaze on Innocence that smiles asleep,

Shall no fond feeling beat to Nature true,

Charm thee to pensive thought—and bid thee weep '

When the young suppliants clasp their parent dear,

Heave the deep sob, and pour the artless prayer

Ay ! thou shalt melt , and many a heart-shed tear

Gush o'er the hardened features of despair '

Nature shall throb in every tender sting,

Thy trembling heart the ruffian's task deny ,

Thy horror-smitten hands afar shall fling

The blade, undrenched in blood's eternal dye

CHORUS

Hallowed Earth ! with indignation

Mark, oh mark, the murderous deed ' 70

Radiant eye of wide creation,

Watch the accurst infanticide '

72 Accurst infanticide] damned parricide in first edition

Yet ere Colchias rugged daughter
 Perpetrate the dire design
 And consign to kindred slaughter
 Children of thy golden line —
 Shall the hand with murder gory
 Cause immortal blood to flow ?
 Sun of Heaven arrayed in glory
 Rise ' forbid avert the blow ' 80
 In the vales of placid gladness
 Let no rueful maniac range
 Chase afar the fiend of Madness
 Wrest the dagger from Revenge
 Say hast thou with kind protection
 Reared thy smiling race in vain —
 Fostering Nature's fond affection
 Tender cares and pleasing pain ?
 Hast thou on the troubled ocean
 Braved the tempest loud and strong 90
 Where the waves in wild commotion
 Roar Cyanean rocks among ?
 Didst thou roam the paths of danger
 Hymenean joys to prove ?
 Spare O sanguinary stranger
 Pledges of thy sacred love !
 Shall not Heaven with indignation
 Watch thee o'er the barbarous deed ?
 Shalt thou cleanse with expiation
 Monstrous murderous parricide ? 100

// So in the first edition altered later to Shall mortal hand
 with murder gory

97 The stanza beginning here was afterwards altered as
 follows —

A k not Heavens commiseration
 After thou hast done the deed
 Mercy pardon expiation
 Perish when thy victims bleed

FRAGMENT

FROM THE GREEK OF ALCEIAN

THE mountain summits sleep glens, cliffs, and caves
 Are silent all the black earth's reptile brood,
 The bees, the wild beasts of the mountain wood
 In depths beneath the dark red ocean's waves
 Its monsters rest, whilst, wrapt in bower and spray,
 Each bird is hushed that stretched its pinions to the
 day

SONG OF HYBRIAS THE CRETAN

(Written in 1821)

My wealth 's a burly spear and brand,
 And a right good shield of hides untanned
 Which on my arm I buckle
 With these I plough, I reap, I sow,
 With these I make the sweet vintage flow,
 And all around me truckle

But your wights that take no pride to wield
 A massy spear and well-made shield,
 Nor joy to draw the sword
 Oh, I bring those heartless, hapless drones, 10
 Down in a tree on their marrow-bones
 To call me King and Lord

NOTE

[The translation of 'this brave song' was made in order to illustrate one of his lectures on poetry It was printed in *The New Monthly* in 1821]

MARTIAL ELEGY

FROM THE ONFEN OF TYRTAEUS

How glorious fall the valiant sword in hand
 In front of battle for their native land '
 But oh ! what ills await the wretch that yields
 A recreant outcast from his country's fields '
 The mother whom he loves shall quit her home
 An aged father at his side shall roam
 His little ones shall weeping with him go
 And a young wife participate his woe
 While scorned and scowled upon by every face
 They pine for food and beg from place to place 10

Stain of his breed ' dishonouring manhood's form
 All ills shall cleave to him Affliction's storm
 Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years
 Till lost to all but ignominious fears
 He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name
 And children like himself inured to shame

But we will combat for our father's land
 And we will drain the life blood where we stand
 To save our children fight ye side by side
 And serried close ye men of youthful pride 20
 Disdaining fear and deeming light the cost
 Of life itself in glorious battle lost

Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight
 Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant
 might
 Nor lagging backward let the younger breast
 Permit the man of ago (a sight unblessed)
 To welter in the combat's foremost thrust
 His hoary head disbevelled in the dust
 And venerable bosom bleeding bare

354 TRANSLATION FROM TYRTAEUS

But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair, 30
 And beautiful in death the boy appears,
 The hero boy, that dies in blooming years
 In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears,
 More sacred than in life, and lovelier far
 For having perished in the front of war

JUVENILIA

FROM ANACREON

I

(Written in 188 the author being then 10 years of age)

In sooth I d with pleasure rehearse
Tho Atridae and Cadmus s fame
If my lute would accord to my verse
And sound aught but Venus s name

Twas in vain that I changed each string
To alter its amorous tone
And began of Alcides to sing
My lute warbled Venus alone

I therefore my strains must renew
And accord to the lays of my lute 10
So ye Heroes for ever adieu
Love alone is the theme that can suit

II

(Written in 1890)

Anacreon the ladies say
Your pate is bald your beard is gray
Take you a looking glass—forsooth
You ll find that what they say is truth
But whether it be truth or not
As little do I care as wot
But this I know—tis best to rime
Thus o er my jokes while suits the time

LINES ON HIS SISTER MARY

(Written 1790, act 12)

LIVES there not now in Scotia's land
 'The fairest of the female band :
 A maid adorned with every grace
 E'er known among the female race '
 Use all my aid, if that can tell
 Her praise and virtues that excel ,
 No fiction here you will require
 'The swelling note of praise to fire ,
 But ah ! her virtues to rehearse
 Is sure unequal for thy verse 10
 Then, cease , but let resounding fame
 Tell that Maria is her name

LINES ON SUMMER

(Written in October, 1790, when the author was 13 years old)

A STRAIN sublime that now my breast inspires,
 Ye nymphs of Sicily ! your aid requires
 The iron age of winter, stern and dread,
 At length has hid his grisly baneful head ,
 The golden age appears that Virgil sung,
 An age that well might claim his tuneful tongue
 Unbidden flowers with bloom spontaneous grow,
 Wide spread the ivy for the poet's brow,
 The modest lily and the full-blown rose
 And grander tulip all their sweets disclose , 10
 The feathered choir, that tune the song of love,
 Invite the muse's fancy forth to rove
 Now, now, ye bards ! let every lyre be strung,
 Nor let a flower its sweets disclose unsung

Tis true some poets that unguarded sing
 The Golden Ago would fain ascribe to spring
 For me I see not how wits e'er so starch
 Could prove the beauties of the bleak eyed March
 Nor February clad in horrid snow
 Nor April when the winds relentless blow

o

DESCRIPTION OF PRIZE DAY (MAY 1st) IN GLASGOW COLLEGE

(Written in 1832 act. 1.)

PROEBS has risen and many a glittering ray
 Diffuses splendour o'er the auspicious day
 This is the day—sure Nature well may smile—
 When present glory crowns forgotten toil
 When honour lifts aloft the happy few
 And laurelled worth attracts the wondering view

The appointed hour that warns to meet is near
 A mixed assemblage on the Green appear
 Some in gay clubs and some in pairs advance
 An hundred busy tongues are heard at once

10

At last the doors unfold fast fast within
 Compacted numbers rush with bustling din
 Now up the stairs ascend the jarring crew
 And the long hall is opened to the view
 There on the left the pulpit clad in green
 And there the bench of dignity is seen
 Where wisdom sits with equitable sway
 To judge the important merits of the day

The doors are fastened silence reigns within
 Now memorable day thy joys begin

o

[After a competition the prize for Elocution is awarded.]

See you bright store of volumes in a row
 Where gold and Turkey's gayest colours glow !
 The first, the brightest, volume 's reared on high ,
Probando, prince of youths, is bid draw nigh ,
 The youth draws nigh, and, hailed with loud applause ,
 Receives the boon, and modestly withdraws
Tomillus next is summoned from the throng ,
 His head high tosses as he moves along
 No mean reward is his, —but why so vain ?
 What means that strutting gait, that crested mane ?
 Away with all thy light affected airs ! 3
 For honour vanishes when pride appears
 The third gay glittering volume high is reared—
 Mysterious Jove ! *Plumbano's* name is heard !
 With lazy step the loiterer quits his place
 (While wonder gazes in each length of face),
 Accepts the gift with stunted scrape and nod
 And slow returns with an unworthy load
 Merit is brought to light, before unknown—
 Ah ! merit truly, had it been his own ! 30

Thick pass the honoured victors of the day,—
Ingenio shrewd, and *Alacer* the gay,
Durando grave, *Accerrimo* the wit,
Profundo serious with his eyebrows knit
 Countless they pass, applauded, each returns,
 While o'er his cheek the conscious pleasure burns
 Meanwhile I see each one a joy impart
 To some glad father's, friend's, or brother's heart

LINES ON THE GLASGOW VOLUNTEERS

DAILY EXERCISING IN FULL UNIFORM ON THE
COLLEGE ORFEN

(Written in 1793 act. 15)

HARK ! hark ! the fife's shrill notes arise
And ardour beats the martial drum
And broad the silken banner flies
Where Clutha's native squadrons come

Where spreads the green extended plain
By music's solemn marches trod
Flash glancing bayonets mark the train
That beat the meadow's grassy sod

These are no hireling sons of war
No jealous tyrant's grimly band
The wish of freedom to debar
Or scourge a despot's injured land !

10

Nought but the patriotic view
Of free born valour ever fired
To bafflo Galba's boastful crew
The soul of Northern breast inspired

'Twas thus on Tiber's sunny banks
What time the Volscian ravaged nigh
To mark afar her glittering ranks
Rome's towering eagles shone on high

o

There toil athletic on the field
In mock array portrayed alarm
And taught the massy sword to wield
And braced the nerve of Roman arm

NOTES

LINE 4 [Clutha the Clyde]

LINE 21 [The field Campus Martius]

VERSES ON MARIE ANTOINETTE

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE

(Written in 1793)

BEHOLD where Gallia's captive queen
With steady eye and look serene
In life's last awful awful scene
Slow leaves her sad captivity

Hark ! the shrill horn that rends the sky
Bespeaks the ready murder nigh !
The long parade of death I spy,
And leave my lone captivity

Farewell, ye mansions of despair,
Scenes of my sad sequestered care , 10
The balm of bleeding woe is near,
Adieu, my lone captivity !

To purer mansions in the sky
Fair Hope directs my grief-worn eye,
Where sorrow's child no more shall sigh
Amid her lone captivity

Adieu, ye babes, whose infant bloom
Beneath oppression's lawless doom
Pines in the solitary gloom
Of undeserved captivity ! 20

O Power benign that rul'st on high,
Cast down, cast down a pitying eye ,
Shed consolation from the sky
To soothe their sad captivity !

Now virtue's sure reward to prove
 I seek empyreal realms above
 To meet my long departed love
 Adieu my lone captivity !

NOTE

[This juvenile effort inspired by the most atrocious event of the time was composed in the end of 1793 when the poet was in his seventeenth year It is notable as Campbell's first attempt in a measure which The Battle of Hohenlinden has made immortal

ON THE ORIGIN OF EVIL

(PRIZE POEM MAY 1794)

PART I

WHILE Nature's gifts appear a jarring strife
 And evil balances the good in life
 While varied scenes in man's estate disclose
 Delusive pleasure mixed with surer woes
 Bewildered reason in the dubious maze
 Of human lot a feeble wanderer strays
 Sees destined ills on virtue vent their force
 Dash all her bliss and wonders whence the source
 Sure Heaven is good no farther proof we need—
 In nature's page the doubtless text we read 10
 Lo ! at thy feet earth's verdant carpet spread
 Heaven's azure vault o'er canopies thy head
 For thee the varied seasons grace the plain
 The vernal floweret and the golden grain
 For thee all wise Beneficence on high
 Bade day's bright monarch lighten in the sky
 And night's pale chariot o'er the vault of blue
 With silver wheels its silent path pursue

Yes, Heaven is good, the source of ample bliss
In spite of ills, creation teaches this 20
The simple, yet important, truth to spy
We need no Plato's soul, no sage's eye,
A native faith each distant clime pervades,
And sentiment the voice of reason aids
The shuddering tenant of the Arctic Pole
Adores revolving suns that round him roll,
No sceptic bosom doubts the hand of heaven,
And, though misplaced, still adoration's given
Search distant climates at the thirsty line
There still devotion thanks a power divine, 30
Still, though no Science treads on Libyan plains,
The inborn gratitude to God remains,
And shall the Soul, by Science taught to view
Truth more refined, call inborn faith untrue?
No, should misfortune cloud thy latest days
Still view this truth through life's perplexing maze,
While Nature teaches let not doubt intrude,
But own with gratitude that God is good

Yet whence, methinks, repining mortal cries,
If Heaven be good, can human ill arise? 40
Man's feeble race what countless ills await!
Ills self-created, ills ordained by fate!
While yet warm youth the breast with passion fires
Hope whispers joy, and promised bliss inspires,
In dazzling colours future life arrays,
And many a fond ideal scene displays
The sanguine zealot promised good pursues,
Nor finds that wish but still the chase renews
Still lured by hope he wheels the giddy round
And grasps a phantom never to be found 50
Too soon the partial bliss of youth is flown,
Nor future bliss nor hope itself is known

No more ideal prospects charm the breast
Life stands in dread reality confessed—
A mingled scene of aggravated woes
Where pride and passion every curse disclose '

Cease erring man ' nor arrogant presume
To blame thy lot or Heaven's unerring doom '
He who thy being gave in skill divine
Saw what was best and bade that best be thine 60
But count thy wants and all thine evils name—
Still He that bade them be is free from blame
Tell all the imperfections of thy state—
The wrongs of man to man—the wrongs of fate
Still reason's voice shall justify them all
And bid complaint to resignation fall

If Heaven be blamed that imperfection's thine
As just to blame that man is not divine
Of all the tribes that fill this earthly scheme
Thy sphere is highest and thy gifts supreme 70
Of mental gifts intelligence is given
Conscience is thine to point the will of Heaven
The spur of action passions are assigned
And fancy—parent of the soul refined
Tis true thy reason's progress is but slow
And passion if misguided tends to woe
Tis true thy gifts are finite in extent—
What then ? can nought that's finite give content ?
Leave then proud man this scene of earthly chance
Aspire to spheres supreme and be a god at once ' 80

No ' you reply superior powers I claim
Though not perfection or a sphere supreme
In reason more exalted let me shine
The lion's strength the fox's art be mine

The bull's firm ehest, the steed's superior grace,
 The stag's transeendent swiftness in the chase
 Say, why were these denied if Heaven be kind
 And full content to human lot assigned ?

The reason's simple in the breast of man
 To soar still upward dwells the eternal plan, 90
 A wish innate, and kindly placed by Heaven,
 That man may rise through means already given
 Aspiring thus to mend the ills of fate,
 To find new bliss and eure the human state,
 In varied souls its varied shapes appear
 Here fans desire of wealth, of honour there,
 Here urges Newton nature to explore,
 And promises delight by knowing more,
 And there in Caesar lightens up the flame
 To mount the pinnacle of human fame 100
 In spite of fate it fires the active mind,
 Keeps man alive, and serves the use assigned,
 Without it none would urge a favourite bent
 And man were useless but for discontent !

Seek not perfection, then, of higher kind,
 Since man is perfect in the state assigned,
 Nor, perfect as probation can allow,
 Accuse thy lot although imperfect now

PART II

But grant that man is justly frail below,
 Still imperfection is not all our woe 110
 If final good be God's eternal plan,
 Why is the power of ill bestowed on man ?
 Why is revenge an inborn passion found ?
 And why the means to spread that passion round ?
 Whence in man's breast the constant wish we find
 That tends to work the ruin of his kind ?

Whence flows the ambition of a Caesar's soul
 Or Sylla's wish to ravage and control ?
 Whence monster vice ' originates thy course ' 10
 Art thou from God ? is purity thy source ?
 No ! let not blasphemy that cause pursue !
 A simpler source in man himself we view
 If man endowed with freedom basely act
 Can such from blameless purity detract ?
 An ample liberty of choice is given
 Man chooses ill —and where the fault of Heaven ?
 Say not the human heart is prone to sin—
 Virtue by nature reigns as strong within
 The passions if perverted tend to woe—
 What then ? did God perversion too bestow ? 130
 No ! blame thyself if guilt distract thy lot
 Man may be virtuous—Heaven forbids it not
 Blind as thou art in this imperfect state
 Still conscious virtue might support thy fate
 Give reason strength thy passions to control—
 Vice is not inborn drive it from thy soul !
 Yet you reply—Though ample freedom's mine
 The fault of evil still is half divine
 If Heaven foresaw that from the scope of choice
 Perversion vice and misery should rise 140
 Why then on man if prone to good bestow
 The possibility of working woe ?
 Ask not—tis answered arrogantly blind
 To scan the secrets of the eternal Mind —
 If Heaven be just then reason tells us this
 That man by merit must secure his bliss
 Cease then with evil to upbraid the skies
 That to the vice of mortals owes its rise
 Is God to blame if man's inhuman heart
 Deny the boon that pity should impart ? 150

If patriots to brutality should change
 And grasp the lawless dagger of revenge ?
 If frantic murderers mingle from afar
 To palliate carnage by the name of war ?
 If pampered pride disdain a sufferer's fate
 And spurn imploring misery from her gate ?
 No ! Heaven hath placed compassion in the breast ,
 The means are given, and ours is all the rest

But what, to ease thy sorrow, shall avail
 For human lot the misanthropic wail ? 160
 Since all complain, and all are vicious, too,
 Each hates the vile pursuit, but all pursue,
 Let actions then, and not complaints, prevail !
 Let each his part withdraw the whole shall fail

PART III

Yet, grant that error must result from choice,
 Still man has ills besides the ills of vice
 Griefs unforeseen, disease's pallid train,
 And death, sad refuge from a world of pain !
 Disastrous ills each element attend,
 And certain woes with every blessing blend 170
 Lo ! where the stream in quivering silver plays !
 There slippery fate upon its verge betrays
 Yon sun, that feebly gilds the western sky,
 In warmer climes bids and nature die
 Disgusted virtue quits her injured reign,
 Vice comes apace, and folly leads her train
 But not alone, if blissful all thy lot,
 Were vice pursued and gratitude forgot
 Defects still further in the scheme we view,
 Since virtue willing, scarce could men pursue 180
 Say, if each mortal were completely blest,
 Where could the power of aiding woe exist ?

If at the gate no suppliant sufferer stand
 Could e'er compassion stretch her liberal hand ?
 Did never winter chill the freezing waste
 Could kindness e'er invite the shuddering guest ?
 Which boots if good the changeless lot of man
 The philanthropic wish the patriot's plan ?
 Or what could goodness do ? Nought else 'tis plain
 But rage to bridle passion to restrain— 190
 A virtue negative scarce worth the name
 Far from the due reward that generous actions claim !
 Still less the scope of fortitude we find
 Were pain dismissed and fortune ever kind
 The path of merit then let ill be viewed
 And own their power if virtue be thy good
 Nor on that scheme let lawless wishes run
 Where vice had all her scope and virtue none
 But rest contented with thy Maker's plan
 Who ill ordained as means of good to man ∞
 Nor midst complaints of hardship be forgot
 The mingled pleasures of thy daily lot

What though the transient gusts of sorrow come
 Though passion vex or penury benumb ?
 Still bliss sufficient to thy hope is given
 To warm thy heart with gratitude to Heaven
 Still mortal reason darts sufficient day
 To guide thy steps through life's perplexing way
 Still conscience tells—'tis all we need to know—
 Virtue to seek and vice to shun below 10
 Hear then the warnings of her solemn voice
 And seek the plaudit of a virtuous choice

NOTE

[Campbell was within a few months of completing his seven-
 teenth year when he composed this Essay on the Origin of Evil.
 It was given in as an exercise in the Moral Philosophy class

(taught by Prof Arthur), April 25, 1794' It shows, with a few phrases from Goldsmith, greater indebtedness to Pope, and, indeed, it was mainly this essay that procured for him the honour of being called 'the Pope of Glasgow' 'It gave me,' he says, 'a local celebrity throughout all Glasgow, from the High Church down to the bottom of the Saltmarket It was even talked of, as I am credibly informed, by the students over their oysters at Luckie MacAlpine's in the Trongate '']

ODE TO MUSIC

(Written in 1794, act 16)

ALL-POWERFUL chainer of the soul,
 Each mood of fancy formed to please,
 To bid the wave of passion roll,
 Or tune the languid breast to ease,
 Come, in thy native garb arrayed,
 And pour the sweetly simple song,
 And all the poet's breast pervade
 And guide the fluent verse along

What time the moon with silver beam
 Shall sparkle on the light-blue lake,
 And hope with sympathetic gleam
 And silent pleasure shall awake,
 Then, as thy quivering notes resound
 From lively pipe and mellow horn,
 And quick-paced marches breathe around,
 Shrill thro' the ringing valleys borne,
 Then, swelled with every winding tone,
 Tumultuous shall my heart rebound,
 And ardour o'er my bosom thrown
 Shall kindle at the rising sound '

10

20

Or oft at evening's closing hour
 When deeper purple dyes the cloud
 When fancy haunts the silent bower
 And pensive thoughts the bosom crowd —
 What time the softening zephyr flies
 My notes shall aid the gentle theme
 That lonely meditation tries
 And grateful soothe her placid dream
 Then let the mellow warbling flute
 In slow sad numbers pour the song—

37

FIGY

(Written in Mull Jun 19)

THE tempest blackens on the dusky moor
 And billows lash the long resounding shore
 In pensive mood I roam the desert ground
 And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found
 Oh whither fled the pleasurable hours
 That chased each care and fired the muse's powers
 The classic haunts of youth for ever gay
 Where mirth and friendship cheered the close of day
 The well known valleys where I wont to roam
 The native sports the nameless joys of home

10

Far different scenes allure my wondering eye—
 The white wave foaming to the distant sky
 The cloudy heavens unblest by summer's smile
 The sounding storm that sweeps the rugged isle

The chill bleak summit of eternal snow,
 The wide wild glen, the pathless plains below,
 The dark blue rocks in barren grandeur piled,
 The cuckoo sighing to the pensive wild '
 ' Far different these from all that charmed before '
 The grassy banks of Clutha's winding shore, 20
 Her sloping vales with waving forests lined,
 Her smooth blue lakes unruffled by the wind
 Hail, happy Clutha ! glad shall I survey
 Thy gilded turrets from the distant way ,
 Thy sight shall cheer the weary traveller's toil,
 And joy shall hail me to my native soil

NOTE

LINE 19 The quoted line is from *The Deserted Village*

PART OF CHORUS FROM BUCHANAN'S TRAGEDY OF *JEPHTHES*

(Translated from the Latin in 1796)

GLASSY Jordan, smooth meandering
 Jacob's flowery meads between,
 Lo ! thy waters, gently wandering,
 Lave the valleys rich and green
 When the winter, keenly showering,
 Strips fair Salem's holy shade,
 There thy current, broader pouring,
 Lingers in the leafless glade .
 When shall freedom, holy charmer,
 Cheer my long-benighted soul ?
 When shall Israel, fierce in armour,
 Burst the tyrant's base control ? . .

Gallant nation ' nought appalled you
 Bold in Heaven's propitious hour
 When the voice of freedom called you
 From a tyrant's haughty power

When their chariots clad in thunder
 Swept the ground in long array
 When the ocean burst asunder
 Hovered o'er your sandy way

20

Whither fled O altered nation '
 Whither fled that generous soul '
 Dead to freedom's inspiration
 Slaves of Ammon's base control '

God of heaven ' whose voice commanding
 Bids the whirlwind scour the deep—
 Or the waters smooth expanding
 Robed in glassy radiance sleep—

Grasp O God ' thy flaming thunder
 Launch thy stormy wrath around '
 Cleave their battlements asunder
 Shake their cities to the ground '

30

Hast thou dared in mad resistance
 Tyrant to contend with God '
 Shall not Heaven's supreme assistance
 Snatch us from thy mortal rod '

Mark the battle mark the ruin '
 Havoc loads the groaning plain '
 Ruthless vengeance keen pursuing
 Grasps thee in her iron chain '

40

A FAREWELL TO EDINBURGH

(Written 1797)

FAREWELL Edina, pleasing name,
 Congenial to my heart '
 A joyous guest to thee I came,
 And mournful I depart
 And fare thee well whose blessings seem
 Heaven's blessing to portend—
 Endear'd by nature and esteem,
 My sister and my friend

LINES

ON LEAVING THE RIVER CART

(Written 1798)

O SCENES of my ehildhood, and deari to my heart,
 Ye green-waving woods on the banks of the Cart '
 How oft in the morning of life I have stiaied
 By the stream of the vale and the giass-covered glade '
 Then, then, every iapture was young and sincere
 Ere the sunshine of life had been dimmed by a tear
 And a sweeter delight every scene seemed to lend—
 That the mansion of peace was the home of a friend
 Now the scenes of my ehildhood, and dear to my heart,
 All pensive I visit, and sigh to depart , 10
 Their flowers seem to languish, then beauty to cease,
 For a stranger inhabits the mansion of peace '
 But hushed be the sigh that untimely complains
 While friendship with all its enehantment remains—
 While it blooms like the flower of a winterless elime,
 Untainted by echange, unabated by time '

3, oft] blest in later editions

6, life had been dimmed] bliss was bedimmed in later editions*

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